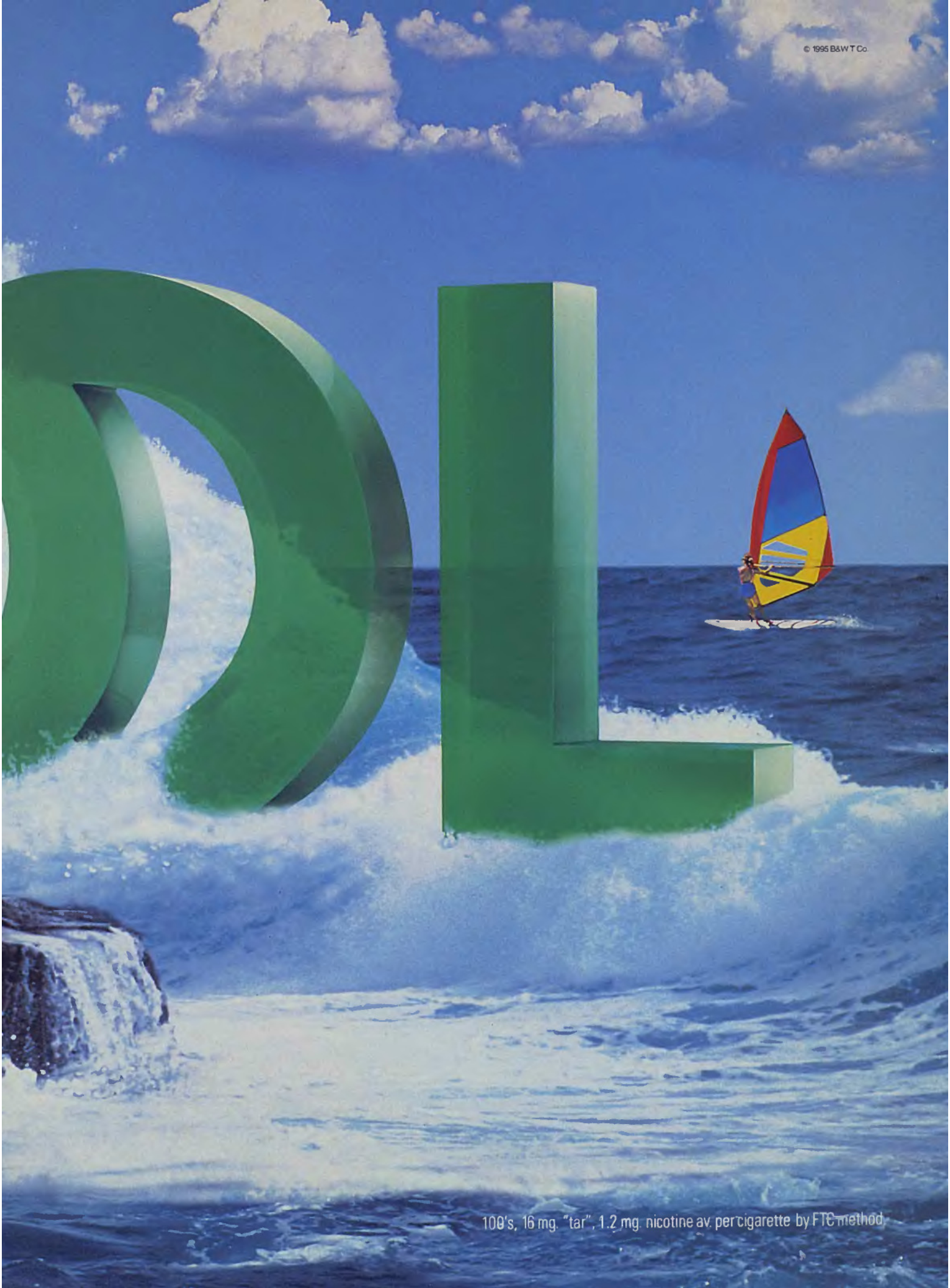
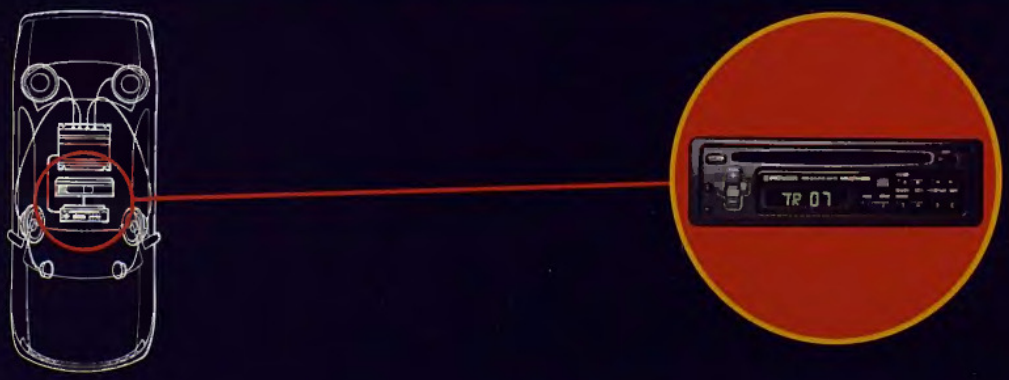
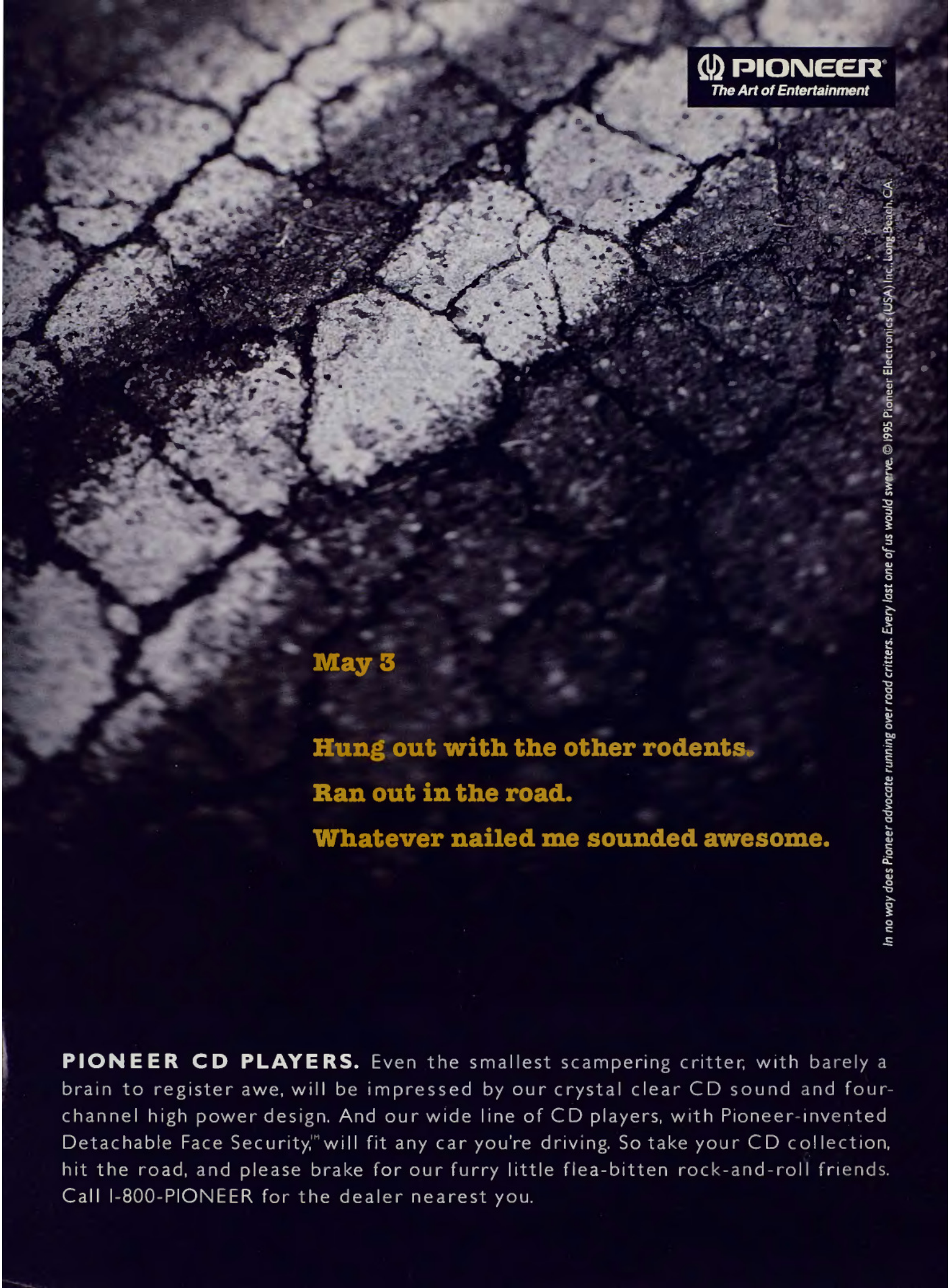
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JULY 1995 • $4.95
STEVEN SEAGAL'S HOT NEW STAR SANDRA TAYLOR
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS MEL GIBSON
A PICTORIAL SALUTE TO LITTLE WOMEN
THE MENENDEZ MURDERS ROUND TWO
PLUS
DENNIS FRANZ
KURT LODER
AND
POSTMODERN COMIX
07
35270
0 300955 0

KO
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.


© 1995 B&W T Co.
100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Road Kill Diaries




PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment
May 3
Hung out with the other rodents.
Ran out in the road.
Whatever nailed me sounded awesome.
In no way does Pioneer advocate running over road critters. Every last one of us would swerve. © 1995 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.
PIONEER CD PLAYERS. Even the smallest scampering critter, with barely a brain to register awe, will be impressed by our crystal clear CD sound and four-channel high power design. And our wide line of CD players, with Pioneer-invented Detachable Face Security,℠ will fit any car you're driving. So take your CD collection, hit the road, and please brake for our furry little flea-bitten rock-and-roll friends. Call 1-800-PIONEER for the dealer nearest you.

the world of BUGI™

the world of WORLDWIDE SOCCER™

the world of DAYTONA™ USA

the world of PEBBLE BEACH® GOLF LINKS

OFFICIAL SEGA SEAL OF QUALITY

Sega, Sega Saturn, Sega Sports and all game titles are trademarks of SEGA unless otherwise noted below. Daytona USA is a trademark of NASCAR. Images and course designs of Pebble Beach Golf Links are trademarks and service marks of Pebble Beach Company and are used by permission of Pebble Beach Company. Developed and programmed by T&E Soft. © 1995 SEGA. P.O. Box 8097 Redwood City, CA 94063. All Rights Reserved.

the world of VIRTUA FIGHTER™ is included with every Sega Saturn

HEAD FOR SATURN

To really understand what life is like on Saturn, look inside your head. There, in the inner realm of rods and cones, of optic nerves and ear drums, is where the Sega Saturn experience breathes. Three 32-bit orchestrated processors, 16.7 million colors, lightning-quick texture mapping, connoisseur-class surround sound, and amazing first-person perspectives immerse you in worlds of entertainment you've never experienced. Sega Saturn is like nothing else on Earth.

For more information on Sego Saturn, please email segosaturn@segaoa.com or on the world-wide web at http://www.segaoa.com or on Compuserve at GO SEGA

SEGA SATURN™

IT'S OUT THERE.

GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT.

©1994 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y., N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits. Distilled From Grain. Alc. 40% By Vol. (80 Proof).

MIDNIGHT MARTINIS

Stir Seagram's Gin and dry vermouth over ice and strain into chilled glass. Garnish with black olive.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

WHILE MUCH entertainment news is fluff, we strive to bring you the person inside the celebrity. Take **Mel Gibson.** Sure, you've seen him wisecrack in *Lethal Weapon* or glibly chat through TV appearances. But you have never seen him as frank or as brash as he is with Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** in this month's *Interview*. Call 1995 Mad Max' year of talking dangerously. From bloody bar brawls to the battle-ax gore of his new film, *Braveheart*, Gibson candidly describes his fights with a former business partner (he calls her the C-word), an obnoxious biographer ("I'd tear his fucking face right off") and gay rights activists (Gibson's a staunch Catholic).

Ah, controversy. It fueled *NYPD Blue*'s rookie season—but credit **Dennis Franz** with keeping the show in doughnuts. During the David Caruso standoff, Franz let his portrayal of tormented detective Andy Sipowicz do the talking and was rewarded with a Golden Globe. Writer **Steve Oney** got to know Franz at the same time, and the resulting *Playboy Profile* is powerful—particularly when Franz shares his memories of Vietnam. Speaking of golden globes, **Carol Shaya** was recently kicked off the New York City police force for doing the same thing as Franz: baring her buns of blue steel in public (in her case, the August 1994 PLAYBOY). This month, catch up with Shaya in an arresting two-page feature.

Law and order, round two: If there's a rival to movies in Los Angeles, it has to be courtroom drama. Four years ago, we sent **Robert Rand** deep behind the defenses of Erik and Lyle Menendez for an article (*The Killing of Jose Menendez*, March 1991) on what turned out to be the second most celebrated trial in America. Now, as the boys go back to court, Rand brings us *Menendez Confidential* (illustrated by **Stasys Eidrigevicius**) with fresh info on what Erik told O.J. in jail, and why Erik thinks his former lawyer, Robert Shapiro, screwed up.

Kurt Loder is the most influential music critic on MTV next to Beavis and Butt-head, which pretty much makes him more important than the fifth Beatle. So he was ready when Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker** showed up on his doorstep for *20 Questions*. Loder unloaded a bunch of stuff he can't say on his show: what it's like hanging out in the men's room of Radio City, his wish to see the photos of Michael Jackson's penis, and the feminist strains of Abba. On a different wavelength, Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** put his ear to the ground, and it turned red from the latest trend: sex-talk radio. See his *Media* column, "Eargasms." Also tuned in to a new word order are graphic novelists who have dumped Superman for supermensch. In *Postmodern Comics*—a look at the often neglected art of comics for adults—**John Tomkiw** examines the mavericks behind the new literacy.

At last, some real superheroes. **Craig Vetter** ascends an oceanside Olympus in *Volleyball Goddesses*. It's a look at the women's pro beach circuit. To use their language (see *Beach Blanket Lingo*), you'll wince at the facials and sigh when the women put a stamp on it. Then we downsize. With a nod to Louisa May Alcott, our *Little Women* pictorial focuses on babes who bring us to our knees. Finding the right woman puts the hero of *Road Test*, fiction by **Lenny Kleinfeld,** in a bind when he learns she has a secret that will drive him around the bend. **Vivienne Flesher** did the artwork.

It's getting hot, so it's no wonder we have water on the brain. We discovered Playmate **Heidi Mark** on the set of our *Miami Heat* pictorial (September 1993). Thanks to photos by **Stephen Wayda,** you'll see she's doing swimmingly on the West Coast. Then cool off with our *Water Toys* feature, illustrated by **Martin Hoffman.** Our summer celeb fest concludes with ex–calendar girl **Sandra Taylor,** who has a memorable scene on a train in Steven Seagal's *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory*. Taylor is our starlet at the end of the tunnel.

GROBEL

ONEY

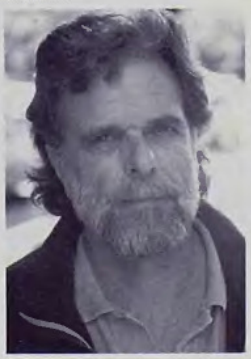
RAND

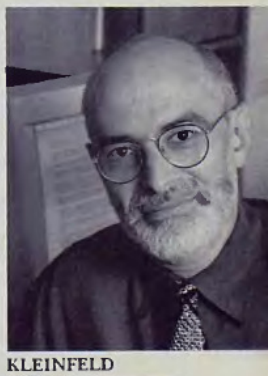
EIDRIGEVICIUS

KALBACKER

FLESHER

TOMKIW


VETTER


KLEINFELD

COOK

WAYDA

HOFFMAN

Presenting Gillette SensorExcel

With soft, flexible microfins for the closest shave ever.

Gillette offers you SensorExcel,™ the next revolution in shaving closeness.

We started with Sensor's spring-mounted twin blades that adjust to your face.

Then we developed a remarkable innovation called microfins and placed them ahead of the blades. These soft flexible fins gently stretch your skin, causing your beard to spring upward so the blades

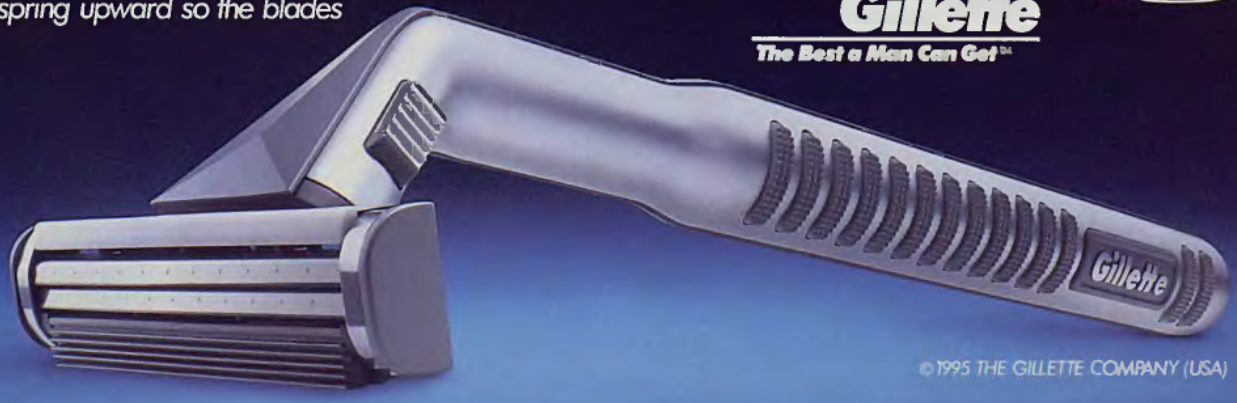
can shave you closer, with more comfort.

SensorExcel's responsive Flexgrip™ handle and unique pivoting action give you superior maneuverability and control.

The result is the closest, most comfortable shave you've ever experienced. Get Gillette SensorExcel. And get closer than ever before.

Gillette

The Best a Man Can Get™



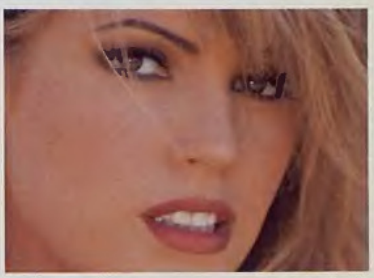
©1995 THE GILLETTE COMPANY (USA)

PLAYBOY®

vol. 42, no. 7—july 1995

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		7
DEAR PLAYBOY		13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	20
VIDEO		23
STYLE		24
WIRED		28
MEDIA	KEVIN COOK	30
MUSIC		32
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	36
MEN	ASA BABER	37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MEL GIBSON—candid conversation		51
MENENDEZ CONFIDENTIAL—true crime	ROBERT RAND	58
TAYLOR MADE—pictorial		62
HAWAIIAN CHIC—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	70
PLAYBOY GALLERY: KAREN FOSTER		75
THE NEW POSTMODERN COMIC—article	JOHN TOMKIW	77
CAROL SHAYA: BUSTED—pictorial		82
ROAD TEST—fiction	LENNY KLEINFELD	84
THE HEIDI CHRONICLES—playboy's playmate of the month		88
PARTY JOKES—humor		98
THE LINEN LOOK—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	100
WATER TOYS—recreation		103
CLASSIC COVER AND CENTERFOLD: JUNE 1961—pictorial		107
VOLLEYBALL GODDESSES—article	CRAIG VETTER	110
FULL MOON RISING—playboy profile	STEVE ONEY	112
LITTLE WOMEN—pictorial		116
CARRY ON!—travel		126
20 QUESTIONS: KURT LODER		128
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		159
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		161



Taylor Made P. 62

Menendez Update P. 58

On Your Mark P. 88

Hawaiian Style P. 70

COVER STORY

With her eye-catching role in Steven Seagal's *Under Siege 2*, model-turned-actress Sandra Taylor is on her way. This month she celebrates Independence Day in her own special way. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Tutor and photographed by Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Sandra's hair and makeup. Fireworks by John Cranham and, of course, our Rabbit.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: MAY 1995. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES, ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1995 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 159. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 IN CANADA SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES AND DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. ROGAINE BIND-IN BETWEEN PAGES 52-53 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES. CBS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 36-37 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. OPTEK INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 130-131 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Return Engagement

If there is anything you'll love more than the Playmate of the Month, it's a collection of 12 Playmates from an entire year of centerfolds. Playboy's Playmate Review. On sale now.

OR ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #TSFT9507 (Source code: 59088).

ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit cord and be sure to include your account number and expiration dote. Or enclose a check or money order poyoble to Playboy for $6.95 plus $2.00 shipping ond handling chorge per total order ond specify item #TSFT9507. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tox. Conadion residents please include an additionol $3.00. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Moil to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59088, Itosco, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1995 Playboy

The Playboy Catalog...

Our own Romantics by Playboy lingerie (as shown here on Playmate Shae Marks), sensuous videos, Playboy collectibles, romantic products for couples, unique gifts... and a few surprises.

For a **FREE** catalog, send your name and address to: Playboy, P. O. Box 809, Dept. 59266, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

©1995 Playboy

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: PETER MOORE, STEPHEN RANDALL *editors;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *assistant editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, REMA SMITH, SARI WILSON *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN, RICKIE THOMAS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, BETH MULLINS *assistant editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *manager, photo archive*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JUDY BERKOWITZ *national projects director;* KIM L. PINTO *sales director, eastern region;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

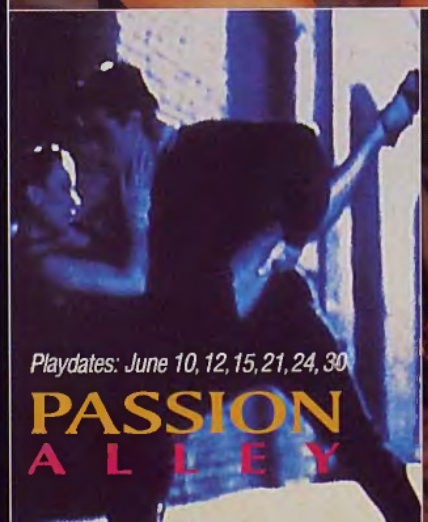
ADMINISTRATIVE

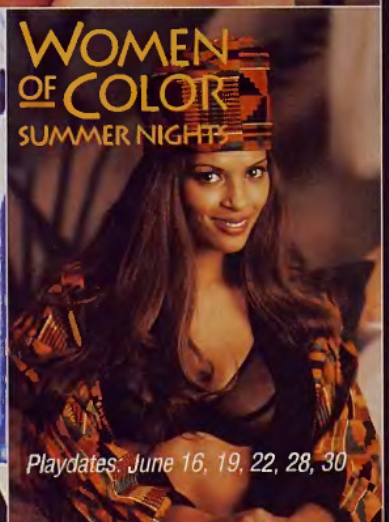
EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED





Your Playmate Hosts for June

Rhonda Adams
Miss June

Heidi Mark
Miss July

Enjoy the ultimate in late night entertainment 24 hours a day with all of the sensuality, passion and excitement you've come to expect from Playboy. Playboy Television brings you an incomparable line up of provocative, made-for-Playboy world premiere movies, spectacular special events, uncensored music videos, sizzling series and, of course, Playmates. Playboy's got it all, and you can have it all – anytime, day or night!

PLAYBOY TV

LOTUS

Your brains got you to where you are today.
So stop thinking already.

And *feel* the allurement of the road. *Experience* the elation that comes from the new 300 horsepower 54s. With a slight *touch* of your hand, *indulge* in supple power steering and rigorous handling. *Smell* its pervasive full Connolly leather. And *enjoy*, for once, stimulation of the senses, without the invasion of intellect.

For information or to find an agent near you, call 1-800-24-LOTUS.

FOR THE FEW WHO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

©1995 LOTUS CARS USA, INC. LOTUS AND THE LOTUS LOGO ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF LOTUS.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK

Hope I Die Before I Get Old (April) by David Standish helped a lot of the Nineties generation tune in to the roots of today's music.

Rocky Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

As a fan of Sixties music and of the Rolling Stones, I must raise one minor point about a guitar pictured in Standish's article. It may have belonged to Keith Richards, but I can assure you he never played it during the Sixties. The Fender Telecaster Deluxe wasn't produced until 1972. A more appropriate choice would have been the Les Paul custom, which, as I recall, Richards played and smashed on the 1969 tour.

Jeffrey Hunt
South Berwick, Maine

BARBARA KEESLING

PLAYBOY has had some marvelous moments, but none finer than *The Doctor Is In* (April). From her writing, I know that Barbara Keesling is intelligent, articulate and compassionate. I am delighted to discover that she is an exquisite beauty as well.

David Chapman
Loveland, Colorado

The photos of Barbara Keesling are wonderful. Hawaiian Tropic girls Angel Boris and Shana Hiatt may have stolen my heart, but the good doctor is welcome to the rest.

B.V. Evans
Alpharetta, Georgia

DYING YOUNG

I was gratified by Betty Friedan's comments on the pathetically short male life span in *Why Men Die Young* (April). She had dismissed this issue back in the Seventies. I am disappointed that she still subscribes to feminist nonlogic. If the female population sacrificed more than 10 million lives and the medical profession didn't bother to find out why, would feminists conclude that society doesn't take men seriously?

Fredric Hayward
Men's Rights Inc.
Sacramento, California

Women have longer life spans because they have the freedom to make changes. Women can go to college to expand their minds, while men must go to set a career path in concrete. Women may join the military by choice; with men, it is either a call to duty or required by law. Even pregnancy is a woman's choice. Maybe we should spend more on men's health care until life span equity is achieved.

Eugene Phillip
Great Falls, Virginia

Friedan's piece reminds me of a true story about the wife of a former employee. This man took another job that required him to travel. While out of town, he was murdered. When I went to pay my respects, his wife told me that when she had her husband's body returned to her she began to strike his corpse in anger. Why? Because he had gotten himself killed and left her with three children. This didn't seem any more abnormal to me than Friedan blaming men for their own early deaths. But I do object to you subjecting me to this ignorance. Little boys want to be heroes. Little girls want to be loved. Heroes die young.

Steven Maberry
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Friedan's article on why women live longer is insulting to men. The issue is a neglect of men's health, not women's. Men must ask why federal dollars aren't spent to determine why women live longer than men. Friedan's anecdotal evidence may have some merit, but as science it's useless.

Steven Holzner
National Center for Men
Ithaca, New York

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), JULY 1995, VOLUME 42, NUMBER 7, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. U.S., CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $46 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING:** NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 9242 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210; ONE SANSOME STREET, SUITE 1900, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104; DETROIT: 2000 TOWN CENTER, SUITE 1900, SOUTHFIELD, MI 48075; SOUTH: ZIMMERMAN & ASSOCIATES, 2221 PEACHTREE ROAD NE, SUITE 10, ATLANTA, GA 30309; BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109.

MYSTERIOUS

B E A U T Y

Kinuko Craft has done hundreds of illustrations for Playboy, often rendering modern subjects in the styles of bygone masters. Now you can own one of her most romantic and sensual images as a signed and numbered lithograph. Mysterious Beauty, which appeared in the June 1982 issue of Playboy, cleverly juxtaposes an ancient Japanese couple with contemporary lovers who echo them in pose.

THE ORIGINAL PRINT
MEASURES 37½" X 30."
LIMITED TO 300 IMPRESSIONS,
EACH IS SIGNED BY THE ARTIST.
THE PRICE IS $100.
SHIPPING IS $6.50.
TO ORDER CALL 800.258.1995
ASK FOR DEPT. 40051 AND
ITEM #KCKC007
OR WRITE TO
SPECIAL EDITIONS LIMITED
P.O. BOX 808 • ITASCA, IL 60142

© 1995 SPECIAL EDITIONS LTD.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

I met April Playmate Danelle Folta at the Health and Fitness Expo before the Los Angeles Marathon. She was beautiful, outgoing and sincere, and she had a positive attitude about life.

Dan Hernandez
Los Angeles, California

I have always loved redheads, but Danelle is absolutely radiant. Her red hair reflects her passion for life.

H. Alan Myrick
Richmond, Virginia

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

While I always enjoy reading Robert Scheer's controversial opinions, "Cracked Obsession" (April) really pissed me off. It's not right to penalize crack possessors five times more harshly than powder possessors, but I hardly think this is an attempt to oppress the black community. It surely goes deeper than the color of someone's skin. The real issues here are politics, money and drugs.

Leland Wheaton
Dayton, Ohio

To say that the tough laws on crack are really calculated efforts aimed at harassing blacks is ridiculous and very cynical. When crack came on the scene a relatively short time ago its usage was growing at an alarming rate. The tough laws were passed in an effort to discourage its use. The laws are a good thing for everybody, especially for those who live in the projects. When writers manipulate data and dream up conspiracies, they do more to hurt race relations than they do to help them.

Malcolm Washington
Des Moines, Iowa

Robert Scheer missed one important point. Instead of reducing the penalty for crack use, why not stiffen the penalty for powdered cocaine use until the two are comparable?

Greg O'Keefe
Newport News, Virginia

VIRTUAL ERROR

Just thought I'd let you know that your illustration for the virtual guitar CD-ROM game (*Wired*, April) is a bass. Even though a bass is a guitar, a guitar is not necessarily a bass. The game uses a guitar (six strings), the illustration shows a bass (four strings).

Mark Biery
Chesapeake, Virginia

Thanks for bringing this to our readers' attention. We were having so much fun jamming with Joe Perry, we failed to notice that we broke two strings.

BEAUTIFUL BRONZE BOMBSHELLS

When I received my April issue and saw the cover, I just about went into cardiac arrest. Please give us a pictorial of Shana Hiatt (*Girls of Hawaiian Tropic*) as soon as possible.

P.G. Thomas
PGThomas@aol.com
Van Nuys, California

Until now, I never understood why letter writers told you that you had achieved perfection in a pictorial or on a cover. Your April cover is not only astounding, it's perfect.

Jeremy Ahern
Laramie, Wyoming

Sung Hi Lee is the most incredible woman to appear in PLAYBOY in a long time. Could you devote an entire issue to her?

Rob Dennis
Ann Arbor, Michigan

You have featured some wonderful covers over the years—Susan Kiger (November 1977), Liz Wickersham (April 1981), Teri Peterson (November 1981) and Jennifer Lavoie (October 1994). Now it's no contest. Shana Hiatt's cover surpasses them all.

Andy Boyd
Wheaton, Illinois

We, your loyal readers at UC–Berkeley, would like to see more of Sung Hi Lee. Two pictures are not enough.

Riva Han
Berkeley, California

Generally, I'm more interested in the articles than the pictures. But Shana Hiatt's cover has to be the best ever.

Hilton Wiggins
Dallas, Texas

WOMEN

I just read Cynthia Heimel's "Nice Girls Don't Read Romances" (*Women*, April) and I wonder what took her so long to discover these books. When most of the men I know see a "bodice ripper" on their lover's nightstand, they know that it will usually lead to interesting lovemaking. I'd be happy to recommend some titles.

Deborah Cook
Fountain Valley, California

Nice girls read romances; so do girls who are naughty, old, young, fat, skinny, attractive, plain, fashionable or unfashionable. According to Harlequin Books, there are more than 50 million female romance readers in North America alone. The sex scenes take place in the context of monogamous relationships that work on equal terms. That's the fantasy for women.

Susan Wiggs
Houston, Texas

I find Cynthia Heimel intelligent and witty. However, I must take exception to her April column. I am a reader and writer of romance novels. I suggest a book called *Dangerous Men and Adventurous Women* by Jayne Ann Krentz, which explains why women enjoy these books. By the way, 46 percent of all paperbacks sold are romance novels.

Tonya Lawson
Ontario, California

COURT MAGIC

I enjoy reading your interviews and articles, but I take issue with Joe Morgenstern's profile of Johnnie Cochran in the April issue. He portrays Cochran as a hero looking out for the underdog, but what we really have here is an obnoxious attorney who is going to cost Los Angeles taxpayers millions of dollars, especially if there needs to be a second trial.

Michael Robinson
Rockville, Maryland

FICTION

After reading Richard Chiappone's *Dealer's Choice* (April), I can only say: Thank the Lord it is only fiction. Poker is the ultimate contemporary form of manly combat. It's what testosterone is all about.

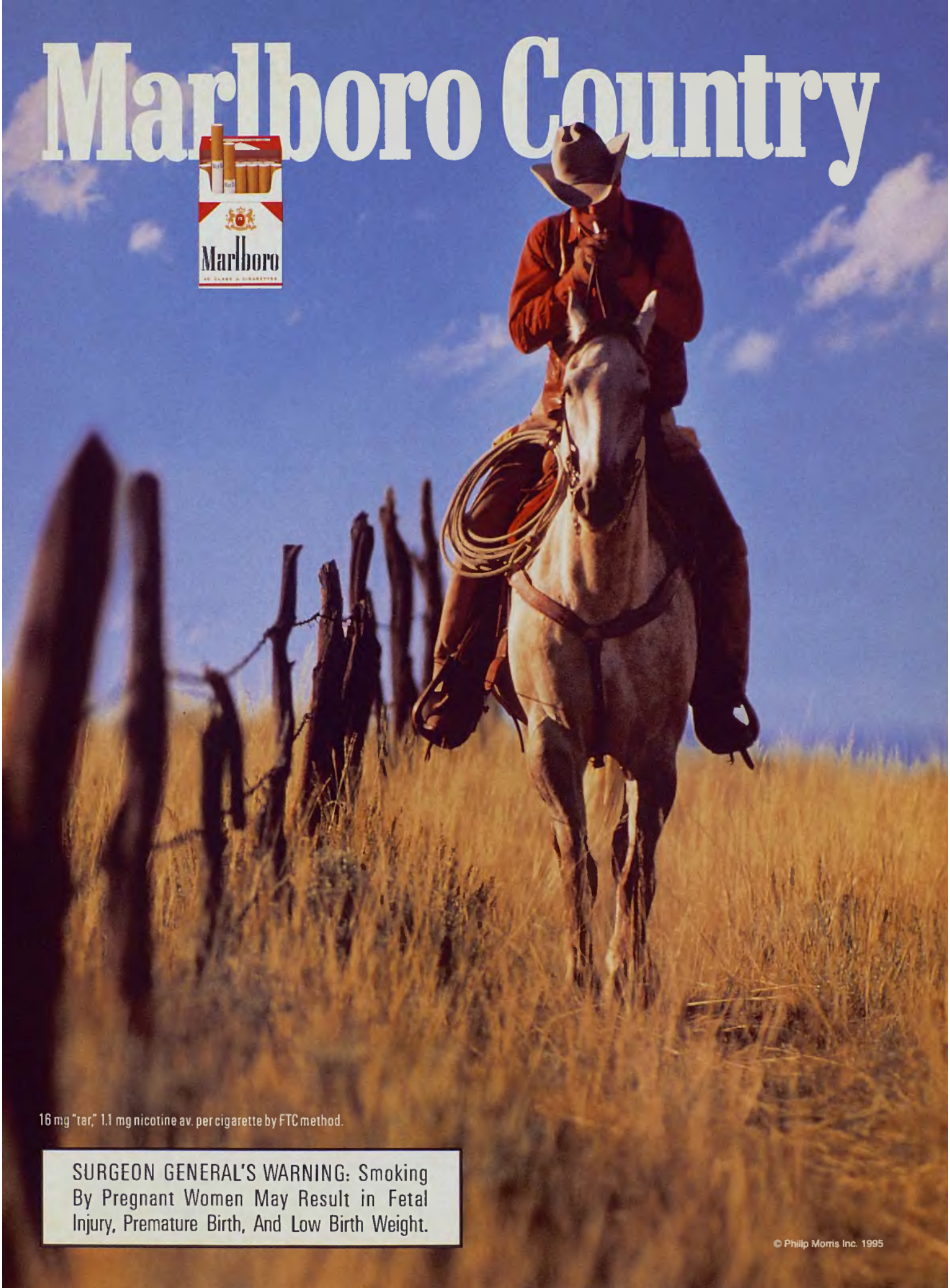
Richard Sterk
Danbury, Connecticut

NYPD NUDE REVISITED

What's wrong with this world? I'm talking, of course, about Carol Shaya (*New York's Finest*, August) getting canned. What did she do that was wrong? She got punished, and the scum she tried to lock up are free to walk the streets. I hope that we'll see her in PLAYBOY again.

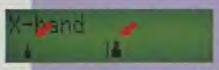
Adam Waldera
Whitewater, Wisconsin

Turn to page 82 for a new Carol Shaya pictorial and enjoy.


Marlboro Country
Marlboro
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

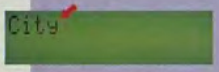
THE WORLD'S FIRST LCD DETECTOR!

Passport 5000's Total Picture™ technology uses an LCD panel to provide continual updates on radar, laser, detector status modes and driving conditions in your area.

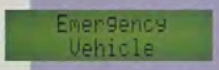


You are receiving more than one X-band signal.

The alert audio has been automatically muted.

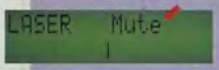


You are reminded that "City" mode is selected.

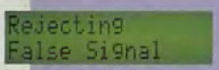


An emergency vehicle is near.

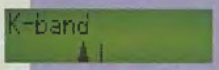
A potential road hazard is near.



You have muted the audio.



A false signal is being automatically rejected.



K-band radar is being used nearby.

Total Picture™ technology uses 1120 pixels to visually display information in easy-to-understand terms. Other detectors can typically devote only 11 LEDs to information display.

NO-HASSLE GUARANTEE:
Try Passport 5000 for 30 days. If you're not satisfied, return it for a refund, no questions asked.

ESCORT
Department 500775
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1995 CMI

ONLY PASSPORT 5000 GIVES YOU THE TOTAL PICTURE™

Passport 5000's Total Picture™ technology, available only from Escort, is a new innovation for radar/laser detection. Like a CD player, Passport 5000's LCD screen visually displays information, eliminating the guesswork common with LED-style panels.

Are you approaching a dangerous road hazard? Total Picture™ alerts you to potentially hazardous road conditions in those cities now using the new safety technology.

Getting the same radar alert every day at the same place? Total Picture™ visually displays when a new second source is present – one that could be a true threat.

Two SuperWide Ka radars being broadcast in the same area? Only Total Picture™ will display *both* alerts at the same time so you don't take either for granted.

Total Picture™ technology takes the guesswork out of radar/laser protection. Don't settle for half the picture when you can get the Total Picture™ with Passport 5000. Order yours today.

The "intelligent choice...for those shopping for high performance detection and highway safety combined."
CORVETTE FEVER

With SafetyPilot™ Technology!

SAFETYPILOT™ GIVES YOU THE BIGGER PICTURE...

Passport 5000's unique SafetyPilot™ technology alerts you to the presence of emergency vehicles and road hazards (highway construction, accidents, dangerous intersections, unmarked railroad crossings) in those cities using the new safety technology. Drive with peace-of-mind knowing Passport 5000 is protecting you and your passengers.

Get the Total Picture™ Only with Passport 5000. Only from Escort.

for the total driving picture, call toll-free:

1•800•433•3487

Open 24 hours, 7 days a week for your convenience.

new price!

Passport® 5000 $169.95

Shipping & handling is extra. OH res. add 6% sales tax.

The Innovative Edge.™

ESCORT

COMPLETE Radar • Laser PROTECTION

SafetyPilot™ Technology

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE BREEDER HANDBOOK

To paraphrase Henry Beard and Christopher Cerf, authors of *The Official Sexually Correct Dictionary and Dating Guide*, the language of romance is not dead; it's just heavily footnoted. With 572 notations, the *Dating Guide* is an exhaustively researched glossary of terms actually coined by such hyperfeminists as Andrea Dworkin and Sheila Jeffreys. Some of the more startling interpretations include:

Coitus: punishment
Dating: compulsory heterosexuality
Desire: eroticized power difference
Flowers: instruments of ritual violation
Kissing: osculatory rape
Man: potential rapist
Marriage: domestic incarceration
Mistletoe: an uninvited-endearment sanctifier
Penis: dildo substitute
Prostitute: sex care provider

WILD OATS

Looks like a young mover and shaker at Quaker Oats knows a thing or two about acid trance. Packages of Instant Quaker Oatmeal now sport bits of pop trivia on such subjects as hip-hop, rave, fanzines and grunge. One demanding multiple-choice question asked kids: "What's the difference between house music and rave music?" Fortunately for parents, the answer was listed on the same packet: "House is generally 120 beats per minute, rave is 132 beats per minute."

HIGH-RISE HOTEL

The Mandarin Oriental hotel in San Francisco sits atop a 48-story skyscraper. With bathtubs-for-two equipped with spigots for champagne and an inspiring view of the tip of the Transamerica pyramid, it was saluted in a recent issue of the British magazine *For Women* as the Horny Hotel of the Month.

BRINGING UP THE REAR

Recently, the *Los Angeles Times* praised retired general Norman Schwarzkopf for encouraging men to overcome their reluctance to discuss prostate cancer. He explained how his own prostate cancer almost went undetected and reasoned that "when you are a general, the doctors don't tend to do a thorough digital rectal exam." No, they save those for privates and taxpayers.

WOMEN AND WOODIES

Ah, the strong, silent type: *Self* recently published an article on eco-psychology, a new form of psychotherapy that is designed for people riddled with worries about the degradation of the environment. The cure? One eco-shrink recommended "establishing a relationship with a tree."

U GOT 2B KIDDING

Four years ago, Pam O'Leary of Michigan requested and got the vanity license plate 4RU486, which expressed her support of the French abortion pill. However, a few months ago state officials wrote her demanding that she surrender the plates, claiming they were "obviously issued in error." The Secretary of State's office routinely checks requests for vanity plates that combine words, numbers or letters in an offensive way. Curiously, there is a Michigan license plate that reads PROLIFE, which no one has complained about yet. O'Leary plans to appeal the state's decision.

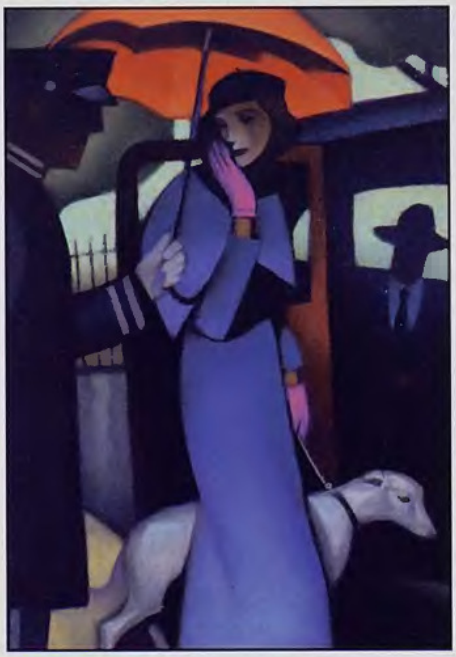


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

MR. PAINT-BY-NUMBER

For starters, it stands for the hopes, aspirations and collective good wishes of an entire civilization. The Internal Revenue Service uses so many acronyms that even accountants who daily toil within its regulations find them confusing. Recently, IRS chief Margaret Milner Richardson recalled one tax specialist who was listening to a discussion of the IRS's Art Advisory Panel, a group that values taxpayers' artwork gifts. The specialist turned to Richardson and asked, "What does ART stand for?"

MY OWN PRIVATE ALAMO

Texans are famous for their ability to defend their turf, so it's not surprising that a San Antonio company has taken home security to a truly ornery level: Bullet Resistant Systems can turn your home into a fortress impervious to gunfire. The company installs bullet-resistant, fiberglass-based paneling on walls and doors and equally tough shutters on windows. In a backhanded endorsement, police officials have expressed dismay about the system because it helps prevent gunfire from entering the house no matter which side of the law the bullets come from.

THE 13 TENNERS

In appealing her alimony award, Toni Tenner argued that she didn't commit the adultery that led to the breakup of her marriage. Rather, it was one of her 13 personalities who violated her wedding vows. Kentucky, where this case is taking place, allows marital conduct to be considered in determining alimony. Tenner sought $1100 a month during divorce proceedings; the court gave her $500. The appeals court sided with her,

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Pepperoni is the number one pizza topping. Each year, Americans eat about 300 million pounds of the greasy red disks on pizza—adorning enough pies to cover 13,000 football fields.

QUOTE

"He stands there groping himself and he is 46 years old and he shouldn't be doing that. It disgusts me—but he tells me that the young kids like it."—MIA TYLER, 16-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF AEROSMITH SINGER STEVEN TYLER, ON WHY SHE DISAPPROVES OF HER FATHER'S STAGE MOVES

DOWNLOAD LOWDOWN

Between October 1994 and February 1995, number of times America Online subscribers downloaded images of *Lois & Clark*'s Teri Hatcher: 12,555; number of downloads of *Mad About You*'s Helen Hunt: 3671; of Madonna's latest album cover: 3211; of *Nightline* host Ted Koppel: 369.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Percentage of 1000 male respondents surveyed by *Glamour* who said they would prefer to be 5'2" with a seven-inch penis: 62; percentage who said they would prefer to be 6'2" with a three-inch penis: 36; percentage who admitted to having measured their penises: 55; percentage who refused to answer: 20.

JAILBIRD JAM

During the past 15 years, average number of inmates added each week to the nation's prison population: 900; number of federal prisons in 1982: 43; number of federal prisons in 1994: 77.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DOLE

The average monthly payment in inflation-adjusted dollars to welfare families in 1970: $676; in 1993: $373.

HUSKY APPETITES

The number of pounds of caribou meat packed for explorer Will Steger, five team members and three teams of sled dogs for the March 1995 start of a four-month trek across the Arctic: 500; number of pounds of cheese: 450; pounds of butter: 225; pounds of noodles: 200; pints of potato-leek soup and clam chowder: 180; pounds of dog food: 10,000. Average calories team members will burn each day: 5000. Anticipated average weight loss for each team member: 9 pounds.

MORMON CONQUEST

Number of Mormons who were living in Mexico, Central America and South America in 1980: 700,000. Number in 1993: 2.7 million.

REMOTELY CONTROLLING

In a survey conducted by Philips Consumer Electronics, percentage of men who would rather give up sex than their TV remote for one week: 9. Percentage of women who would make the same choice: 18.

CRIMINAL ART COSTS

Price paid in November for a 1978 Andy Warhol portrait of O.J. Simpson signed by the artist: $34,500. Price range for series of portraits of Tonya Harding by the artist Deforrestt: $5000 to $35,000. Price paid for painting of a clown by executed serial killer John Wayne Gacy: $20,000.

READ BETWEEN THE COMMERCIALS

Percentage of Americans who are functionally illiterate—i.e., unable to fill out a job application, follow written instructions or read a newspaper: 23; percentage of talk show guests deemed illiterate by a Penn State sociologist who recently studied 1000 hours of *Oprah*, *Donahue* and *Sally Jessy Raphaël*: 90. —LAURA BILLINGS

ruling that her mental illness excused her affair. A dissenting opinion by Judge Anthony Wilhoit said of the ruling that the new standard for fault was "more in keeping with the psychobabble prevalent on talk shows than with sound jurisprudence." Tenner's former husband has filed an appeal.

THE 50-MINUTE COMMUTE

Now, busy—and conflicted—executives can commute and work on their psychotherapeutic issues at the same time. Drs. Ursula Strauss and Shelley Lennox pick up suburban New York patients in a van. While they are chauffeured into Manhattan, shrinks listen to their patients' problems. Mobile Psychological Services has 50 patients, six therapists and three drivers. A session of rolling insights costs $175.

HIGH ROLLERS

A federal court in California has determined that more than 75 percent of all currency circulating in Los Angeles carries traces of cocaine or other illegal drugs. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals said that the prevalence of such drug-tainted paper money is so great that almost anyone in the city could attract the attention of drug-sniffing dogs, and it used the finding to dismiss a case against a man accused of transporting drug money. In contrast, narcotics specialists said that only 15 percent of the bills in Bozeman, Montana have traces of drugs on them.

12 STEPS TO DECAF

We didn't have to read tea leaves to figure out that the java express was heading for an inevitable crash—and where else but in the heart of coffee country? That's right, the first chapter of Caffeine Anonymous has thrown open its doors in Portland, Oregon. Since last spring, caffeine addicts have been admitting their powerlessness against demon joe. "When I drink coffee," says one female javaholic, "it's just like drinking a cup of unhappiness." That's quite a different tune from the early days of grunge and fresh roasts.

ARMEY MANEUVERS

After House Majority Leader Richard Armey referred to gay congressman Barney Frank as Barney Fag, *Roll Call* assembled a list of congressional names that Armey shouldn't even attempt to utter aloud: Norm Dicks, Daniel Akaka, Mike Crapo, Chris Cox, Jay Dickey, John Boehner, Mel Hancock, Harry Reid, Dick Swett and Carlos Moorhead. For that matter, anyone named Dick Armey who has a predilection for Freudian slips should be careful about how he introduces himself.

The Captain was here
Captain Morgan
750 ML
ORIGINAL SPICED RUM
Captain Morgan
ORIGINAL
SPICED RUM
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
Puerto Rican Rum with spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 proof) • Captain Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD © 1995.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

NOTHING IS what it seems to be in ***A Pure Formality*** (Sony Classics), a French-language drama written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore, who made that marvelously Italian movie *Cinema Paradiso*. This austere, unexpectedly cerebral exercise co-stars Gérard Depardieu and Roman Polanski going head-to-head as a famous novelist and an implacable small-town police inspector. There's been a mysterious death near the home of the writer, who is thrashing wildly through a rainstorm when he is taken into custody. He then becomes hostile, absentminded and evasive during the cat-and-mouse interrogation that continues all night. The surprise ending has been done on-screen a number of times, but Tornatore does it again with a stylish intensity only slightly diminished by the air of déjà vu. ¥¥

•

An exuberant performance by Marisa Tomei provides much of the pizzazz in ***The Perez Family*** (Samuel Goldwyn). She plays Dottie, a free-spirited Cuban immigrant who leaps off the boat from Havana to make waves in America. Dottie instantly latches on to a fellow traveler named Perez (Alfred Molina), who, after years as a prisoner of the Castro regime, hopes to find his wife and daughter somewhere in Miami. Anjelica Huston stretches her talents playing the lost wife, Carmela. Trini Alvarado as her daughter and Chazz Palminteri as a Miami cop more than casually interested in Carmela's case add to the animated supporting cast. Directed by Indian-born Mira Nair (with the estimable *Mississippi Masala* to her credit) and adapted by Robin Swicord from a novel by Christine Bell, this amiable ensemble piece deals only superficially with the influx of Cuban refugees to Florida. But *The Perez Family* feels closer in spirit to Latin love songs than sociology, as a film with heart, soul and tempo. ¥¥¥

•

Trendy drag queens on parade—from *Mrs. Doubtfire* to *The Adventures of Priscilla*—may have paved the way for ***Wigstock: The Movie*** (Samuel Goldwyn). Call it a concert movie, call it high or low camp, it's an annual New York event hailed by some partisans as the Super Bowl of drag. While thousands cheer, such celebrated characters as RuPaul, Lypsinka, Alexis Arquette and Mistress Formika take the outdoor stage wearing sequins, heels and hairdos from hell. Their performances, largely prerecorded, range from supersmart to god-awful. Between showbiz parodies, one enthusiast shouts, "It's in to be gay in the Nineties!" True or not, *Wigstock* is an unabashedly liberated sign of the times. ¥¥½

Marisa Tomei: Cuban boat babe.

Suspects on the spot, immigrants and militants on the beach and transvestites in full bloom.

•

The intriguingly titled ***Love and Human Remains*** (Sony Classics) is the first English-language feature by Canadian director Denys Arcand, whose two previous films in French (*Jesus of Montreal* and *The Decline of the American Empire*) won Oscar nominations. Brilliant as ever, Arcand retains all of his hip, witty timeliness and adds an edgy sense of danger to Brad Fraser's shrewd adaptation of his own hit play. Performed to perfection by a little-known cast, *Love and Human Remains* examines some horny, screwed-up singles at large in an urban jungle. Thomas Gibson, a Daniel Day-Lewis look-alike, plays David, a gay waiter and former TV sitcom star who prefers cruising to celebrity. His roommate Candy (Ruth Marshall) can't find the right man, so she trades teasing sexual sweet talk with a vulnerable lesbian (Joanne Vannicola). David's other friends include Benita (Mia Kirshner), a professional dominatrix, and handsome Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), an apparently uptight businessman who turns out to be seething with dark secrets. This social study unfolds against the search for a serial killer in a nameless big city where everything seems to happen at night. Arcand's bright young misfits try desperately to act cool, pretending they're not afraid of the dark. ¥¥¥

•

According to ***Panther*** (Gramercy), the decade-long Black Panthers movement begun in 1966 was doomed by a conspiracy between the FBI and organized mobsters to flood the black community with drugs. That's the interpretation accepted by director Mario Van Peebles in a frankly fictionalized docudrama co-produced by his father, Melvin Van Peebles, who also wrote the lively screenplay. Balancing the portrayal of such noted activists as Bobby Seale (Courtney B. Vance), Huey Newton (Marcus Chong) and Eldridge Cleaver (Anthony Griffith), Kadeem Hardison appears as an invented character named Judge, recruited by the FBI to inform but still a double agent loyal to the Panthers' cause. While unreliable as history, the movie nonetheless packs a wallop of one-sided conviction. ¥¥¥

•

Mountains loom and chasms yawn in 3-D during director Jean-Jacques (*Quest for Fire*) Annaud's ***Wings of Courage*** (Sony Classics). This 40-minute movie plays only in theaters equipped to show giant-screen Sony Imax and is the first feature to combine stars and a story with this state-of-the-art system. Val Kilmer, Tom Hulce and Craig Sheffer portray airline pioneers, with Sheffer as pilot Henri Guillaumet flying solo across the Andes in 1930 to establish an airmail route between Santiago and Buenos Aires. Elizabeth McGovern plays Guillaumet's wife, who panics when her husband's plane goes down in a snowstorm. Annaud's brief survival story is a test run—a peek into the future of movies with sweeping special effects. Viewers must wear a headset to get really goggle-eyed on Imax. It is spectacular, indeed. But will it last, or go the way of earlier cinematic gimmickry that promised to make films better but merely made them bigger? We'll know more later. ¥¥½

•

Three boys and a girl come of age sexually and politically at a school in southwestern France circa 1962. That's the story of director Andre Techine's ***Wild Reeds*** (Strand Releasing). Winner of four 1994 Césars—for best picture, best director and best screenplay in addition to actress Elodie Bouchez' award as best young hopeful—such a mild human comedy would be a long shot as an also-ran in our Oscar sweepstakes. The French seem more tolerant of a slower

The First Official Corvette Collector Plate

Individually numbered by hand with 24 karat gold.

Plate shown smaller than actual size of 8" (20.32 cm) in diameter.

CHEVROLET

The Chevrolet Motor Division officially authorizes its first-ever collector plate celebrating America's favorite sports car—the 1963 Corvette Sting Ray.

The 1963 Corvette Sting Ray. America's dream machine. The sports car that stunned the automotive world with its revolutionary design and performance.

Now, Chevrolet Motor Division officially authorizes their first-ever collector plate capturing the power and glory of this classic car. Created by Don Wieland, celebrated illustrator and winner of numerous awards in the field of automotive art. In the tradition of the most prized collectibles, this imported heirloom collector plate is crafted of fine porcelain and lavished with breathtaking color. It is hand-numbered and bordered in *24 karat gold* and bears the artist's signature mark on its reverse side.

Priced at just $29.95, this Limited Edition will be *closed forever* after just 45 firing days. Available *exclusively* from The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001.

A Limited Edition Collector Plate. Hand-Numbered and Bordered in 24 Karat Gold.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by July 31, 1995.

Please enter my order for The 1963 Corvette Sting Ray by Don Wieland. I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed $29.95* when my plate is ready to be sent. *Limit: one plate per collector.*

**Plus my state sales tax and $2.95 for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

17042-30-001

Satisfaction Guaranteed. If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Official General Motors Licensed Product. CHEVROLET, the CHEVROLET Emblem, STING RAY, CORVETTE, and the CORVETTE Emblem are registered trademarks of Chevrolet Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

Lundgren: day of the Dolph.

OFF CAMERA

Tall (6'5"), blond **Dolph Lundgren,** 36, is a hunk with a head on his broad shoulders. Over breakfast at a hotel near his New York apartment, Lundgren shrugs at his screen image as a Scandinavian lug with more brawn than brains. In fact, he has a master's degree in chemical engineering and won a Fulbright scholarship to continue studying at MIT. But in 1982, the movies beckoned. "My brother is in offshore drilling. I meant to go into petroleum engineering, regulating the oil flow at refineries. But I got involved with the singer Grace Jones and it suddenly dawned on me that being a chemical engineer for the rest of my life might be too boring." Through Jones, who tormented James Bond in *A View to a Kill*, Lundgren debuted in that film as "just a walk-on" and followed with his breakthrough role as the Russian boxer in *Rocky IV*.

Now happily married for more than a year to Anette, a Swedish fashion stylist, Lundgren has a second home in Stockholm and serious plans for his film future. "I'm not aiming to be an action hero like Stallone, Van Damme or Schwarzenegger." He describes his role in the new film *Johnny Mnemonic* with Keanu Reeves as a stretch. "I don't think of myself as just kicking ass." His next movies include an athletic epic titled *Pentathlon*, as well as *The Shooter*, a thriller in which he plays "a U.S. marshal who goes to Prague to arrest a female terrorist." Lundgren was once a European karate champion, and he's considering taking time out to be team leader of the U.S. pentathlon contingent at the 1996 Olympic games in Atlanta. He also works with an off-off-Broadway theater group. "The exciting thing about show business is to go in new directions. I want to do things no one expects of me."

pace, and *Wild Reeds* is easygoing, sensitive and emotionally fine-tuned. François (Gael Morel) is a boy on the verge of admitting he's gay after some homosexual horsing around with Serge (Stephane Rideau), an uncomplicated country stud who simply likes sex. Serge also likes François' friend Maite (Bouchez), but she has eyes for Henri (Frederic Gorny), an older student-radical from Algeria who is stressed out by the Algerian war. Techine's rueful slice-of-life makes no major statement but delivers some plain truth. ¥¥¥

•

Writer-director Maria Maggenti said it best in describing her own first feature: "The content is what's subversive, not the form." That's a fine introduction to ***The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love*** (Fine Line). This buoyant nose-thumbing comedy concerns two attractive high school seniors whose lesbian relationship disrupts the status quo at school and at home. Laurel Hollomon as Randy and Nicole Parker as Evie are the beleaguered couple. Their story actually has more to do with young love than with lesbianism, and they react to objections similar to those any teenage couple might encounter by shacking up in a motel. *Two Girls in Love* shrugs off its potential shock value by emphatically saying yes to real romance, gay or straight, on the way to a sweet, somewhat corny climax that leaves all sexes in sync. ¥¥

•

The bad news is that ***Forget Paris*** (Columbia) dusts off every cliché you might expect in a romantic comedy about two lovebirds who meet and mate in the City of Light. The good news is that Billy Crystal directs and stars in the film, which he also cleverly co-authored with his *City Slickers* collaborators, Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel. Crystal's co-star is Debra Winger, and while they don't quite click, both are easy to like—especially when they're spouting hilarious dialogue about career conflicts, sex and *Phantom of the Opera*. She's an airline executive based in Paris; he's a professional basketball referee. They meet, go to bed, break up, marry, argue, separate and try to procreate in a series of flashbacks. Each chapter in their stormy relationship is introduced by three couples waiting at a restaurant to see if the turbulent twosome will show up together. Joe Mantegna, Cynthia Stevenson, Richard Masur, Julie Kavner, John Spencer and Cathy Moriarty add sizzle as the gossipy sextet, with Charles Barkley, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Isiah Thomas giving Crystal back talk on the court. Saddled with a clumsy structure, *Forget Paris* still generates good vibes because a lot of it is laugh-out-loud funny. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Amateur (Reviewed 5/95) Sexy ex-nun meets amnesiac porn merchant. ¥¥½
The Basketball Diaries (5/95) Hoop hopeful sidelined by a drug habit. ¥¥
Braveheart (6/95) As a historic Scot patriot, Mel Gibson stars, directs and gets it just about right. ¥¥¥½
Burnt by the Sun (6/95) A vibrant saga about Soviet Russia—and an Oscar winner as best foreign language film. ¥¥¥¥
Crumb (6/95) Compelling documentary about a fine, funky artist from a dysfunctional family. ¥¥¥½
Farinelli (5/95) Hitting all the high notes with the world's most famous castrato. ¥¥¥¥
Forget Paris (See review) Marriage on the rocks, deftly Crystalized. ¥¥¥
The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love (See review) Again, lesbian comedy leaves the closet. ¥¥
Jefferson in Paris (6/95) Nolte as Tom does a slow, stylish stint abroad. ¥¥¥
Kiss of Death (5/95) Lively remake with Cage and Caruso. ¥¥¥
Love and Human Remains (See review) Kinky young singles at large. ¥¥¥
Muriel's Wedding (4/95) Hilarious high jinks about an unpopular girl who just wants to get married. ¥¥¥
My Family (6/95) Through the years with Chicano immigrants. ¥¥½
Panther (See review) Militant black cats as an endangered species. ¥¥¥
The Perez Family (See review) Cuban boat people make hay in Miami. ¥¥¥
Picture Bride (6/95) A man, a woman and a love match in old Hawaii. ¥¥¥
The Postman (6/95) Poet meets peasant in a poignant Italian comedy. ¥¥¥½
Priest (5/95) Gay, tormented man of God gets hot under the collar. ¥¥¥¥
A Pure Formality (See review) Two stars collide in a cerebral Q & A. ¥¥
Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker (6/95) Scenic Chinese view of an explosive forbidden love. ¥¥¥
Search and Destroy (6/95) Dark deeds involving would-be moviemakers. ¥¥
Swimming With Sharks (5/95) Kevin Spacey saves it as a Hollywood predator who smells blood. ¥¥½
The Underneath (5/95) A born loser finds he can't go home again. ¥¥¥
Wigstock: The Movie (See review) Camptown races, with drag queens on parade, and then some. ¥¥½
Wild Reeds (See review) The young and restless in Sixties France. ¥¥¥
Wings of Courage (See review) High, wide and handsome 3-D eyeful. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"This always gets people in trouble," says **George Lucas** when asked to name his favorite flicks. "Once you say it, it all becomes history." Still, the movie mogul and special-effects wizard buckled down and gave us a short list of classics, all worthy of rewind on the VCR: *Citizen Kane, Seven Samurai, A Hard Day's Night, Dr. Strangelove, Battleship Potemkin* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. "They're all emotionally powerful movies," Lucas explains. "I like comedies, too, but when I think about the films I want to see over and over again, they're not usually the funny ones. Except *Dr. Strangelove*. Now, that's funny." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO IDIOTS

If there's anything to learn from Jim Carrey, it's that men will be morons—and audiences will flock to see them.

Ace Ventura: Pet Detective (1994): Already dumb before he got dumber, Jim Carrey squeezes big laughs out of the 007 genre, porpoises and, memorably, his own butt. Infantilism at its breeziest.

Pee-wee's Big Adventure (1985): Before he had a hand in his own demise, Paul Reubens chased his stolen bicycle through this zany road movie, with Tim Burton at the helm and Danny Elfman's score as slaphappy as the larger-than-life scenario. A keeper.

The Disorderly Orderly (1964): Lewis split from Martin in 1956, but the break didn't de-dumb him. Set in a nursing home, this entry is typical Jerrified fumbling, bumbling and stumbling—just the way the French like it.

The Strong Man (1926): Baby-faced bungler Harry Langdon fends off toughs and temptresses under the big top in this silent gem. Unlike most screen dopes, Langdon is reactive rather than active—but just as funny.

Being There (1979): Peter Sellers drew raves as a dim gardener whose small talk about weeds and TV is mistaken for political sagacity. Jerzy Kosinski's screenplay is pretty smart. —DAVID LEFKOWITZ

MUSES OF MOUSSE

In *Immortal Beloved* (see Mood Meter), Gary Oldman's swept-back tresses and arched eyebrow help him portray Beethoven as a well-groomed lover. It's not the first time—actors who play composers usually hit the right notes when their coifs are in the proper key. Check out these other musical poufs:

DIRK BOGARDE: Too-hip-for-the-times hairdo makes Bogarde's Franz Liszt look more like a 19th century Hungarian rockabilly star in *Song Without End* (1960). Also note those mod sideburns as he tries to lay a latte on Capucine.

RICHARD BURTON: He is the very image of Richard Wagner's scowling bust in the five-hour Brit saga *Wagner* (1983). Speaking of busts, Vanessa Redgrave (in a Wonderbra?) doesn't seem to mind Dick's slatternly hair one bit.

HUGH GRANT: As mop-topped Frédéric Chopin, Grant is given to silly stovepipe hats to cover his lackluster locks in *Impromptu* (1991). At least he's better than Julian Sands, whose Liszt sports oily blond tresses parted in the middle.

TOM HULCE: Curly powdered wigs were all the rage when Mozart reigned. In *Amadeus* (1984), a goofy and giggling Hulce makes the case as to why the wigs went out with the harpsichord.

CARY GRANT: His slick Wildroot pompadour looks about the same as it always does in *Night and Day* (1946), a biopic of Cole Porter. But, hey, he's Cary Grant.

ROGER DALTREY: The Who singer flails his heavy metal mane (and undulates to beat the band) as a sex-addicted Liszt in director Ken Russell's acid-trippy *Lisztomania* (1975). —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

Lumivision puts its customary special interest in special interest discs on hold this month by re-pressing the theatrical feature ***A Taxing Woman***. The winner of nine Japanese Academy Awards, the 1987 farce tracks a female tax inspector's obsession with—and efforts to bust—the owner of a Tokyo "love hotel." The movie was directed by Juzo Itami and stars Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (*Tampopo, The Funeral*), whom some consider Japan's Tracy and Hepburn. . . . Sensory Overload of the Month: side six of Voyager's gorgeous Criterion Collection edition of ***The Red Shoes*** (1948). As Brian Easdale's score backs a montage of sketches for the flick's ballet sequence (drawn up by filmmakers Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), on the analog track, Jeremy Irons reads from Hans Christian Andersen's original fairy tale. Whew.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO YUKS OF THE MONTH

Old meets new—and two burlesque masters meet one sitcom whiner—in ***Abbott and Costello Meet Jerry Seinfeld*** (MCA/Universal), a 46-minute tribute to comedy's legendary duo. Seinfeld hosts the trip back through A&C's lives and careers, featuring the duo's home movies, behind-the scenes peeks and, natch, "Who's on First?"

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Disclosure*** (Moore's honds-on harassment of Douglas pumps heat into Crichton's taut topical thriller; cool e-mail, too), ***S.F.W.*** (convenience store hostages turn medio stars in Gen X saga based on o PLAYBOY story).
DRAMA	***Nell*** (marble-mouthed, bockwoods wild child socialized by nosy scientists; Jodie's super, Liam's OK, story's ridiculous), ***Immortal Beloved*** (dubious retelling of Beethoven's mythicol muse soved by Oldman's octing and Ludwig's tunes).
ROMANCE	***I.Q.*** (Matthou as wacky Einstein plays matchmaker for niece Ryan and pump-jockey Robbins; formuloic fireworks), ***Speechless*** (opposing porty onimals Keaton and Dovis mix poli sci with body chemistry; Carville and Matalin do it better).
SLEEPER	***The War*** (Viet vet Costner steps in when local bullies torment his kids—earnest, rural, Keviny stuff), ***Little Women*** (Ryder and Sorandon soup up Alcott's sugory classic; if oll chick flicks were this good, they'd be guy flicks).
DOCUMENTARY	***The Making of "A Hard Day's Night"*** (behind the scenes of Fab Four romp; Phil Collins hosts the 30th birthday flashbock), ***When Billy Broke His Head*** (brain-damage victim uncovers rot at core of disability system; o Sundance Festivol fovorite).

STYLE

SHIP TO SHORE

To get top-notch performance from your outerwear, try a nautically inspired jacket. Columbia Sportswear's hooded Ibex style will keep you dry, thanks to heavy-duty waterproof polyvinyl chloride nylon. It's also functional, with a visor on the hood, elastic snap cuffs and a snap-closing storm flap over the zipper. Tommy Hilfiger's yellow rain jacket with details such as a "TH" sailing insignia on the sleeve, a drawstring hood and clasp closures is made of waterproof twill. Serious nautical wear is the sole business of Team One Newport. Its Musto Coastal Jacket (pictured here) is made of a heavy-coated nylon, with a roll-down, fleece-lined hood and reflective stripes. Dash's zip-front shell in 100 percent rib-stop nylon is water-repellent. And at Nautica, style and marine inspiration are synonymous. Its Catamaran poplin parka has five pockets, a hood and a drawstring waist. Prices range from $25 for the nylon shell by Dash to $229 for the Musto Coastal Jacket.

HOT SHOPPING: NEWPORT

Throughout July this alluring, mansion-filled Rhode Island resort town hosts international tennis competitions, sailing regattas and music festivals. The proper attire for any event can be found in some of the following shops. Water Bros. (39 Memorial Blvd.): High-energy threads for surfing and skating, plus underground tapes and CDs. • Army & Navy Surplus Store (262 Thames St.): The best place for authentic peacoats and field jackets. • Island Sports (86 Aquidneck Ave.): Rents bikes and sailboards and sells athletic and windsurfing threads. • Tropical Gangsters (375 Thames St.): Comfy men's fashions, such as linen pants and unconstructed blazers.

CLOTHES LINE

Comedian and actor **Kevin Pollack,** co-star of such films as *Miami Rhapsody* and *Grumpy Old Men,* credits his stylishness to his girlfriend, actress Lucy Webb. "When we met I was wearing white leather pants. That's all I need to say." Now, when the twosome travels to Napa Valley, it's not for wine tasting but for outlet shopping. A recent trip produced some great T-shirts from London Fog. For casualwear, Pollack prefers Calvin Klein blue jeans, a Christian Dior blue blazer with gold buttons and David & Joan black leather loafers. His favorite baseball cap touts his new movie, *Usual Suspects,* and was designed by the film's co-star, Stephen Baldwin.

ECO-COMFORT

Sticklers for natural fabrics will be glad to know that mother earth still has a few surprises left. One of them, an organic fiber called Tencel, is made from the cellulose in wood pulp. Touted as the hot new fiber of the Nineties, Tencel is showing up in everything from suits to sport and dress shirts. But it's scoring especially big in jeanswear, attracting top designers such as Giorgio Armani, who uses it in his A/X line of five-pocket jeans. Why? Because Tencel has the soft feel of silk, the absorbency of cotton and the durability of polyester. Though similar to rayon, Tencel is typically machine-washable and biodegradable. Try a pair of traditional five-pocket jeans made with Tencel and cotton by Redford or a self-belted relaxed pair by Genius Jeans. For casual pants, check out the Tencel-and-cotton pair by Reunion Menswear. Wallace Muroya has a great-looking dress shirt with a tab collar in a Tencel-and-linen blend, or, for a sportier look, there's Joop Jeans' Tencel camp shirt.

NO-SWEAT SUN CARE

If your skin itches at the mere thought of applying a thick, waterproof sunscreen, you'll be glad to know that manufacturers have improved their formulas. No longer loaded with irritating chemicals, new sweatproof and wetproof sun protection products are lightweight, emollient—and highly recommended by dermatologists. A few formulas to consider include Aramis' oil- and fragrance-free Lab Series Sun Protection Spray SPF 15, which is easy to apply and promises at least 80 minutes of sun protection even after swimming or vigorous exercise. Coppertone Sport, an SPF 30 waterproof lotion, smells great, dries quickly and keeps you covered all day, as do Neutrogena's SPF 15 and SPF 30 sunblocks. Finally, the SPF 8 Weatherproof Sun Lotion and SPF 15 Sun Block from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren contain skin-soothing aloe as well as an antioxidant vitamin E derivative.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

GOLFWEAR	IN	OUT
SHIRTS	Subtle prints and jacquards; textured knit fabrics; soft collars; neutral browns and blues	Bold, bright graphics; hard collars; short, bicep-hugging sleeves
BOTTOMS	Soft, brushed fabrics; long shorts; pleats; neutral colors	Preppie plaid pants; blindingly bright colors; short shorts; warm-up pants
ACCESSORIES	Baseball-style caps; wind- and water-resistant outerwear; sweater vests	Plastic visors; synthetic sweaters; anything that screams "I just played golf"

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

She's expecting DIAMONDS. *Don't* PANIC. We can help.

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but the way to a woman's usually involves a jeweler. Just think of golf clubs, or season tickets wrapped in a little black velvet box. That's how women feel about diamonds.

To know diamonds is to know her. Find out what she has her heart set on. Is it a pendant, anniversary band, or ear studs? You can find out by browsing with her, window shopping, watching her reactions to other women's jewelry. Go by body language, not just by what she says. Then, once you know the style, you can concentrate on the diamond.

Like people, no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

Maybe a jeweler is a man's best friend. You want a diamond you can be proud of. So don't be attracted to a jeweler because of "bargain prices." Find someone you can trust. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone who will help you determine quality and value using four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare. Remember, the more you know, the more confident you can be in buying a diamond you'll always be proud of.

Learn more. For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call the **American Gem Society,** representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-340-3028.**

Compromise now? Where's your heart? Go for diamonds beyond her wildest dreams. Go for something that reflects how you really feel. You want nothing less than a diamond as unique as your love. Not to mention as beautiful as that totally perplexing creature who will wear it.

Diamond Information Center
Sponsored by DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Est. 1888.
A diamond is forever.

Imported English Gin. 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1985 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

"Mr. Jenkins had to delicately inform the yachting set that enjoying the natural botanicals in Tanqueray does not qualify as an environmental contribution."

ROAD WARRIORS

The latest car security devices won't prevent someone from breaking into your vehicle, but they make it difficult for a thief to drive it away. The Logic Lock from Security Logics ($159), for example, disables a vehicle's ignition, starter and fuel pump using a key fitted with a computer chip. You insert the key into a small receptacle inside the car, sending one of more than 4 billion random codes to a hidden control module that verifies the disarming code and programs the next one. No key, no code, no go. The Wizard Plus (about $400 installed) from Winner International disables the same vital circuits, but it arms and disarms via a 2"x1" encoder chip that continuously emits a radio signal. Approach within 30

BRIAN FUJIMORI

feet of the vehicle and a receiver mounted inside the engine picks up the signal and disarms the system. Walk away and the system automatically arms again. If you are into James Bond–type gizmos, check out the Smoke Defense Machine from US Technology Source. Formerly known as the Dragon, its perimeter sensor detects an intrusion, and if the vehicle is further disturbed, a separate shock sensor fills the car's cabin with nontoxic, odorless white smoke that is intended to keep the thief from driving away. The price: about $500 installed.

CYBERFLICKS

Hollywood has a dozen or so computer-related films in the works. Two scheduled for release this summer are TriStar's *Johnny Mnemonic* and Paramount's *Virtuosity*. In the first, Keanu Reeves plays a courier with a computer chip in his head. The second pits Denzel Washington against a computer-generated villain. In *The Net*, a Columbia film, Sandra Bullock snoops in the wrong computer file and gets caught up in a murder plot. *Top Gun* producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer are preparing *f2f* for Disney, about a serial killer who hunts victims online. Also in development is *User Hostile*, a low-budget action film about a couple on the run who get help from their cyberspace buddies. Also, get ready for an updated *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In this version, de Bergerac woos the woman—you guessed it—online. Now all we need in the system is the Hacker with the Heart of Gold.

MULTIPLE PC PERSONALITIES

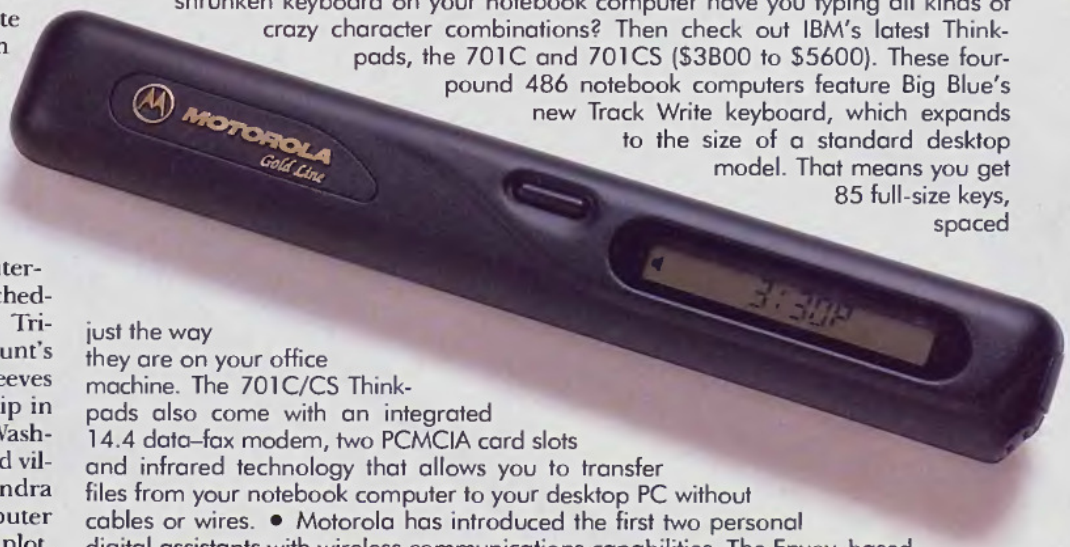
Is it a computer? A TV? A telephone? Chances are, it's all three. In fact, now that computer manufacturers are making a big push into the home market, they're coming up with all kinds of innovative ways to maximize their systems' uses. To save space on the desktop, Packard Bell and Compaq have developed all-in-one multimedia computers that combine a 14-inch color monitor, a hard drive and a quad-speed CD-ROM drive in a single unit. Compaq's Presario (about $2000) features a television tuner for watching broadcast or cable TV, plus a speakerphone and an answering machine. Packard Bell's Spectria (about $1400) has television and answering machine capabilities, too, and the Macintosh Performa 638CD (about $2000) doubles as a TV. Acer America has gone in a more decorative direction. Its new Acer Acros IBM-compatible PCs are black, giving them a cool look that coordinates well with other home entertainment appliances. Appearances aside,

BORIS ZHERDIN

the Acer Acros PCs are powerful. You can choose among three minitower machines equipped with eight to 16 megabytes of RAM, Pentium processors (in 75- and 100-megahertz configurations) and a 1.2 gigabyte hard drive, plus either a 14.4 or 28.8 data–fax modem, a quad-speed CD-ROM drive and more than $1000 worth of preinstalled multimedia software. The prices: $2000 to $2800.

WILD THINGS

Motorola's innovative Gold Line Professional Pager (pictured here in actual size) resembles a classic fountain pen and is loaded with impressive features. In addition to a 12-digit back-lit numeric display, the Gold Line has simple two-button operations and announces incoming pages with either a musical chime or Motorola's exclusive Vibra-Page silent vibrating alert system. When not presenting messages, the pager displays the time and can be programmed to sound an alarm. The price: $229. • Does the shrunken keyboard on your notebook computer have you typing all kinds of crazy character combinations? Then check out IBM's latest Thinkpads, the 701C and 701CS ($3800 to $5600). These four-pound 486 notebook computers feature Big Blue's new Track Write keyboard, which expands to the size of a standard desktop model. That means you get 85 full-size keys, spaced just the way they are on your office machine. The 701C/CS Thinkpads also come with an integrated 14.4 data–fax modem, two PCMCIA card slots and infrared technology that allows you to transfer files from your notebook computer to your desktop PC without cables or wires. • Motorola has introduced the first two personal digital assistants with wireless communications capabilities. The Envoy, based on General Magic's Magic Cap software, costs between $1000 and $1500, depending on the package you choose, and the Marco, a PDA that uses Apple's Newton technology, is similarly priced. The latter does require handwriting recognition, but Apple has improved the function considerably since the Newton debuted two years ago.



MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Hey kids, do you like to rock and roll? Then check out ***Vid Grid,*** an interactive CD-ROM that turns music videos by Aerosmith, Jimi Hendrix and Red Hot Chili Peppers into addictive moving puzzles. Each of Vid Grid's five levels requires you to reassemble nine full-motion videos, which have been jumbled into as many as 36 blocks. Some of the puzzles are easy to solve. With Peter Gabriel's *Sledgehammer* video, for example, you use his face as a guide. But with quick-cut titles such as *Spoonman* by Soundgarden, the rapid-fire footage means you can tackle the puzzle a half dozen times before you get it right. Fortunately, it's a good song, and the puzzle changes each time you play, so it's never monotonous. Persistence pays: When your score is really good (the faster you solve the vid grids, the more points you rack up), you're treated to a hidden puzzle of Nirvana's *Smells Like Teen Spirit*. For those who prefer mellower tunes, there's ***Country Vid Grid,*** with videos by Reba McEntire, Vince Gill and Tracy Byrd. (By Jasmine Multimedia for Windows, about $50 each.)

CYBER SCOOP

Prodigy recently became the first commercial online service to offer multimedia electronic mail. Currently avoiloble only to PC users, this service allows subscribers to create mail thot contains text, digitol photos (processed on floppy disk by a company called Seottle Film Works) and sound clips.

Compuserve has even bigger plans. Its Worlds Awoy project, a collaboration with Fujitsu Limited, is an animated online service thot will lounch later this summer. Two former Lucasfilm staffers leod the design team. For details check out Fujistu's Cultural Technologies Web page at http://www.worlds awoy.ossi-com.

Virgin Interactive Entertainment offers two excellent science fiction CD-ROM games. ***Creature Shock*** is a full-screen, 3-D, animated title set in the distant future. As a reconnaissance pilot, you are charged with locating a United Nations spacecraft that has been incommunicado since it passed Saturn's outer moons a decade ago. To get to the craft you have to shoot your way through a solar system of space debris and alien aircraft. Once there, you learn why the crew members have been so quiet: They're all dead, courtesy of a shipload of badass invaders that you have to annihilate to win the game. But watch your back. Grotesque creatures such as the Metamorph, the Crawler and the Eye Monster seem to come out of nowhere to swallow you whole or shear your flesh from the bone. (For DOS, about $70.)

Carrere kicks alien butt

Killer aliens also are the enemy in Virgin's impressive ***Daedalus Encounter,*** an action adventure that combines 3-D animation and the best-looking full-motion video we've seen on CD-ROM—and not just because it stars Tia Carrere of *Wayne's World*. Daedalus is groundbreaking thanks to production methods that seamlessly blend video and animation. In one sequence, for example, the actors wear animated space suits that have been illustrated around video footage of their faces. In the wrong hands, this effect could look cheesy. But Virgin pulls it off so well that we found ourselves staring at the computer screen in a "How did they do that?" daze. Likewise, we cringed when a pack of computer-rendered batlike aliens attacked Carrere's neck. These visual stunts, combined with arcade-style action, strategic puzzles and multiple plot twists, make Daedalus one of the hottest games of the year. (For Mac, Windows and 3DO, about $70.)

Mix interactive articles with music and computer game reviews, toss in samples of songs by artists as diverse as Digable Planets and Ween, add a dash of fashion advice and a lot of humor, and what do you get? ***Blender,*** a bimonthly pop-culture digital magazine with the frenetic pace of MTV. Now in its second issue, *Blender* is in no danger of a sophomore slump. Features on topics such as modern love, graffiti art and the reality of accessing the president online are sharply written and accented with vibrant graphics and entertaining man-on-the-street–style video clips. *Blender*'s creators are into music: Issue number two features video interviews with the members of Veruca Salt and Deee-Lite's Lady Miss Kier and has you shopping for bicycles with the Gigolo Aunts, responding to Barry White's romance quiz and watching Tori Amos, Salt-N-Pepa and Betty Serveert answer questions on love and lust in the Nineties. But our favorite *Blender* ingredients are the silly ones. There are *Refrigerator Johnny*, a soap-opera comic about a Gen X slacker; *Biker Billy Cooks With Fire*, featuring a ZZ Top look-alike who shares culinary advice and spicy recipes; and horoscopes by guest astrologers. They Might Be Giants were a hoot in the first issue. This time, Spot, an animated wonder dog, barks the astrological predictions while you read along. (By Dennis Publishing for Mac and Windows, $19.95 per issue, or $49.95 for five.)

Creature Shocker

ONLINE

You can win cars, trips or even Hawaiian milkcaps by entering contests on the World Wide Web. Here are a few giveaways that you can check out. CD-a-Day (http://www.seattle.ivi.com/ivi/cd-a-day.html): Net-surfers who correctly answer IVI Publishing's daily question qualify to win any CD-ROM in IVI's library. • Sooter's Home Photo Gallery (http://www.mbnet.mb.ca:80/flatland/sooter/): Take a picture, post it here and a cash prize could be yours. • Book Web Contest (http://www.ambook.org/bookweb/contest/): Win $50 gift certificates to bookstores nationwide by successfully completing this monthly challenge. (When we checked in, we were asked which of seven listed author tours was fake. It wasn't easy.) • Doppler's DTVi game (http://giant.mindlink.net/dtv/game.html): Name the monthly mystery word and win computer paraphernalia.

DIGITAL DUDS

On the Right: Political cortoons by Jim Berry do little to enliven this dull disk-based calendar and planner.

Interactive Sailing: Bad grophics induce seo D-ROM sickness in this otherwise ambitious ottempt to teach sailing skills by computer.

Yes Active: Just soy no to this poor excuse for a rock CD-ROM—unless, of course, you want to use the cool Technicolor disc as a cooster.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 159.

By KEVIN COOK

WHAT'S ON the radio tonight? Melissa Etheridge, Counting Crows, some mouth-breathing sports talker calling from his car, maybe a wry ode to navel lint on NPR. Yawn. But wait—here's a midget kleptomaniac in drag. Here's a mud-wrestling voyeur and a guy who swears his penis is square. Here's José, who wants to blow up his balls, and Steve, a long-distance ejaculator. Here's a sexpert taking stock of "the vaginal barrel" after you've spent years looking for the trigger. It's sex talk radio, riding bare-butt to rescue America's ears from the same old ditto—radio designed to keep you and the ratings up all night.

Erin Somers: "For making that old penis taste a little better, Sarah, go to the grocery and get one of those plastic honey bears. Put that honey right on your man. It's gonna make everything sweeter——

Sarah: Hee-hee.

Somers: Regarding the taste of semen, there is nothing wrong with spitting out. That's your choice, and remember that as a woman, Sarah!

Somers, radio's late-night succubus of the South, has the only show that leaves a wet spot on the dial. The host of *Passion Phones* straddles a fine line between information and raunch six nights a week on Miami's WIOD, dispensing tips on everything from toe-licking to giving head. When she took over a "relationshippy" call-in show 18 months ago, the ratings were barely measurable. Somers spurred interest with tales of her own sex life, including premarital stripteases and "plenty of oral sex, which I love to give and receive." Permissive but safely suburban ("I personally am not into rimming"), she doesn't mind featuring stuff like "snowballing," in which a woman fellates a man and then kisses him, passing his semen into his mouth. It then goes back and forth until somebody calls the ski patrol. "It's a voyeuristic show," she admits. Today her husband can't bear to listen, but the show is a hit and Somers can't wait to get to the studio. "With HIV, the religious right, psycho men and psycho women, this is the most screwed-up time ever for sex," she says. But it's the perfect time for eargasms.

Dr. Ruth Westheimer pioneered sex talk radio 15 years ago, but Dr. Ruth never purred Somers-style about her own sexual stylings. This is sex shock radio, and with sports talk waning, it's the new game in Florida, New York, Atlanta, New Orleans and even Salt Lake City, where chubby orgasmatron Donna Sparks Williams hosts a nooner called *Naked Lunch*. Porn star Seka hosts an aural sex show on Chicago's WLUP. "A lot of talk stations are looking for a younger, hipper audience, and they're going to sex talk," says industry watcher Randall Bloomquist, who writes for the trade publication *Radio & Records*. "Then there are the music stations looking to make inroads into talk radio. They're doing it, too."

MITCH O'CONNELL

Eargasms: The new trend in aural sex.

Sex talk radio heats up the airwaves.

Eargasms are a good fit for a time when talking about sex is safer and more socially correct than doing it. Don't tell Newt, but while conservative epochs such as the Fifties and mid-Nineties may chill sexual activity, they always spawn a corresponding burst of secondhand thrills.

It's Loveline, it's your bleeping time. . . .

That jingle introduces the best sex chatter of all. *Loveline* on KROQ has been Los Angeles' number one nighttime show of the Nineties. It stars nice guy Dr. Drew Pinsky and a tattooed, spike-haired, nose-pierced punk named Riki Rachtman, former host of MTV's *Headbanger's Ball*. Celeb guests run the gamut from Debbie Gibson to Ice-T, but the hosts make the show go. Dr. Pinsky, one of the few radio docs who's a real M.D., steadies loose cannon Rachtman, who spends airtime guzzling coffee and tossing a rubber fish at the control board, trying to knock the station off the air. Both give heartfelt advice to their mostly young callers. "People don't know who the hell they can talk to. We're their friends," Rachtman says. "You get facts from Drew and the street-level truth from me." The other night Rachtman corrected the doctor: "Drew, there's nothing weird about a four-foot shoplifting transvestite!" But, like Pinsky, he is serious about the life-breaking trouble some callers face, including such subjects as AIDS or deciding at the age of 15 whether to get an abortion. "Anybody can talk about fucking. We shock because we talk about what's real," he explains. Co-host Pinsky worries quietly about competition from "dirty talk shows" that offer only titillation. Rachtman, who does nothing quietly, snarls at competitors. "I know they're out there," he says, "and they all suck."

John, the mud-wrestling voyeur: I like mud-wrestling porno tapes. I got my two girlfriends to fight, and I taped it.

Dr. Judy Kuriansky: You have a problem getting close to people. Take a painting class or a music class, meet somebody and go to the movies and hold hands.

Dr. Kuriansky is sex talk queen in Gotham. Her *Love Phones* on Z-100FM is a blatant knockoff of *Loveline*. Along with rock-and-roll guests and a loudmouth sidekick, Kuriansky spouts *Cosmo*-style counsel, urging angry men to "remember the big C—cuddling." This is a sexpert whose press kit calls her "downright cool!" and who advises upright honesty and caring even to a caller who says he raped his cat. But *Love Phones*' hang-up isn't just Kuriansky's nasal keening or the fact that everybody talks at once. It's that Kuriansky stayed on and Aerosmith's Steven Tyler left after his stint as honorary love doctor. Tyler bopped into the studio singing, "If men bled, would tampons be free?" He warned against the "numbness and derailment" you get from rubbing cocaine on your penis before sex. He praised his wife, conceded he has sex only twice a week, recounted the real-life tale behind *Love in an Elevator* and told a smitten female fan, "As long as I have a face, you have a place to sit."

Here's Tyler advising caller Steve, the long-distance ejaculator:

LDE: My problem is my girlfriend likes me to release come all over her. And the come comes out in such large amounts that one time it went into her eye. Now I'm scared to do it.

Tyler: Hmmm. Did she say the experience for her was not fun? Did it not get her off?

LDE: It did, but I thought something dangerous would happen——

Tyler: Like what? A baby growin' out of her eyelid?

LDE: I thought she'd go blind.

Tyler: Well, did she?

LDE: No, but she couldn't see for three days.

Tyler: Safety goggles!

No pro therapist could therapize better than that. Except maybe to suggest a wet suit, too.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

Satisfying taste
and lower tar.
You make the call.

Go for it!

You've got
MERIT

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Ultima: Kings 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine–Ultra Lights: Kings 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine–Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MUSIC

ROCK

PORTISHEAD'S ***Dummy*** (Go Discs/London) is dark, sexy and soulful. It was a word-of-mouth hit before the band became an MTV favorite. Coming out of Bristol, England, vocalist Beth Gibbons, keyboardist Geoff Barrow and guitarist Adrian Utley create a blend of brittle techno ambience, dusty hip-hop samples and plaintive melodies.

Gibbons has a small, cool voice that keeps optimism at arm's length. On *It Could Be Sweet, Sour Times* and the album's most enticing cut, *Wandering Star*, she sing-talks her way through a minimalist landscape. Affirmation and joy have no home on this album. Portishead is easy listening for those who always wear black. —NELSON GEORGE

Portishead is no *Dummy*.

Dark thoughts from Portishead and P.J. Harvey and a tribute to Led Zep.

Tribute albums are usually as enjoyable as a rubber-chicken dinner. ***Encomium: A Tribute to Led Zeppelin*** (Atlantic) is a delightful exception. It's faithful to the band's spirit and original enough to make it just plain fun. Most Zep songs were built around great riffs. Helmet, with Jesus Lizard's David Yow on vocals, tosses *Custard Pie* in your face with ferocious lunacy. The Rollins Band drags *Four Sticks*, bristling with angst, attitude and a thunderous beat, into the Nineties. But the real kick comes from hearing bands you never thought had it in them pull out the stops. Stone Temple Pilots' semiacoustic reading of *Dancing Days* is a revelation. Grammy queen Sheryl Crow breathes edgy passion into the Fifties camp of *D'yer Mak'er*. And 4 Non Blondes' over-the-top rendition of *Misty Mountain Hop* is pure bliss. Even Blind Melon and Big Head Todd come through. Of course, Zep could deliver pomp as well as circumstance, as is unfortunately represented here with mawkish efforts by Duran Duran, Never the Bride and Tori Amos. Program your CD player accordingly.

Slash's Snakepit's ***It's Five O'Clock Somewhere*** (Geffen) is the record many hoped Guns n' Roses would make after their raging debut. Instead, we got the bloated excess of *Use Your Illusion*. Here, Slash plays Keith sans Mick, redeeming his hard-rock credentials with some ambitious but not overblown songs. Eric Dover delivers Axl Rose's intensity without the histrionics. —VIC GARBARINI

Rock and roll goes through cycles of dressing up and dressing down. Various popsters and hair bands dominated MTV in the Eighties. Then, with the arrival of grunge, everybody had to dress down. Can it be time again to dress up? If so, I hope it's the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black setting the trend. Led by vocalist Kembra Pfahler and guitarist Samoa, VHKB draws inspiration from the great soul revues of the late Sixties and from glam-horror acts such as Alice Cooper. In VHKB's club act, Pfahler paints her teeth black and her body blue and cavorts with oddly costumed dancers. Unlike GWAR, VHKB doesn't suck musically. On Voluptuous Horror's second album, ***The Anti-Naturalists*** (Triple X), Samoa plays metallic riffs in an accurate but slashing style that achieves the desired raucousness without hiding behind a wash of noise. Pfahler howls and grumps hilariously about traditional female roles, sounding like a rougher version of the Shangri-Las. Halloween every night—it's an idea whose time has come again. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

I haven't thought much of P.J. Harvey's previous three albums, but ***To Bring You My Love*** (Island) proves that was a mistake. At her best, as on *Meet Ze Monsta* and *C'mon Billy*, Polly Jean Harvey sings with as much conviction, heart and power as Patti Smith (though without Smith's gift for the telling line). The dirty, distorted, minimal music that drives the title track creates a rock sound scary enough to qualify as gothic. At other times, as on *Working for the Man*, she combines this sinister quality with a seductive false innocence. If she mumbled a little less, she would probably be irresistible. Harvey is a tough, literate woman trying desperately, and with some success, to get a grip on her sexuality. Unfortunately, Harvey also sometimes tries to sing like a diva. In the stupefying first verse and chorus of *Teclo*, this effort brings truly dire results: Annie Lennox, Lisa Stansfield or Patti Labelle she ain't. Such archmannerism killed English rock. It would certainly be a shame to lose such a gifted artist to pretension.

Of all the songwriters of the pre-Dylan era, Doc Pomus maintained his credibility and enthusiasm the longest. This tribute to Pomus, ***Till the Night Is Gone*** (Forward/Rhino)—which contains many good performances and a couple of great ones—accords him his due. The great ones are Dylan's *Boogie Woogie Country Girl* and Dion's *Turn Me Loose*. The good ones come from performers such as Rosanne Cash, the Band, B.B. King, Los Lobos, Shawn Colvin and John Hiatt.

On Steve Winwood's four-CD collection ***The Finer Things*** (Island Chronicles), the slow, sad deterioration of blue-eyed soul into the hackwork of modern adult pop is lovingly traced. With the Spencer Davis Group, Traffic and even Blind Faith, Winwood emerged as England's answer to Little Stevie Wonder. He still finds attractive paths between blues and folk, but, unfortunately, in his solo career Winwood grinds out junk like *Roll With It* with all the sheen of an Armani model. —DAVE MARSH

R&B

Once or twice a year, British dance music presents an act that outsiders can relate to, usually a beat-master combo such as Soul II Soul, Saint Etienne, Stereolab, M People or Portishead. Tricky, coming out of the loose collective that spawned Massive Attack, leaves most of the singing to a young woman named Alison Goldfrapp and saves his best tricks for the mix. His debut album, ***Maxinquaye*** (Island), maintains a funky, slow groove that owes much to dub, ambient techno, low-fi and several strains of hip-hop. On *Hour of Chaos* Goldfrapp's unlikely take on Public Enemy's *Black Steel* should get your attention. So should the racy *Abbaon Fat Track*.

Part disco and house, part funk-reggae, the all-techno ***Dance Hits U.K.*** (Moonshine Music) is another way to get to British dance music, track by catchy track. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Adina Howard has an interesting voice, but her record company markets her derriere. The visuals for her debut, ***Do You Wanna Ride?*** (East West), are of her ample backside. The songs play off this theme, as with *You Got Me Humpin'*.

THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

THE WOMAN OF
YOUR DREAMS IS OUT
THERE SOMEWHERE.
YOU COULD MEET
HER TONIGHT.
BUT FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE
TO LEAVE YOUR HOUSE.
Lite
ICE
ICE BREWED FOR THE TASTE THAT GOES ALL OUT WHEN YOU'RE OUT. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Various artists *Encomium: Led Zeppelin Tribute*	4	8	6	7	5
P.J. Harvey *To Bring You My Love*	10	5	8	7	8
Portishead *Dummy*	7	7	8	4	6
Tricky *Moxinquoye*	8	7	6	5	6
Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black *The Anti-Noturalists*	7	7	8	4	8

STYLE CHAT DEPARTMENT: **Little Richard** stars in a major exhibit at the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame. He'll give a guided tour of four decades of rock-and-roll fashion in 12 minutes. Filmmaker Ethan Russell said, "We're going to *Gump* him." That means when visitors see a **Tina Turner** dress or the **Beatles'** *Sgt. Pepper* suits, Little Richard will be there—even showing **Elvis** how to dance.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Bad Boys*, the comedy starring **Will Smith** and **Martin Lawrence**, has songs by **Babyface, Warren G, Inner Circle** and **Da Brat** on the soundtrack. . . . The soundtrack for *To Wong Foo With Love, Julie Newmar* will likely include a **Labelle** reunion, **Madonna, Cyndi Lauper, TLC** and **Mary J. Blige**. . . . *The Duke of Groove*, starring **Uma Thurman, Keifer Sutherland** and **Kate Capshaw**, is the story of a Seventies party at which a young boy finds himself with **Janis Joplin**. It will air on Showtime. . . . **Rosanna Arquette** is filming a TV pilot for Fox TV titled *Daisy and Chess*, in which she plays a single mother and former groupie.

NEWSBREAKS: A new **Lenny Kravitz** album will be out in September and he'll tour after that. . . . Lollapalooza '95 has its own Internet site. There will be weekly interactive press conferences and artists will be able to talk with the media. . . . **Vince Gill's** annual golf tournament, the Vinny, is taking place right about now in Tennessee. Professionals, amateurs and celebrities are playing and Gill will perform. . . . **Quincy Jones'** next album will have Babyface, **Queen Latifah** and **Tevin Campbell** among the guest performers. . . . Check out the Blues Stuff catalog, a mail-order marketplace of memorabilia, collectibles and other stuff including videos, T-shirts, lapel pins and framed original blues 78s. Call 800-BLUES-11 or fax 415-898-3647. . . . Jim Beam's Third Annual Country Music Talent Search is on until August 10. Country bands and musicians can request an entry form from Jim Beam Talent Search, P.O. Box 5016, Ronks, PA 17573. Last year's winner is on the verge of signing a record deal. . . . The live acoustic album that **Heart** recorded last summer with **John Paul Jones** producing just came out. Jones joined Heart on piano, bass and mandolin. Take that, **Jimmy** and **Robert**. . . . **All-4-One** is half finished with the follow-up to its smash debut album. The band is waiting for some busy celebrity songwriters and producers to find the studio time. . . . The Chinese government made **Roxette** change its lyrics to suit Beijing. "Making love to you" became "making up to you." According to *Rock & Rap Confidential*, a country that has more people than any other ought to have "made its peace with getting a piece". . . . *Rock & Rap* also reports that San Antonio Spurs bad boy **Dennis Rodman** went to see **Pearl Jam** in Seattle and has been sporting its T-shirt during interviews. . . . The archives of the famed radio show *The King Biscuit Flower Hour* have been bought by a record label of the same name. This treasure includes 450 artists and 1000 performances. The first releases have hit the record stores and include **America, Kingfish** (featuring **Bob Weir**), **Deep Purple, 10cc** and **Canned Heat**, with many more to follow. . . . A forthcoming **Marvin Gaye** tribute album will include a duet with **Bono** and cuts by **Speech, Lisa Stansfield** and daughter **Nona Gaye**. A TV special will coincide with the LP's release.

—BARBARA NELLIS

While it's hard to tell whether Howard wants a Grammy or a photo spread, her ballad *You Don't Have to Cry* suggests there's more to her voice than all this silliness.

—NELSON GEORGE

FOLK

At 48, John Prine is one of those guys who haven't lost a step. He's not especially prolific—***Lost Dogs & Mixed Blessings*** (Oh Boy, 33 Music Square West, Suite 102A, Nashville, TN 37203) is only his third album in a decade—but he rarely writes a foolish line. And although Prine is a folkie, nobody is more adept at pinning down the day-to-day details of ordinary, fucked-up lives. He's warm, he's sharp, he's funny, he's weird, and his latest release is varied and consistent enough to outsell his 1991 album, *The Missing Years*. See for yourself.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The border music of Texas combines the polka rhythms of German immigrants with Mexican folk melodies. On ***Frontejas*** (Rounder) Tish Hinojosa sings this especially joyous music with such verve that you'll be happy through all 12 cuts, even the sad songs.

As much a guitar hero as a singer, Chris Smither tinges his folk music with the blues and takes you to a haunted place in your soul on ***Up on the Lowdown*** (Hightone). If you like pensive, this is just about as good as it gets.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

COUNTRY

Oklahoma-born desperado Ray Wylie Hubbard wrote the Jerry Jeff Walker hit *Up Against the Wall, Redneck Mother*, which became the anthem for the Texas outlaw movement of the early Seventies. Hubbard says that song became his jacket and he had to wear it. But Hubbard's ***Loco Gringo's Lament*** (Deja Disc) is a coat of a different color, a down-to-earth representation of the detailed folk idiom in which he was raised. Now lifted from a Texas honky-tonk fog at the age of 48, Hubbard presents a dozen songs of spiritual deliverance and measured optimism. The breakthrough track is *The Messenger*. A disciple of Ramblin' Jack Elliott and Woody Guthrie, Hubbard finds his phrasing in spacious arrangements of cello, dobro, slide and acoustic guitar. One of the evergreen tracks is the sweetly subtle *Love Never Dies*, but the record's most provocative turn comes in *Wanna Rock and Roll*, a hard-driving story about sex and sin framed by his empathetic vocals and Terry Ware's sizzling bottleneck guitar. Like Billy Joe Shaver and Mickey Newbury before him, Ray Wylie Hubbard is waiting to be rediscovered. *Loco Gringo* is a pleasure for old and new fans alike.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Call of the Wild

A limited-edition collector's tankard by award-winning wildlife artist Kevin Daniel

❄

Issued in a limited edition not to exceed 120 firing days

❄

Hand-numbered with Certificate of Authenticity

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" tall.

Each future issue in the collection will feature new wolf paintings and a new wolf sculpture on the lid.

The night is still and the moon is high, when suddenly you hear it: the chilling howl of the majestic Timber Wolf. An inspiring cry that stops you in your tracks, and leaves no doubt that you are but a visitor in his wilderness domain.

To hear the Timber Wolf's call is a rare privilege; to glimpse him in the wild, rarer still. But now you can discover authentic, close-up views of a proud wolf and his pup in "Call of the Wild," a hand-crafted collector's tankard by award-winning wildlife artist Kevin Daniel—the premier issue in his *Timber Wolf: Lord of the Wilderness* tankard collection.

Hold "Call of the Wild" in your hand...feel the cool touch of snow-white stoneware and fine pewter...admire the beauty and detail of the three full-color portraits, and the solid pewter sculpture that stands atop the pewter lid. An intricately designed wilderness engraving encircles the lid, while a pewter "crescent moon" thumbrest and gleaming, genuine platinum banding complete this unique and inspiring tribute to the life and legend of the Timber Wolf.

Crafted in Germany and issued in a limited edition of no more than 120 firing days, "Call of the Wild" is hand-numbered with a Certificate of Authenticity—an outstanding collecting value at the issue price of $39.95. Discover the legendary spirit of the Timber Wolf—order your "Call of the Wild" tankard today.

Kevin Daniel's authentic Timber Wolf paintings appear on all sides of "Call of the Wild"...

© 1995 Longton Crown, 9202 Center for the Arts Drive, Niles, IL 60714-9808

RESERVATION

PLEASE RESPOND PROMPTLY

YES. Please enter my reservation for "Call of the Wild" collector's tankard at the issue price of $39.95. *I need send no money now.* I will be billed in two installments of just $19.98,* the first payable before shipment.

My satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed for 30 days.

TWB-100 97411-E30201

Circle one:
Mrs. Miss Ms. Mr. _____
Name (please print)

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(_____) _____
Telephone

SEND TO:
Longton Crown

*Plus $2.49 total shipping and handling per installment and any applicable sales tax.

An Affiliate of The Bradford Exchange
9202 Center for the Arts Dr., Niles, IL 60714-9808

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ELMORE LEONARD has the best ear for dialogue in the crime-writing biz. What his fans often miss, however, is how artfully he builds plot, drama, character and emotional texture through the easy, amusing banter in his novels. In ***Riding the Rap*** (Delacorte) he gives enough sinister edge to the chatter among the bumbling bad guys that you never forget they're dangerous, even while you laugh at their antics. Adding a softer element to the story, he insinuates sweet seeds of romance into the suspicious exchanges between 26-year-old Reverend Dawn Navarro—"certified medium and spiritualist"—and crusty middle-aged federal marshal Raylan Givens.

In this novel, retired Miami bookie Harry Arno hires Bobby Deo, a Puerto Rican bounty hunter, to collect $16,500 in gambling debts from a charming flake, Warren "Chip" Ganz III. However, when Bobby arrives at Chip's beach house in moneyed Manalapan, he finds Louis Lewis, a Bahamian who was in state prison with Bobby. The two join Chip in a scheme to kidnap Harry, with the assistance of Reverend Dawn, and to hold him hostage for a large chunk of his ill-gotten retirement fund. It's their bad luck that relentless lawman Givens comes looking for Harry. The incompetent kidnappers become frantic as Givens zeros in and their get-rich-quick scheme unravels. Under Leonard's control, *Riding the Rap* glides to a conclusion both violent and funny.

Leonard is inspired by the seemingly infinite varieties of Florida lowlife. His crime-writing colleague Robert Parker sticks with Spenser and the detective's witty inamorata, Susan (and his partner, Hawk). This trio stays fresh by discovering a different crime venue in the Boston area for each new novel. The latest, ***Thin Air*** (Putnam), takes Spenser to the crumbling Hispanic mill town of Proctor, Massachusetts. There, a local drug syndicate leader has kidnapped a former girlfriend, Lisa St. Claire, who has recently married a cop. Searching for clues to her whereabouts, Spenser digs into Lisa's past and discovers that she was once a hooker.

Parker has an impressive ability to take readers into unfamiliar territory—in this instance, the Hispanic underworld—and illuminate it in a few short, powerful scenes. He gives Spenser a Spanish-speaking sidekick, Chollo, for this adventure and guides him through an investigation of the social milieu at Club del Aguadillano, encounters with the local cops and the parish priest and some chats with the town jefe. He juxtaposes scenes of Spenser circling for the kill with terrified monologs from Lisa, who is waiting to be rescued. The climax, in which Spenser and Chollo storm the drug lord's bunker, is full of action, suspense and thrills that provide a satisfying finish to Parker's 22nd book in the Spenser series.

Leonard's *Riding the Rap*.

Florida lowlife, bumbling bad guys, raunchy sex and great mysteries.

Also this month, three noteworthy novels by relative newcomers to crime fiction: ***The Edge of the Crazies*** (Hyperion) by Jamie Harrison, ***Strangers at the Gate*** (Random House) by Leonard Gross and ***The Plan*** (Morrow) by Stephen Cannell. When Hollywood types mix with local eccentrics in Blue Deer, Montana, there are plenty of suspects for sheriff Jules Clement to consider for a series of murders. Harrison keeps us laughing and guessing whodunit. Gross, a former foreign correspondent for *Look* magazine, examines the rapid growth of the Hong Kong Triad in San Francisco in a fast-paced thriller about a TV reporter attacked by Chinese thugs. Cannell, an Emmy-winning TV writer and producer, proves he can spin out a thriller with the best of them in this story about a clever Mafia conspiracy to put its own politician in the White House.

If nothing else, Heidi Mattson's ***Ivy League Stripper*** (Arcade) will increase the number of male applicants to Brown University. This is the true story of a student who couldn't make her tuition bill by waiting tables and cleaning houses. She began stripping at the Foxy Lady, a men's club near the Brown campus, and quickly became a hot attraction. She meditates on the incongruities of her double life, the Brown code of political correctness, her parents' shock and her ethical qualms. But the most entertaining and informative portions of this lively confessional are her commentaries on the action in the club and on the life backstage. She dissects the psychology of stripper and ogler with titillating insight and provides an honest and thoughtful look at the business of sexual fantasy.

Topping From Below (St. Martin's) is a new novel by Laura Reese that tackles the subject of sexual obsession. Its powerful erotic undertow immediately pulls the reader into sensuously described sadomasochistic rituals and the related obsessions of murder, sisterhood and love. Franny Tibbs is discovered dead in her apartment with duct tape across her mouth and around the limbs of her nude body. Marks on her body indicate that she was tortured before she died. Her sister Nora is convinced that Franny's sadistic lover, Michael, is the murderer. She subjects herself to his sexual games of degradation and pain in order to find the evidence to convict him. Gradually, she discovers that she likes S&M and that she is falling in love with Michael. *Topping From Below* has a compelling plot intertwined with steamy scenes. When's the last time you read raunchy sex and a good mystery in the same book?

BOOK BAG

The Sex Revolts: Gender, Rebellion and Rock and Roll (Harvard University), by Simon Reynolds and Joy Press: Alongside the story of male-warrior rock, this blend of music criticism and cultural studies traces the history of female rebellion in rock, from Janis to the Slits.

Bootleg: The Secret History of the Other Recording Industry (St. Martin's), by Clinton Heylin: In 1969 a collection of unreleased recordings by Bob Dylan—culled from home sessions and Woodstock—appeared in a small cluster of independent Los Angeles record stores. This was the first rock bootleg, and it spawned the multimillion-dollar industry that continues to thrive today.

The Slightly Older Guy (Simon & Schuster), by Bruce Jay Friedman: One of our funniest novelists offers a comic guide to those years of chin fat, prostate trouble, baldness and snickering feminists.

Permanent Midnight: A Memoir (Warner), by Jerry Stahl: A vivid, agonizing tale of drug addiction by a man choking on his own laughter. This should be required reading in high schools because, in spite of the yuks, it's not funny at all.

MEN

By ASA BABER

It was a tough job, but somebody had to do it. Last week, I talked with every divorced father in America. Boy, am I tired . . . and you should see my phone bill!

I was conducting the first national Beatdead Dads poll. The results were astounding. Forget the image of the angry divorced father. Such a person does not exist. My Beatdead Dads poll proves that divorced noncustodial fathers live in a state of perpetual bliss.

It turns out that those of us who have lost our kids in custody cases and have been assigned hefty and ever-increasing child support payments actually love the legal system in which we find ourselves entrapped. Yes, it's true. Scratch a divorced dad and you'll find a happy camper.

Consider these startling statistics:

(1) Fully 100 percent of the fathers polled agree with the statement that "It is totally fair and just that, in some nine out of ten divorces, sole custody of the children is awarded to the mother."

Ronald Lysenko of Caratunk, Maine spoke for all divorced fathers when he said, "Those numbers may seem unbalanced, but you would have to be paranoid to assume that custody laws are applied to fathers unfairly. I lost custody of my children, and I deserved it. Even though my ex-wife is a test pilot for NASA during the day and a bouncer at a topless bar at night, she has the time to raise our 16 children properly. How could I, a poor man, hope to match her nurturing abilities? I am not worthy, which is why, even though she earns three times as much as I do, I pay for most of the kids' expenses. It is my way of apologizing for being a man."

(2) An incredible 101 percent of all divorced dads agree with the statement that "Marcia Clark, the lead prosecutor in the O.J. Simpson case, should be able to buy as many business outfits as she needs with her ex-husband's child support money—and if it's not enough, she should be permitted to get more bucks from him."

Myron Mincemold of Coyote, Utah said it best: "Marcia Clark makes a paltry $96,000 a year. She is obviously another oppressed woman in a corrupt patriarchal society. Assuming that Clark's business clothing (including shoes) costs about $500 per outfit, her annual salary could buy her only 192 complete changes of clothes. But there are 365 days in a year. What is this victimized and persecuted woman supposed to do for the other 173 days? Wear the same clothes more than once? Clearly, Clark needs another $96,000 from her ex-husband so she can dress professionally year-round. I send my child support, as ordered by the court, directly to my ex-wife's charge account at Saks. And I do it happily, because a well-dressed mom is a great thing to behold."

STEVE BOSWICK

THE BEATDEAD DADS POLL

(3) An amazing 102 percent of the men polled agree that "It is irrelevant that the General Accounting Office has determined that some 14 percent of the fathers who supposedly owe child support are dead, and approximately 66 percent of fathers who owe child support cannot afford to pay the amount ordered. It is also irrelevant that when fathers receive visitation privileges, almost 80 percent pay their full child support, and when fathers receive joint custody, more than 90 percent of them pay full child support. Those numbers are purely coincidental, and there is absolutely no connection between treating fathers fairly and having them cooperate with the system."

Gregory Sanskrit of Megargel, Alabama summarized it this way: "I am most offended by those dead fathers who don't pay child support. I believe they should be included in the statistics about deadbeat dads. What are those stupid corpses doing with their money, anyway? Spending it on beer and licentious women? It's tragic. Men, even when they are dead and buried, are pigs."

(4) A cool 104 percent of the divorced fathers interviewed agree with the proposition that "No matter the reason, if a father is delinquent in his child support payments, the authorities should jail him, attach his assets, garnishee his wages, suspend his driver's license (and all other professional licenses), intercept his state and federal tax refunds, charge him for both his ex-wife's and his own legal fees and brand his forehead with the word DEADBEAT. If, on the other hand, the mother denies the father his legally assigned time with his children, if she spends his child support money on herself instead of on the kids and if she harasses her ex-husband with excessive legal actions and false charges, the authorities should leave her alone. Because, after all, motherhood is sacred."

Barney Bindleshaft of Fort Dick, Texas speaks for all of us when he says, "I am sick of hearing any suggestions that, in practice, the awarding of child support is basically an arbitrary income tax on divorced fathers. So what if divorced dads find their kids unfairly taken from them and then have to pay for that privilege? Or that a divorced dad often pays money to a person who does not have to account for the expenditures of that money and who may not spend it on the children? Fathers don't give a damn what happens to their kids, so why should they care where the money goes? Take it like a man. Pay up and shut up, I say."

(5) A phenomenal 200 percent of the fathers I spoke with in the Beatdead Dads poll approved of current custody and child support laws and practices. To a man, there were no complaints.

Let Russell Fwimp of Gibson City, Illinois wrap it up: "I love the fact that the government can discontinue my parental status and then tax me for it. It reminds me of my sunny days in the Soviet Union. And as any man will tell you, there's nothing like a police state to bring joy and light to a guy's life."

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain
©1994 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FILS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.
SMIRNOFF
PURE STATEMENT.
SMIRNOFF.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I love giving my boyfriend blow jobs, and he enjoys getting them. The trouble is, I want him to crave them! Do you have any suggestions for fine-tuning my technique? I've always imagined being so good that he would greet me at the door one day after work, weak with desire, begging me to suck him off.—C.T., Rapid City, South Dakota.

The next time you go down on your boyfriend, prop his head on a pillow to make sure he can see what you're doing. Tell him how hot he is, how much you love sucking him and how hard and beautiful he is. Let him know that you're in no hurry. With his erection in your mouth, begin to hum softly (the warmth of your breath and the vibrations on his cock will drive him crazy with desire). At that point, we'd be happy as clams, but we're easy. Dr. Judy Kuriansky, author of "Generation Sex," offers a description of the classic BJ that had us fidgeting in our seats: "Start licking at the tip, gently. Circle your tongue around the head, and then slide the head into your mouth. Create suction and roll your tongue around the head, lingering on the frenulum (the underside of the tip where the ridge meets the shaft). There's no need to bob your head up and down. Slip your mouth over the tip and run your moistened lips up and down the sides of the shaft of the penis (while you caress the head with your hand) and return to slipping the head inside your mouth. Lower your mouth farther down on his erection each time. Or close your lips around the head, licking the frenulum, and grasp the shaft with one or both hands to give him the sensation of being inside you." There will be a test in the morning, class, so please prepare.

Lovemaking with my husband was an icy affair for years. He was always warm and I was always cold. One night I put on a mohair sweater to keep warm. During our lovemaking I noticed that my husband snuggled in and couldn't keep his hands off me. I've found that the more I pile on, the better. One time I wore mohair over a bra and garter, and I also knitted a nightie out of angora yarn. My husband says he loves touching the thick clothing, then digging underneath it to caress me. I've noticed in the meantime that other men are very touch-oriented too. Wear a thick, fuzzy sweater to the office one day and watch how many men strike up a conversation with you, eventually patting you on the shoulder or touching you innocently in some way.—R.A., Portland, Oregon.

You've discovered a sexual secret that the Eskimo people have known for centuries: The warmest part of a woman is under her coat. It's no surprise that the contrast between the layers of thick, fuzzy nightclothes and the

smooth, soft woman underneath drives your guy wild—it appeals to his sense of mystery. The erotic power of touch is often overlooked in the rush to intercourse. Many couples find that concentrated kinesthesia creates a sense of trust and relaxation that spills over into the relationship. Your creativity tickles our fancy. The only downside is that you always know what you're getting for Christmas.

My 33-year-old boyfriend sometimes has trouble getting it up. He's the picture of mental health, and neither of us thinks the problem relates to issues in our relationship. He's physically fit, too, except that he has high cholesterol—268 at his last check. Could there be an erection-cholesterol connection?—J.U., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Possibly. In a study of 3250 men reported in the "American Journal of Epidemiology," researchers found that the higher a subject's cholesterol, the more likely he was to report problems getting and maintaining an erection. Those with cholesterol levels above 240 were nearly twice as likely to report erection problems as men who had lower levels (180 milligrams per deciliter of blood or less). Other studies have shown that high levels of fatty acids impair blood flow into the penis and interfere with the muscles involved in erections. One more reason for men to reduce the cholesterol and fat in their diets.

A video store clerk told me to play stored videos at least once a year to keep them from deteriorating. I'm skeptical. Is that a good way to preserve video?—S.E., Chicago, Illinois.

Despite what some manufacturers would have you believe, video is not forever. (No doubt Tonya Harding will be relieved to hear that.) Chances are that the video you made last winter in Rio or your prized copy of "Sodomania 9" will lose its luster after five or ten years, even with better-than-average storage conditions. You can still try to preserve the tapes for as long as possible. Rewinding, fast-forwarding or playing your tapes through completely at least once every one to three years can help prevent deformation, expansion, contraction or stickiness caused by temperature changes, dust and humidity. Videophiles recommend backing up analog tapes every five years, and many eagerly await the first digital videocassettes, which will allow duplication without loss of picture or sound quality (they're expected to hit the market next year). Besides airing your tapes regularly, store them vertically and completely rewound to avoid warping and bleed-through.

I own a lot of leather furniture and clothing, each with a slightly different recommendation on cleaning and care. Rather than buying a closetful of products, is there a simple way to clean all my leather stuff?—P.P., Atlanta, Georgia.

Because leather comes in several grades and many textures, you need to be careful not to stray far from the cleaning advice on the labels. In general, you can use a soft, dry cloth to wipe away dust and dirt on any leather. If the grime is more serious than that, you need to determine if the leather has been treated with a protective sealant (in most cases, it will have a polished look). Protected leathers should be able to withstand a warm water wipe-down and air-dry. Unprotected leather, which is softer and darkens more easily when it comes in contact with the oil on your skin, presents more of a challenge. The color of the suede or leather is likely to change when cleaned, so be sure to color-test first.

My girlfriend enjoys sunbathing topless on our patio, but we have a nosy neighbor who has complained to the manager of our condo complex. We were asked to respect the local laws against indecent exposure, even though our neighbor had to stand on a chair to see over the fence (she was pruning a tree). What are our rights? I can understand the concern if my girlfriend were walking down the street topless, but this seems more of an invasion of our privacy than of our neighbor's.—M.C., Huntington Beach, California.

In our book, if you have a fence that blocks the sight line of passersby, your exposure shouldn't be considered indecent unless you are on a trampoline. That interpretation may not jibe with the real estate or municipal codes in Huntington Beach, however. Call a lawyer and ask how far your right to privacy

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

extends beyond your bedroom door. Many cities and states have so-called Peeping Tom laws that could penalize your neighbor for not keeping her eyes on her work. If you'd rather attempt a compromise, give your condo manager a time when your girlfriend won't sunbathe—before noon, say, or after six P.M.—and ask him or her to pass it on. That way your neighbor can trim her tree without being overcome with indignation. If all else fails, build a higher fence.

My wife loves to have her nipples fondled. She can't get enough of my licking, massaging and pinching. She even likes having them buzzed with a vibrator. I'd like to give her a new nipple thrill, but I've run out of ideas.—J.H., Worcester, Massachusetts.

How about nipple clamps? Once confined to the world of S&M, these titillating devices have gone mainstream in the past few years. They resemble alligator clips but now have vinyl-coated tips so they pinch but don't bite. The best clamps are also adjustable so you can regulate the pressure. One model even attaches to a vibrator. When Good Vibrations, the San Francisco sex boutique, began carrying nipple clamps, they flew out the door, says owner Cathy Winks, who co-wrote "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex." She advises positioning them behind the tips of the nipples so they stay on comfortably.

I just bought a subwoofer to enhance the bass response of my stereo. I asked two salesmen about where to place it. One suggested a corner, the other said that that would make the sound boomy. What do you recommend?—T.G., Chicago, Illinois.

Despite what you've heard, the best location may be the corner behind your favorite chair. If the bass sounds boomy, tune the level on your subwoofer. You can also move the box away from the wall or out of the corner in small measures until the sound approaches the smooth, deep bass you're after.

They say that clothes make the man, but are women influenced by the car you're driving when you make that crucial first impression? One of my friends drives a station wagon but still seems to have a lot of dates, while my new BMW hasn't changed my love life much at all. Should I trade it in for a Pinto?—P.E., Austin, Texas.

Keep the BMW. In a recent survey of 708 Americans, three times as many women as men said they had accepted or declined a date because of the car the other person drove (though that amounted to just 7.5 percent of the total number of women surveyed). A University of Michigan study of the sex habits of 10,000 people in 37 cultures offered some clues as to why: Researchers concluded that while men are more likely to consider a woman's physical features, women are more interested in whether the guy is going places. An expensive car says he is, and that he can take her along. What nobody has asked is how many of the women who chose their men by their wheels go out on a second date. Rather than bringing out the garage trophy, we prefer to rely on our charisma and charm to handle the curves.

My college roommate has a habit of masturbating in his bed on the bottom bunk when he thinks I'm asleep, and the shaking drives me crazy. I can't really tell him to stop without humiliating him, and I have tried jokingly to tell him to use the bathroom, with no results. How can I get him to take his habit to a private place without embarrassing him?—B.M., College Station, Texas.

Where do you masturbate? Suggest he go there. As you've discovered, college life presents a challenge for students and their sexuality. Privacy is at a premium. Take pity: Your roommate would prefer not to have to masturbate with you in the room, but his options are limited if you don't keep regular hours and he has trouble guessing when you might burst in. Better to know where you are, keep the shaking to a minimum and take the chance that you'll be awake and annoyed. Let him know when you're going to be gone for any extended period so that he can use the time for some private moments. Whether they involve masturbation isn't any of your business, unless he's using your socks. In return, you can ask him to provide the same courtesy for you. Sharing space involves knowing more about a person's habits than you want to. If that's a problem, find a roommate who enjoys a hot shower before he hits the sack.

I was caught speeding on my motorcycle by a cop who used a handheld radar gun. I wonder how reliable a radar gun is on a bike's smaller size and moving parts. Can I make the case that the gun wasn't accurate because I was on a Harley?—T.A., Los Angeles, California.

Not unless you get a judge who belongs to Hell's Angels or cruises the coast on weekends. The courts have seen so many speeding cases based on radar readings that judges aren't usually receptive to arguments about technological snafus. And the smaller size of your bike won't keep an officer from getting an accurate reading—he aims at your license plate or some other fixed, reflective surface. Your case may depend on how much traffic there was when you were pulled over. Unlike newer speed guns that use pinpoint lasers, the traditional microwave radar sends out a cone-shaped beam as wide as 1000 feet—enough to cover an entire highway. Once the trooper gets a reading, he may have to make his best guess as to which speeder was the most guilty (who drives under the limit anymore?). If you were alone on the road, your chances of fighting the radar reading successfully are practically nil.

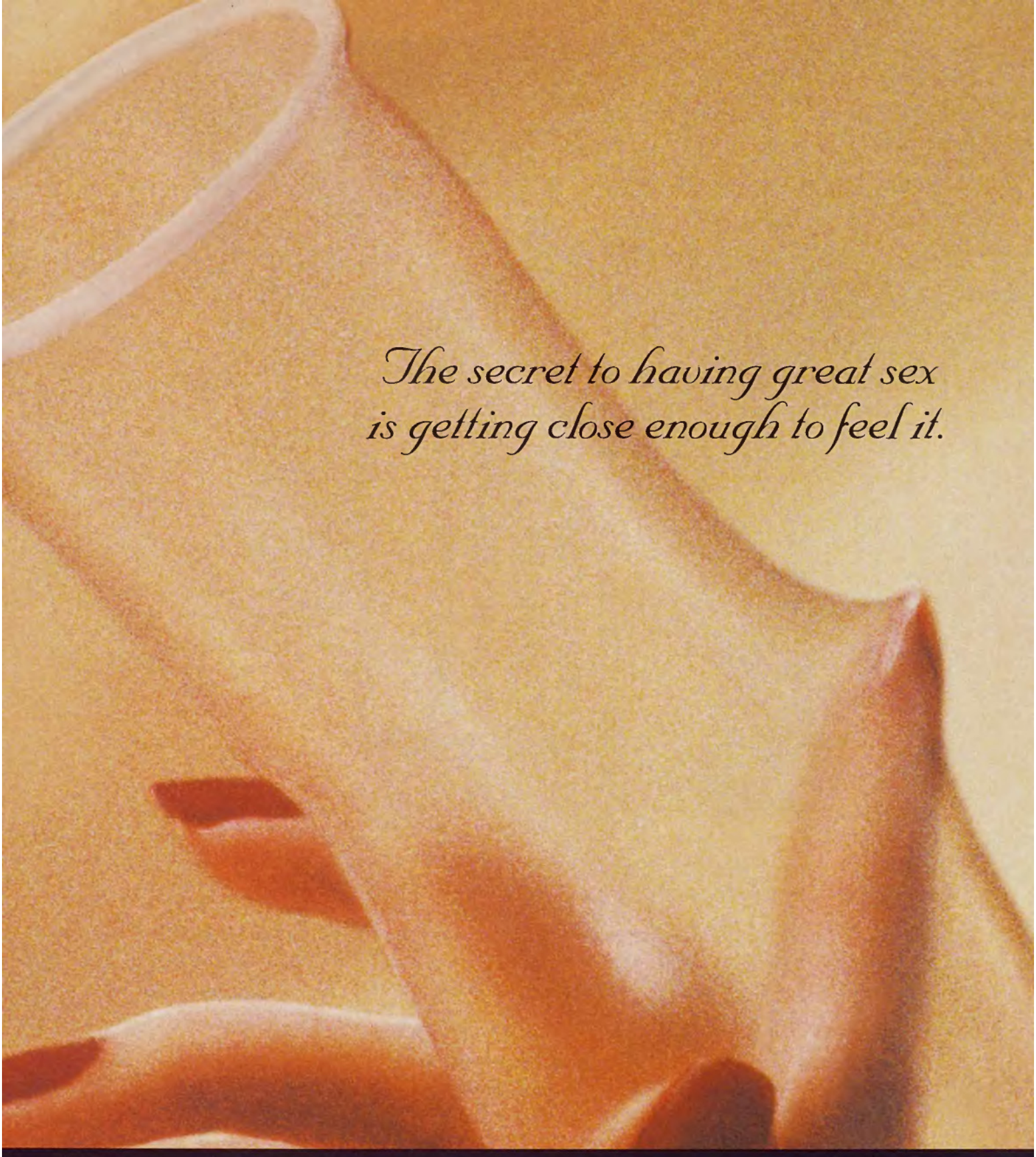
I'm a 23-year-old soon-to-be college graduate. For someone my age, I have an extensive and excellent credit history. But my girlfriend does not. I plan to marry her soon, but I am worried: Will our marriage affect my credit rating?—H.A., Iowa City, Iowa.

Only if you buy a house or car together or consolidate your credit cards and other debts. When a bank or other lender considers a joint application, it will factor in your wife's rating and determine how much of a risk you are as a couple. Credit card companies will be even more cautious. It may be simpler for each of you to maintain your own credit cards, both for bookkeeping (no bickering over unexplained purchases) and for convenience (you can earn frequent flier miles on more than one airline). Shared cards can also be dangerous should the relationship turn ugly: No matter what a judge rules about who's responsible for which debts, a joint account means you're legally responsible for half of whatever your wife buys with the card—even after you split.

A few weeks ago, I met a blind man at a party. We hit it off and have been out twice now, and I look forward to sleeping with him. But I'm curious about whether someone who has been blind since birth experiences sex differently than a sighted person. Might this man enjoy different types of stimulation than a man with sight?—S.S., London, England.

One of the best things about sex is that you don't have to see what you're doing to enjoy yourself, or to do it well. Blind people have the same sexual desires as anyone else—some kinky, some vanilla—and we hope many have learned a thing or two over the years perusing the Braille version of the "Advisor." Still, fanciful theories abound about how blind people must be masterful with their hands during sex and less judgmental because they make love to a mental vision of their partner. Uh . . . right. Remember that the next time you date a blind person who's lousy in bed. Jim Geoghan, whose play "Light Sensitive" revolves around an ex-cabbie who loses his sight, has said that while researching the character, he "found blind men to be much more horny than anyone I'd ever met. I put together my own ten-cent theory, which is that sighted people gratify themselves visually all day long in bits and pieces. You look, you look, you like, you look. But blind people don't get to do that." Actually, they do, in their own way: Geoghan said his blind male friends would ask him to describe in explicit detail the women they met.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.

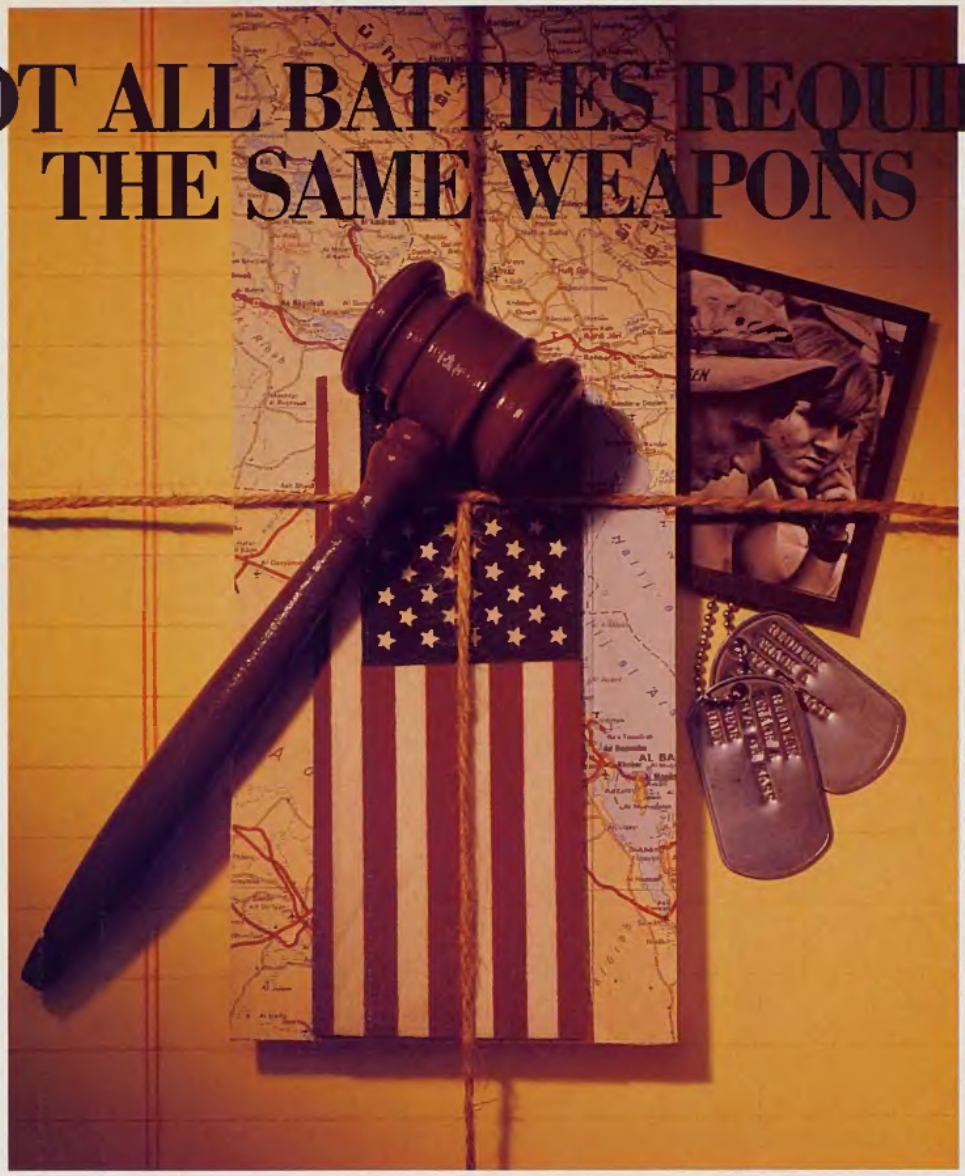


NEW AVANTI® CONDOMS ARE MADE FROM A TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED, UNIQUE POLYURETHANE MATERIAL THAT IS BOTH STRONG AND SENSITIVE. THIS MATERIAL IS TWICE AS STRONG AS LATEX, SO IT CAN BE MADE THINNER AND MORE SENSITIVE THAN LATEX. AVANTI CONTAINS NO LATEX ALLERGENS, MAKING IT IDEAL FOR LATEX SENSITIVE CONDOM USERS. AVANTI POLYURETHANE CONDOMS ARE CLEAR, ODORLESS, AND SAFE FOR USE WITH OIL-BASED LUBRICANTS.

The Sensual Revolution.

Important Consumer Information: You may use this polyurethane condom if you or your partner is allergic to latex. *You should know:* •The risks of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), including AIDS (HIV infection), are not known for this condom. A study is being done. •There are laboratory tests on this polyurethane material. These tests show that organisms even as small as sperm and viruses like HIV cannot pass through it. **Latex condoms** for men, if used correctly with every act of vaginal intercourse, are highly effective at preventing pregnancy, as well as STDs, including AIDS (HIV infection). ©1995 London International U.S. Holdings, Inc.

NOT ALL BATTLES REQUIRE THE SAME WEAPONS



Gulf War illnesses. The effects of Agent Orange, radiation, and other toxic exposures. Post-traumatic stress disorder. "Bad paper." Homelessness. These battles continue long after the war is over.

For more than 20 years, the **National Veterans Legal Services Program (NVLSP)** has been helping veterans who—because of the effects of military service—have been unable to share in opportunities available to most Americans. We serve these forgotten veterans through advocacy, education, litigation, training, and publications.

As a voice for change against unfair practices, NVLSP has been instrumental in the passage of landmark veterans rights legislation. Furthermore, we recruit, train, and assist thousands of volunteer lawyers and veterans advocates. Finally, we empower veterans and their families with information about their rights under law and assist them in dealing with government bureaucracy.

NVLSP is an independent, non-profit, charitable organization dedicated to ensuring that our nation honors the pact made with our 27 million veterans. If you would like more information about NVLSP—or would like to make a tax-deductible contribution—write NVLSP/VSF, Drawer 017, Washington, D.C. 20055 or call toll free **1.800.6885.VET.**

A participant of the United Way, NVLSP's Combined Federal Campaign Code number is 0474.

NVLSP

NATIONAL VETERANS LEGAL SERVICES PROGRAM

AGENCY: Burchette & Company
PHOTOGRAPHER: Matthew Borkoski

THE MYTH OF THE SAFE SOCIETY

laws and lawsuits can never eliminate bad judgment

In *The Death of Common Sense*, author Philip Howard makes an astute observation: For the past 50 years, various regulatory agencies have tried to create a completely safe society. Officials at the FDA, EPA, CPSC, OSHA and countless other alphabet agencies have covered every contingency, every possible accident the human (or at least bureaucratic) mind can imagine. "Our regulatory system has become an instruction manual," Howard writes. "In the decades since World War Two we have constructed a system of regulatory law that basically outlaws common sense. The motives were logical enough: Specific legal mandates would keep government in close check and provide crisp guidelines for private citizens. But it doesn't work. Human activity can't be regulated without judgment by humans."

People—some 45,000 a year—still die from accidents. They drown in bathtubs, buckets, swimming pools and toilets. They choke on food. They run into things while riding bicycles. They fall from stairs, ladders, bridges and balconies. They electrocute themselves.

For years we have responded to such deaths with a flurry of new regulations. At one point, says Howard, there were 140 regulations dealing with wooden ladders. (Did any say the obvious: "Don't walk under one"?)

The Contract With America crowd has pushed through legislation calling for a moratorium on new regulation, a reconsideration of existing regulation and a call to examine safety from a cost-benefit perspective. It has also called for tort reform and caps on liability lawsuits. This crusade appeals to the libertarian impulse to get government off our backs.

Let's look at one regulatory agency in particular. The Consumer Product Safety Commission has fewer than 500 employees and a budget of $41 million. Established in 1972, the CPSC has jurisdiction over any product sold for home use. It can recall, order the redesign of or ban any product that it considers dangerous. Its job is "to protect the public against unreasonable risks of injuries and deaths associated with consumer products." The commission has brought us fire-retardant children's clothing, lead-free crayons, safer bunk beds.

Five years ago the CPSC focused on the ubiquitous five-gallon bucket—those plastic containers that carry everything from joint compound to pickles (approximately 170 million of the buckets are manufactured annually). Some folks take them from construction sites to use around the house. A Chicago coroner determined that toddlers could fall into the buckets and drown. It's a freak tragedy, but an estimated 40 children a year die this way.

The CPSC went into action. Its staff spent 5113 hours and $100,000 in wages, plus another $20,000 in grants to outside focus groups, trying to redesign the pail. Among its suggestions: a grating over the opening; a cone at the bottom that would keep a toddler's head out of liquid; a plug that could be removed after the bucket was emptied; buckets that would deteriorate in sunlight, or finally, a bucket with a round bottom that would tip over when a child climbed into it.

The manufacturers of the buckets, finding themselves in the spotlight, spent some $500,000 in legal and lobbying fees to keep one step ahead of the commission. In February, the CPSC gave up on redesigning the bucket. Instead, it recommended posting warning stickers on the buckets, detailing in both English and Spanish the hazard to toddlers. The industry complied.

Congress had a field day with the bucket fiasco—with some members charging (incorrectly) that the commission had considered ordering that the buckets have holes punched in them. "Why on earth would you want a bucket with a hole in the bottom of it?" asked one incredulous congressman.

The Contract With America anti-regulatory crusade casts the debate in terms of cost. Should the businessman pay for every wild-assed or well-intentioned idea that comes from Washington? There are plenty of people willing to siphon off profits in the name of the common good.

But cost obscures the debate, just as blaming the bucket misses the real problem. Many of the drownings were actually the result of inattention on the part of parents or day care providers. One of the commissioners at the CPSC looked at 119 reports and found "60 percent were cases that could be termed child abuse, neglect or potential foul play. A number of the children had been previously in foster care because of negligence and insufficient parental supervision."

Trying to manufacture thoughtfulness, trying to put safety into bucket design, was a noble cause but one doomed to fail. You cannot replace human judgment or protect against the lack of it.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

In addition to reining in regulators, the Contract With America seeks to cap settlements in liability lawsuits. Consumer rights activists and ambulance chasers contend that court cases are an important way to police industry, that big settlements send a message. Do away with regulation and lawsuits become the only way to force change. But they suffer the same flaws as regulation: They shift blame, reward stupidity and make safety the responsibility of the machine, not the operator.

Collin Johnson was riding a bicycle home from work after midnight. Although his bike was equipped with reflectors, it had no headlight. Believing he was visible to traffic, Johnson whizzed down a hill at 20 to 40 miles per hour. An oncoming Jeep made a left turn in front of him. Johnson woke up partially paralyzed. He found a lawyer who, with the help of a self-proclaimed bike expert, testified that reflectors weren't enough, that the company, Derby, should have installed a headlight as standard equipment on every bike it sold, that the CPSC standards were themselves dangerous because they gave the impression that reflectors were sufficient to prevent accidents. The jury bought the argument and awarded Johnson $7 million (later negotiated down to $3.25 million).

Ask yourself: Will this multimillion-dollar message reach more bike riders than the one in their owner's manual? That warning reads: "At night, always use a working headlight and taillight. Always wear reflective, light-colored clothing and a reflective stripe on your helmet." That seems straightforward enough.

The expert witness was a one-man regulatory agency intent on making headlamps mandatory. He had once sued the CPSC for not expanding its reflector policy to include headlights. He lost. He now wages his crusade on the Internet. "In many nighttime accident situations, motorists can't see reflectors," he said. "But they can always see headlamps."

Unfortunately, he is wrong.

By his estimate, headlights might prevent only 79 percent of nighttime collisions between bikes and cars.

The law requires that all motorcycles come equipped with headlights. Engineers have rigged it so you can't ride a motorcycle without the light on. Motorcycles are larger, louder and more illuminated than bikes, yet thousands of motorcyclists are struck by drivers (day and night) who did not see the headlight.

For that matter, hundreds of people are killed crossing railroad tracks at night, and locomotives have terrific headlights. Yes, headlights might save some lives. New Jersey law requires you to have a headlight on your bike. Whose responsibility is it to follow the law? Johnson chose not to install a light, even though he knew he would be riding at night.

To argue that Derby was responsible (because it was rich and Johnson was not) creates a double standard: Only the wealthy are responsible.

It's a point that got lost in the headlines. Many state laws hold that children in automobiles must be belted into a car seat. The law does not require Detroit to put a car seat into every car it makes on the off chance that a child may ride in that car.

What the safety saviors don't understand is that no rule, no single piece of equipment, will ever protect you from the concerted stupidity of others or the stupidity you sometimes inflict on yourself.

When laws and lawsuits dismiss personal responsibility or shift blame to the deepest pocket, we create an absurd and unsafe world.

WHAT SORT OF JUDGE READS PLAYBOY?

We know Clarence Thomas reads PLAYBOY (he once wrote a letter to the editor about an article on Reagan and race). But now, we can add to the list of those in power who read our magazine for the articles the names of William Rehnquist, Antonin Scalia, John Paul Stevens, Stephen Breyer, Anthony Kennedy, Sandra Day O'Connor, Ruth Bader Ginsburg and David Souter—collectively known as the U.S. Supreme Court.

Well, if not the entire magazine, perhaps just *The Playboy Forum*. It seems that John Wesley Hall Jr., an attorney from Arkansas, was attempting to persuade the Supreme Court to consider making the "knock and announce" rule of common law part of the Fourth Amendment.

In his brief he wrote: "We agree that the element of surprise in some searches can be imperative if—and this is a big if—the police can show a valid reason to overcome the privacy and property interests of the householder they intend to invade with battering rams, guns drawn and cocked and stun grenades. The element of surprise, however, is subject to great abuse and is a greater danger to citizens and police. The anecdotal evidence is mounting. The December 1994 PLAYBOY, on newsstands the week this reply brief is filed, provides a parade of citizens and police shot and killed or seriously wounded during raids by overzealous officers."

Attached to the brief was a copy of James Bovard's *Playboy Forum* article "Oops—You're Dead: The Body Count From No-Knock Raids Is Climbing. Are You Next?"

The Court granted certiorari. Oral arguments were heard on March 28, 1995. The final ruling was expected by June.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AD PATROL

CROWN POINT, INDIANA—*Many athletic teams support themselves through sponsors, and now police want to explore this source of revenue. The top cop in Crown Point is offering to sell space on the backs of police cars—at the rate of $1600 a car. "We thought it would be a good idea to pay for light bars, siren boxes, radios and things of that nature," said Police Chief Michael Valsi. Wait until Dunkin' Donuts hears about this.*

A KISS IS JUST A KISS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Let's hear it for long wet ones. Scientists have long maintained that kissing does not spread AIDS, but now they are closer to knowing why. Researchers have found that saliva contains proteins (called secretory leukocyte protease inhibitors) that attach themselves to white blood cells and protect them from infection. Another set of proteins (called mucins) cause the human immunodeficiency virus to clump together. The biomechanism remains to be identified, but it raises the possibility of developing new treatments or a vaccine.*

THE OTHER CHEEK

TROY, OHIO—*A 33-year-old father who bruised his ten-year-old son with a hard spanking accepted a novel plea bargain to avoid prosecution for domestic violence. The court dismissed the charge when the father agreed to let a police officer give him three licks with the same paddle he had used on his son. The paddle, inscribed* BOARD OF EDUCATION, *was subsequently destroyed.*

HIPPOCRATIC OAFS

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*Giving a penile implant to a convicted child molester was not hailed as progressive medicine by a Mississippi congressman. Representative Sonny Montgomery learned that a Navy veteran afflicted with impotence obtained the implant at taxpayer expense after serving four years in prison for sexual acts with two girls. Montgomery wants Veterans Administration hospitals to start screening their patients.*

BLUENOSE STOCKS

TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI—*Not long ago a financial genius established a mutual fund billed as virtually recession-proof because it invests in industries associated with sin, human weakness and popular bad habits. Now comes the Timothy Plan, a no-load mutual fund for "Christian investors" who want to put their money where their morals are. That means no investments are made in corporations involved with abortion, pornography, alcohol, tobacco or casino gambling. No connection is indicated, but the original Timothy was a Christian disciple and missionary activist who, legend has it, was sainted after being stoned to death.*

SAY WHEN

LONDON—*Three men who were among a group of S&M enthusiasts found guilty of assault during a 1990 trial are again appealing their conviction on grounds that the consensual nature of the acts afforded them the right to privacy. In initial appeals, Britain's House of Lords upheld the original conviction, stating that consent to sadomasochistic acts is no defense for assault that causes bodily harm.*

TOUGH EXAMS

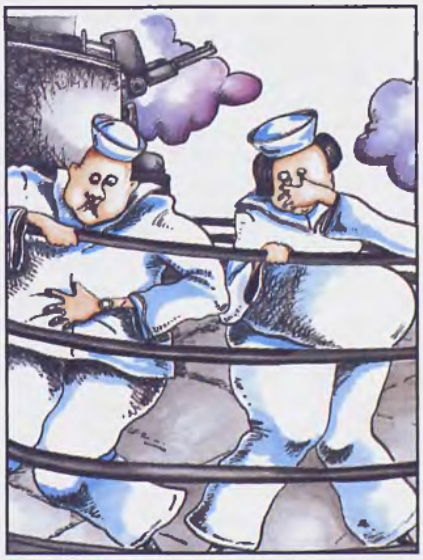
ANKARA—*The Turkish government is backing down on a rule that authorizes virginity tests for female students and requires the expulsion of any found to be "unchaste." After an outcry from human rights advocates, national education officials said they would modify the order "to prevent misinterpretations."*

CLINIC SUITS

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—*A wrongful-death suit has been filed against a Pensacola abortion clinic by the family of David Gunn, a doctor shot and killed there by a pro-lifer in 1993. The suit claims the clinic should have recognized the danger presented by fanatic protesters and that it failed to accord protection to employees lawfully on its premises. Meanwhile, anti-abortionists are suing to nullify the eight-foot buffer zone around the clinic, which was created by the Pensacola city council. Officials established the protected area after Paul Hill killed a doctor and his security escort outside the clinic a few months after Gunn's murder. Abortion opponents claim the zone violates the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances law, and hinders their First Amendment right to speak against abortion and distribute literature.*

WATER BABIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Is that seasickness, or are you pregnant? Navy Secretary John Dalton rejected a proposal that would require Waves to take a pregnancy test before they are assigned sea duty. He advised his base and fleet commanders that having a baby "is a natural event" not incompatible with a naval career.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

TRICKS

You made some good hits in "Stupid Government Tricks" and "The Contract on America" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). The 1994 crime bill made dozens of additional crimes punishable by death, but at what cost? Last year the U.S. had more than 3000 people on death row, but only 31 were executed. The others spent their time exhausting resources and man-hours on legal appeals paid for by taxpayers. A Duke University study shows it costs $2.2 million more to execute a killer than to lock him away for life simply because lawyers cost more than prison guards. Every $2 million spent injecting lethal drugs into some lawless punk is money that can't be spent on efforts which even law enforcement authorities regard as more effective: more cops on the beat, more programs to fight drug abuse, longer prison terms. Uncle Sam should apply a little federal scrutiny where it could really do some good—toward budgetary priorities.

Nick Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

PLUG PULLER

"It got pretty tiring, and I have better things to do. There are so many educated people on the Internet—and what are they interested in? Stupid pictures that they could see better if they bought a copy of PLAYBOY."

—COMPUTER RESEARCHER PATRICK GROENEVELD, AFTER PULLING THE PLUG ON THE UNIVERSITY OF DELFT'S PORNOGRAPHY ARCHIVE IN THE NETHERLANDS, AN INTERNET SITE THAT RACKED UP SOME 30,000 DOWNLOADED IMAGES A DAY

CONTRACT ON AMERICA

I am thoroughly disappointed with the headline "The Contract on America." The proper term is Contract With America. No matter what PLAYBOY's political affiliations and beliefs are, I think it's unbecoming of you to advocate a childish misnaming of an important (albeit unofficial) document. Many freshman representatives beat their senior opponents in the last congressional election because of that contract. Let Bob Wieder use wit and facts to support his argument. Don't destroy your credibility by sleight of meaning.

Sean Sherwin
Casper, Wyoming

What's this? You want to deify an agenda? It's the Constitution we support, not Newt's master plan.

April, the month when millions of procrastinators come face-to-face with their tax masters in Washington, becomes all the more frustrating when we survey the wasteland of our federal government. With more than 600,000 members nationwide, Citizens Against Government Waste has been working for more than a decade to make government more accountable. Our 1995 *Congressional Pig Book Summary* profiles 88 of the most egregious pork-barrel projects in the country. These projects, worth $1 billion, represent only a fraction of the $10 billion in procedural pork that we found larding up appropriations bills. Among this year's:

•$15 million for a footbridge from New Jersey to Ellis Island.

•A $19.6 million annual, unauthorized gift to the International Fund for Ireland. In the past, the money has been used to produce golf videos and to subsidize pony-trekking centers.

•$110 million for a single highway project in West Virginia, which is the state of pork paragon Senator Robert Byrd.

Of course, pork makes up only a part of the waste. In the interest of presenting taxpayers with a wider range of options, CAGW's 1995 edition of *Prime Cuts* catalogs hundreds of unimplemented waste-cutting proposals dating back to the 1984 Grace Commission. While the 104th Congress seems more likely to take action than any other Congress in memory, nothing will move the process along faster than citizen involvement. Let's insist that the government live within its means.

Thomas Schatz
President
Citizens Against Government Waste
Washington, D.C.

("Congressional Pig Book Summary" and "Prime Cuts" are available from Citizens Against Government Waste, Dept. P, 1301 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 400, Washington, D.C. 20036.)

In early March, New York brought back the death penalty. There were no public hearings. No experts were called to elaborate on the details of the bill. Even floor debate was limited. This was not an effort toward genuine or legitimate crime control. Just like last year's absurd congressional enactment of the largest expansion of capital punishment in U.S. history, the unspoken agenda in New York was about politics, not policy. The death penalty debate isn't about effectiveness or efficiency. Virtually everyone concedes that executions cost millions of dollars and have no impact on crime. We've given up the pretense of fairness since the Supreme Court announced that racism in death sentencing is inevitable. Similarly, the Court has dispensed with concern about error by announcing that the Constitution doesn't protect innocent people from being put to death. What lawmakers are concerned about is the death penalty's impact on elections. It's a shame that the losers in the game aren't just the politicians, and they don't just lose their jobs. The real losers in the death penalty charade lose their lives.

Leigh Dingerson
Executive Director
National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty
Washington, D.C.

RESPONSE

FATHERHOOD

Thank you for Ted Fishman's article "Redefining Fatherhood" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). It's about time someone stood up for men's rights. Women have hundreds of political and civil rights organizations to look out for their interests. Because it is politically incorrect to dispute a woman's right to parenthood, the organizations that help men receive little or no attention from politicians or the media. An organization I would recommend to any man fighting for his rights is the National Center for Men, P.O. Box 555, Old Bethpage, New York 11804. Please inform your readers. Men need all the help they can get.

Scott Wilkens
Pontiac, Michigan

I hope Ted Fishman's article receives the attention it deserves. In a society that continues to favor women in child custody disputes, we should be outraged that so many children are victimized in the name of good intentions. Loving, devoted, presumably competent dads are having their children stolen from them through deception and procrastination. With their emotional and financial resources spent (and invaluable moments participating in their children's lives lost forever), many of these men are frustrated, sad, angry, poor—and childless. At a time when stories about deadbeat fathers and abusive relationships make headlines, the media would do well to highlight the good guys whose only crime might have been not knowing the answer to "Do you know where your children are?"

Nancy Chaney
Moscow, Idaho

UNCLE SCAM

Perhaps I've been in law school too long, but I found James Bovard's article "Uncle Scam Wants You" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) so full of hyperbole, unsubstantiated facts and emotional rhetoric as to border on propaganda. No law enforcement agency in this country promotes what Bovard calls "abusive entrapment schemes." In fact, the criminal justice system has many self-imposed hurdles that are specifically designed to deter such unlawful practices. I would welcome an intelligent debate of the real issues regarding entrapment. Unfortunately, none was presented. PLAYBOY should stick with the kind of cerebral disputation found in your February *Forum* article "Defending Pornography."

Joseph Gallo
Waco, Texas

I think James Bovard is forgetting how many drug rings are brought down by government stings. Sure, many of the tactics seem unethical to the innocent citizen, but what about drug pushers and dealers who slip through the fingers of the justice system because of minor technicalities? I say we tighten the loopholes in the courts and hang the animals on the streets and in our schools.

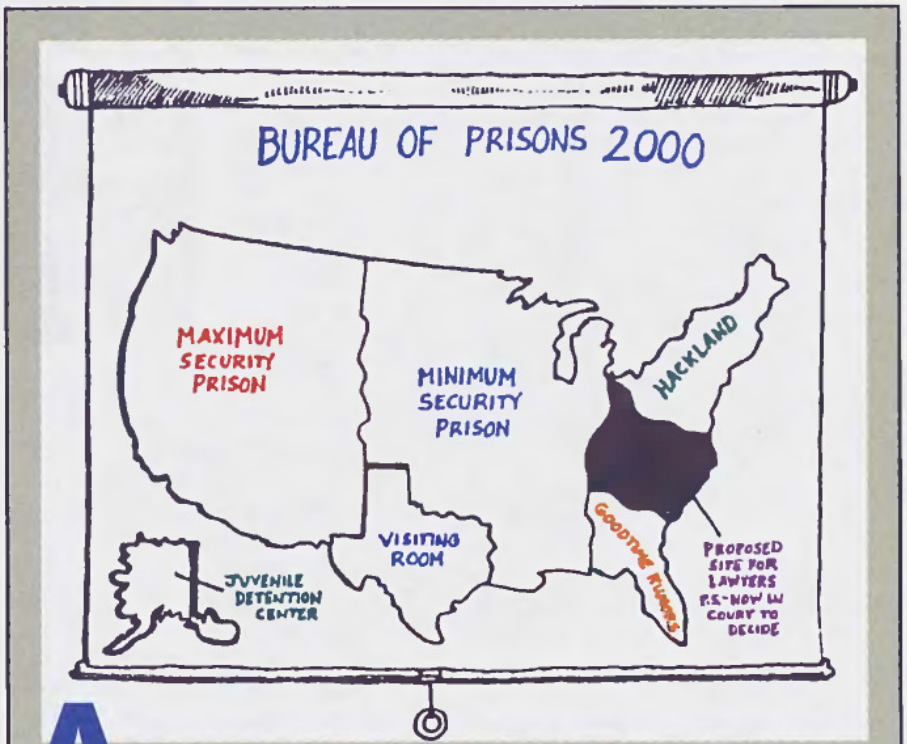
Louis Hayes
Urbana, Illinois

Hooray for "Uncle Scam." The government works in unscrupulous ways for the sake of a bust. Here's a nomination for the Drug Enforcement Administration's Bloopers Hall of Fame: A suit by a group of airline passengers and workers aboard a Belize Air International flight charges that they were imprisoned and tortured in Honduras in 1991 as a result of a botched drug sting conducted by DEA officials. According to the suit, zealous DEA agents hid 48 kilos of cocaine on a flight from Miami to Central America. In their haste to track and capture drug smugglers, the agents failed to inform the Honduran government, the passengers or the crew. The six plaintiffs said they were imprisoned and tortured for 11 days before U.S. officials would secure their release. The officials apologized to the Honduran government, but those participating in the suit wanted more—at least $350,000 each.

Terry Kent
Miami, Florida

In March, a federal judge in Miami awarded $155,000 to each plaintiff.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*



An average of 1250 people began serving mandatory minimum prison sentences each week in the U.S. in 1993. That translates to 179 people per day, seven people every hour. This future-shock landscape was contributed by former inmate Marshall Randall, who used to make his living drawing political cartoons.

TARGET: CYBERSPACE

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

forget it—the net is doomed

It's only a matter of time. With Newt Gingrich pushing for a laptop in every poor child's schoolbag, an Internet server in every area code and affordable access for all, cyberspace is finished. The virtue vigilantes have asked the obvious: Before we turn our kids loose in this digital playground, shouldn't we clean up the garbage, chase the dirty old men out of town and find a way to eliminate erotic images?

Will they succeed? Probably. The only question is how.

Yes, yes. We are aware of that little obstacle known as the First Amendment. The Internet—as anyone who received a computer for Christmas has undoubtedly discovered—is anarchic. There is no act too obscene (or too boring) that a million geeks can't find time to discuss it in chat groups for days. People who have now experienced unbridled First Amendment freedom via cyberspace will resist any efforts to curb its unfettered discourse. Part of their cockiness comes from the technology. As Internet pioneer John Gilmore has said: "The Net interprets censorship as damage and routes around it."

Let's hope that's the case: The cyberprudes come in all shapes and sizes. At the very top, Senator James ("I want to keep the information superhighway from resembling a red-light district") Exon introduced legislation (the Communications Decency Act of 1995) to expand FCC regulations covering obscene telephone calls to include all forms of electronic communication. Anyone who "makes, transmits or otherwise makes available any comment, request, suggestion, proposal, image or other communication" that is "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent" using a "telecommunications device" will be subject to a fine of $100,000 or two years in prison.

Most people view censorship as the silencing of one voice at a time. Senator Exon's tactic goes for the middleman. Make carriers responsible for the content of the Net, and providers will monitor every online conversation. Perhaps they will use what is known as George Carlin software—programs that bleep out offensive or potentially sexy words. Nervous sysops may have to spend their days and nights hunched over the bully button ready to spank anyone who brings offensive language to a chat group. Postal inspectors could find (or plant) provocative images and collect big bucks from bulletin board operators who take the bait or who simply fall asleep instead of policing their corner of cyberspace.

If that law were to go into effect, cyberspace would become about as titillating as the local mall. Hot and heavy e-mail would all but cease. Erotic image banks would be even harder to find. Alt.sex.stories would evoke nostalgia similar to wildly embellished accounts of Woodstock. You could probably still access stock quotes and weather reports from Compuserve, or find kindred spirits to discuss the relative merits of Picard and Kirk, but only if everyone kept their virtual pants zipped up.

The knights of the Internet like to claim that their universe is beyond the reach of prudes. They have convinced themselves that the Net is a realm of fantasy, a universe that exists parallel to the real world rather than within it. Forget it. The Internet is about as private as a postcard.

The technology already does exist to document and disclose your personal obsessions, or your simple curiosities. The same technology can allow anyone to see your address book—with whom you communicate, how often and for how long.

In one sense, the Internet is like the Trojan horse: a neat toy until you look inside. The *Harvard Crimson* discovered, for instance, that anyone on the Harvard computer network could look at logs of users' actions. In short, they could find out exactly how many images from *Debbie Does a Donkey*, *Humanoid Hunks From San Francisco* or *Young Lolitas* you had downloaded. The *Crimson* reported (without naming names) that 28 students had downloaded some 500 pornographic pictures in one week. Patrick Groeneveld, the sysop who ran the Digital Pictures Archive at the University of Delft in the Netherlands, kept a log of the top 50 consumers of erotica and then publicized the list. It included the addresses of several major corporations (AT&T, Citicorp and Ford, among others). Try explaining your collection of computer cuties to the personnel department.

When the do-gooders arrive in force—and they certainly will—they'll bring some obvious, fairly old-fashioned tools: outrage, parental concern and hypocrisy. They'll target schools and colleges first because that's where the "children" are and because most universities have ties to the government. Sadly, most colleges place reputation above academic freedom. We're not sure what the outcome of the Harvard fiasco will be, but when a techie pointed out to authorities at Carnegie Mellon University what was available on the Net, CMU tried to shut down all sex-related chat groups. Our guess is

that prestigious universities such as Harvard and Carnegie Mellon will become the first and most vigilant censors of cyberspace. After all, boys and girls, they're their computers.

There seems to be no end to the self-appointed protectors of the innocent. Look at what happened to Jake Baker. By now you're probably familiar with the story: A University of Michigan alumnus with nothing to do sits in a hotel room in Moscow, cruising the Net. Acting on a tip from the teenage daughter of a friend, he flips through alt.sex.stories, where he finds a bunch of sordid torture fantasies posted by kiasyd@umich.edu (Jake Baker). Thinking that such filth and depravity reflect poorly on his alma mater (whereas his own cruising was for noble reasons having nothing to do with sex or simple curiosity), the man notifies the university. Before you know it, Jake Baker finds himself in jail. Internet junkies say Baker fucked up by using his real name and the name of his school—oh, and by the way, by giving the victim in a story the name of a woman in one of his classes. Baker was an idiot, but what happened to him shows a typical overreaction by the outside world to the not-so-niceties of the Net.

GREG MABLY

The University of Michigan invoked the equivalent of martial law: It ordered psychiatric interviews for Baker (the shrinks thought he had an active fantasy life but was not a threat), then moved to suspend him. Never mind the First Amendment—this was a health crisis.

Suspension wasn't enough for the feds. The government sniffed a test case and took action. The cops arrived, looked at Baker's e-mail (with his permission) and arrested him for transmitting "interstate communication containing any threat to kidnap any person or any threat to injure the person of another." A judge ordered that Baker be held without bond. The prosecution argued that the 20-year-old student be kept in jail "to prevent rape and murder." (He was released after a month in jail.)

Clearly the judge and the feds were overwhelmed by the mystique of the new medium. Robert Ressler, a retired FBI agent who specializes in the habits of serial killers, told the press that while not everyone who has such fantasies is dangerous, "every serial killer starts with fantasizing." That backward logic seems to say that the Net—fed by fantasy—is a breeding ground for killers. So everyone who has ever signed on to alt.sex.stories should be held without bond for what they might do? What's the difference between words on the Internet and words at the neighborhood bookstore?

Jake Baker is author of a grubby little chronicle in which he and a friend hold a woman captive (tying her by her hair to a ceiling fan), then abuse her with clamps, glue, a big spiky hairbrush, a hot curling iron, a spreader bar, a knife and finally fire. He lands in jail.

Bret Easton Ellis comes up with a novel, *American Psycho*, in which the protagonist holds a woman captive, sprays her with Mace, decapitates her to have sex with her severed head, nails a dildo to her genitals and drills holes in various parts of her body, all while capturing the events on film. Ellis has a table at Elaine's.

The feds insist Baker's case isn't a First Amendment issue, that he made a direct threat against a specific person. But their logic doesn't hold up: The woman's name appears in something that is clearly a story, written in the present tense and including a disclaimer indicating it is fiction. (Most case law holds that a threat must imply a future action.) Baker never showed the story to the woman or acted in any perverse fashion toward her. As freaky as the fiction was, there didn't seem to be any intent. Just dweeb bravado. Rumor has it that Baker is still a virgin. (That could explain everything.)

The evidence against Baker includes e-mail that he sent to a person in Canada who called himself Arthur Gronda. Baker and Gronda keystroked each other into electronic ecstasy, discussing torture and kidnapping techniques. According to the investigating agent, Baker wrote: "I don't want any blood in my room, though I have come upon an excellent method to abduct a bitch. As I said before, my room is right across from the girls' bathroom. Wait until late at night, grab her when she goes to unlock the door. Knock her unconscious and put her into one of those portable lockers (forget the word for it) or even a duffel bag. Then hurry her out to the car and take her away. What do you think?"

Good question. Most of you probably think that the little creep should be hung upside down by his genitals. But the evidence is far from damning. In the e-mail, Baker never named a target. The woman whose name he appropriated for his macabre alt.sex.stories fantasy did not live in his dorm. And talking about a crime is not a crime. As one lawyer said: "What people see is a frightening use of technology, so they attack the technology itself. If Baker had written this stuff in letters, nobody would be saying, 'Let's open all the U.S. mail.'"

Don't give the government any ideas. Baker faces a five-year prison sentence. If he's convicted, it will, as they say, send a message.

Meanwhile, the knights of the Internet insist their world does not need rules or cybercops. They have their own ways of punishing bad behavior: flaming and scorn. Within days of Baker's arrest, stories began to appear on the Net with characters named Jake Baker. Drag queens in prison rape the fantasy Jake and cut out his tongue. A woman meets the fantasy Jake on the street, tortures and shoots him. The devil asks the fantasy Jake to torture a woman, then masturbate, and when the fantasy Jake is unable to obtain an erection, the devil shoves a curling iron up fantasy Jake's ass.

Fight fire with fire, speech with speech: Can the government come up with anything better to keep the Net civilized?

CENSORSHIP GLOSSARY

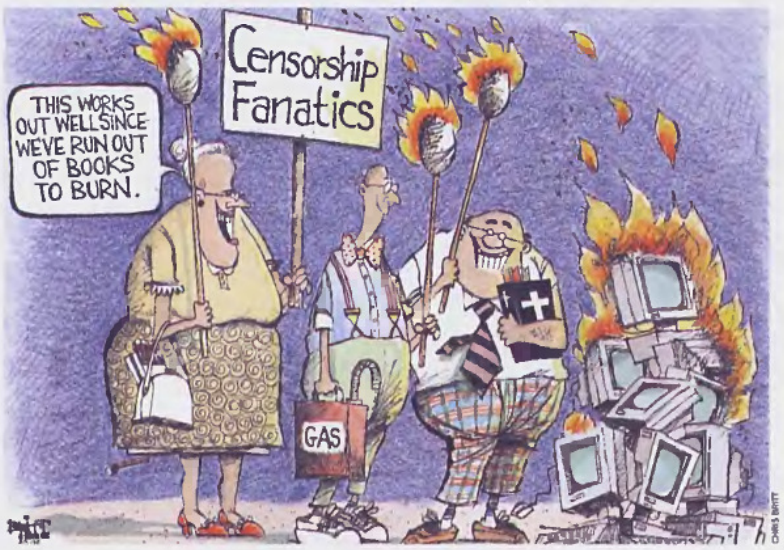
the tools of repression

Anonymous remailers Often located in freedom-loving Scandinavia, these sites allow Internet users (including pedophiles, government whistleblowers and political exiles) to send e-mail that does not contain a return address. They are not foolproof, however. In February, the name of a poster who used the popular anon.penet.fi site was turned over to Finnish authorities following complaints from the Church of Scientology. The church pressured police to serve a search-and-seize warrant after nameless postings that it claims included "re-created versions of sacred religious scriptures that are protected by both copyright and trade secret law." The remailer owner said he surrendered the poster's identity rather than reveal his 200-megabyte subscriber list.

Cancel A command sent by a user to delete a message posted to a Usenet discussion group. In theory, only the person who writes a message can cancel it, but users long ago discovered ways to forge the command. Programs that cast a wider net (knocking out messages in more than one place) are known as cancelbots. In the past, cancelbots have been used mostly to counter users who "spam" Usenet by sending chain letters, advertisements or political propaganda to multiple discussions where they don't belong. But the programs have a more ominous use, allowing zealots to launch search-and-destroy missions against ideological enemies.

Domain name Part of your address on the Internet that indicates where you are located (e.g., playboy.com, yale.edu, whitehouse.gov). A nonprofit group funded by the National Science Foundation registers domain names, each of which must be unique and, apparently, colorless. A recent request by a Net publisher, Justin Hall, to register fuck.com was denied. "We're not in the business of censoring names," a registration official explained, "but there are undoubtedly a large number of people who would be offended."

George Carlin software The nickname coined by Prodigy to describe the program it uses to delete objectionable words from its members' private mail. Prodigy officials decline to release a list of the forbidden words, but certainly it contains the seven that Carlin rattles off in his famous comedy routine: shit, piss, cunt, fuck, cocksucker, motherfucker, tits. The software allows Prodigy to screen 75,000 messages daily and send each on its way within minutes. When screened by humans, the delay could be as long as 21 hours.



Moderators On popular services such as America Online, volunteers are recruited to discourage members from using language deemed to be "vulgar, abusive or hateful." AOL and Prodigy subscribers—who agree when coming aboard that they won't use even disguised words such as f**k—quickly resort to more creative antics. Last fall on AOL, a user typed the word prick during a discussion, then quickly added "your finger" on the next line to cover her tracks. Soon after, a male participant tested the guidelines with "genitalia" and "asexual." Both users were warned; one was evicted.

Most discussions on Usenet, available via the Internet, are free-for-alls. Those that do have moderators allow them to eliminate only repetitive or irrelevant posts. It's a fine line. Last year, for example, a user or users by the name of Serdar Argic flooded the discussion group soc.history with messages arguing, despite overwhelming evidence otherwise, that Turks had not massacred Armenians in 1915. A moderator was chosen, and Argic's diatribes were filtered out.

Terms of service The document that many cyberspace users must endorse before they are allowed to open an account with a service provider. While insisting they support freedom of expression, Everyman services such as America Online and Prodigy are also dedicated to preserving family-oriented "communities." After reminding members that "there are children online," AOL bans "unlawful, harmful, threatening, abusive, harassing, defamatory, vulgar, obscene, profane, hateful, racially, ethically or otherwise objectionable material of any kind." It also forbids "personal attacks or attacks based on a person's race, national origin, ethnicity, religion, gender, sexual orientation or other such affiliation."

The judgment as to what constitutes offensive language rests largely with volunteer moderators, whose whims are the subject of much derision. AOL recently removed a discussion area called YngM4YngM, prompting protests from gay teens who used it as a support group. Earlier, AOL had closed several feminist forums with the word girl in their titles, fearing that youngsters might go there by mistake and be corrupted. For now, the children are safe. —CHIP ROWE

Lifestyle Upgrade

The Thermos® Thermal Electric Grill

World-Renowned Chef Graham Kerr Says: "I really love it!"

- Get great grilled flavor with the convenience of an electric grill
- Ideal for today's lighter cuisine: Fish, seafood, and vegetables grilled to perfection
- Easy-to-clean non-stick cooking grid
- Close to 100% effective cooking area – Even heat all over
- Virtually eliminates flare-ups
- Energy efficient – costs less to operate than gas and charcoal grills
- High-tech award winning design combines a beautiful exterior with exceptional performance
- Assembles in minutes with only 15 fasteners
- Perfect for apartments, co-ops, and retirement communities that may ban the use of gas or charcoal

THERMOS

© 1995 The Thermos Company
1555 Illinois Route 75 East
Freeport, IL 61032-0600

Made in the U.S.A.

UL

800/THERMOS® (800-843-7667)

Canada to the extreme

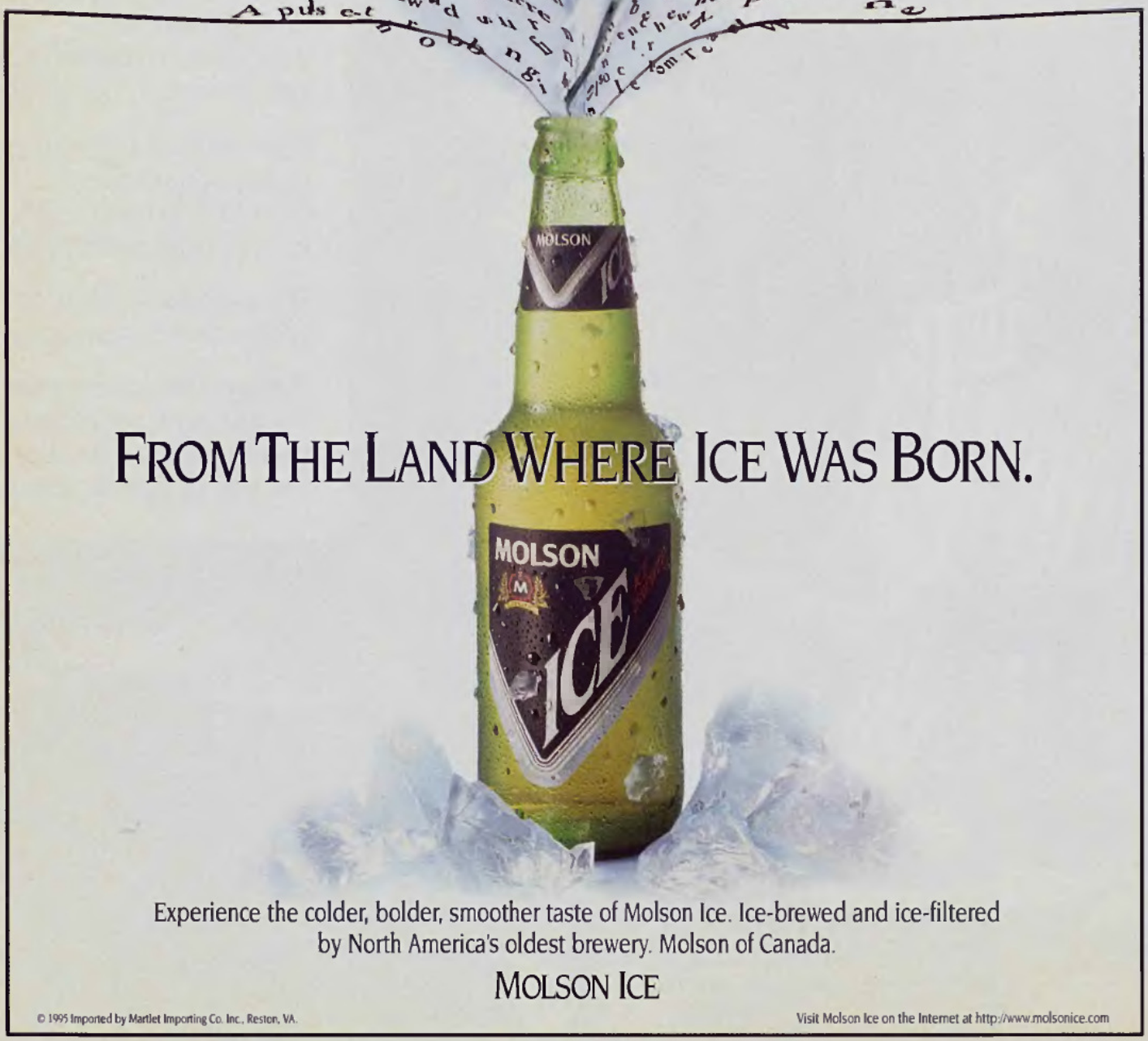
cementing Canada's reputation as the ultimate location for extreme sports.

Each year thousands of thrillseekers assault the rugged mountainsides that fill Canada like ice cubes in a cup. Whether they are heli-skiers, snowboarders, ice climbers or any other form of adrenaline junkie, Canada satisfies their thirst for the extreme. However, their appetite to push the envelope is apparently insatiable.

Once extreme athletes see the ultimate challenge, they move on. "Done it. Seen it", they say. The quest to even create their own extreme sports continues. The craze is called [illegible]

By this time, you've probably figured out that we're having a little fun with this ad. But for extreme fun, be on the look out for information on the Molson Ice Polar Beach Party. An intimate concert with high profile bands in the most extreme environment - Tuktoyaktuk, Canada. Located on the Arctic Ocean, Tuktoyaktuk is about as far north as you can go without sleeping in an igloo.

Soon bars across the country will be holding "Polar Beach Parties" of their own. Exciting events leading to the commercials will detail how people can win one of 3 00 p arty s of the year.



FROM THE LAND WHERE ICE WAS BORN.

Experience the colder, bolder, smoother taste of Molson Ice. Ice-brewed and ice-filtered by North America's oldest brewery. Molson of Canada.

MOLSON ICE

© 1995 Imported by Martlet Importing Co. Inc., Reston, VA.

Visit Molson Ice on the Internet at http://www.molsonice.com

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MEL GIBSON

a candid conversation with hollywood's favorite madman about bad puns, great fights, the perils of speaking your mind and the joy of grossing out your co-stars

Mel Gibson is sitting in an editing bay in a small postproduction building in Hollywood, watching three computer monitors, all of which are running clips from his latest film, "Braveheart." Gibson is producing, directing and starring in this story of William Wallace, a 13th century Scottish revolutionary who made a hobby of killing Englishmen and wound up being hanged, drawn and quartered at the age of 35. It's an epic that runs nearly three hours and is filled with bloody battle scenes, a dash of romance and more than a few of the sorts of glib, throwaway lines that fans of Gibson's "Mad Max" and "Lethal Weapon" trilogies have come to expect.

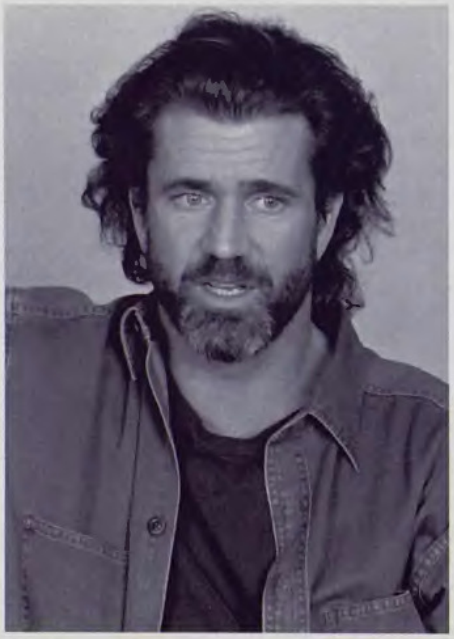
The editors have put together a promotional clip for Gibson—shots of Mel and costar Sophie Marceau, of Mel in battle, of pillaging, of rampaging, of just Mel looking into the camera. "There's too much of me," Gibson complains. "It slows it down." He wants to take out the close-ups that don't move the action along. He runs his fingers through his nearly shoulder-length, unwashed hair, pulling at it so it stands almost straight up. He rubs his beard, which is white around the chin, and sticks a finger into his mouth to massage a tooth. He looks like a wild man rather than the handsome romantic lead who so captivated his co-stars Sigourney Weaver in "The Year of Living Dangerously," Diane Keaton in "Mrs. Soffel," Jodie Foster in "Maverick," Michelle Pfeiffer in "Tequila Sunrise," Sissy Spacek in "The River," Goldie Hawn in "Bird on a Wire" and Jamie Lee Curtis in "Forever Young."

"Braveheart" is Gibson's 22nd picture (not counting Disney's animated "Pocahontas," for which he provides the voice of Captain John Smith). Over the past 18 years he has played sensitive romantics, tough, nononsense lawmen, glib rogues, con men and the bewildered son of a slain Danish king. He has that rare ability to work off actors such as Danny Glover, Anthony Hopkins, Kurt Russell and James Garner with the same enthusiasm and aplomb he has with his female co-stars. He's also not afraid to tackle roles made famous by actors such as Laurence Olivier ("Hamlet"), Garner ("Maverick") and Clark Gable and Marlon Brando ("The Bounty").

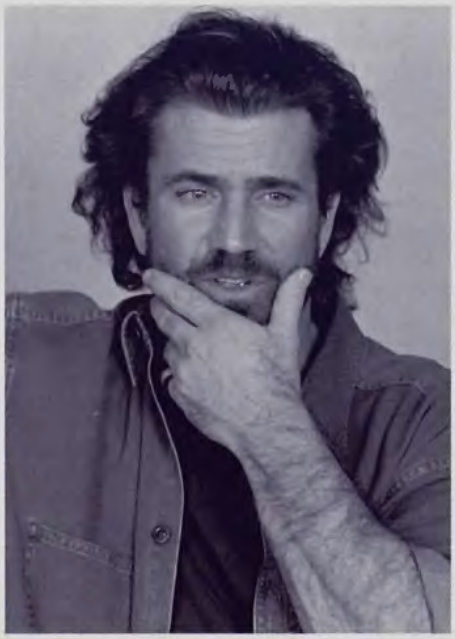
Gibson was born on January 3, 1956 in Peekskill, New York, the sixth child of Hutton and Anne Gibson. His father worked as a railroad brakeman for the New York Central Railroad until 1964, when he slipped on some oil and fell from a train, severely hurting his back. While awaiting the outcome of the resultant lawsuit he helped support his family by appearing on "Jeopardy," winning $21,000 in 1968. That same year, with the Vietnam war threatening the lives of young American draftees, Hutton Gibson decided to move his family (which included ten children, with an eleventh soon to be adopted) to Australia. Although Hutton served in World War Two, he was also an opinionated, religious man who had seriously considered the priesthood. His ultraconservative Catholic views were imprinted on his children, and he has written books defining his position.

Unlike his father, Mel wasn't a reader. Instead, he watched such TV shows as the "Mickey Mouse Club" and "Captain Kangaroo," and old Steve Reeves gladiator movies. As a high school student in Australia he was struck by the "reality and naturalism" of American films in the Seventies, including Sidney Lumet's "Serpico" and "Dog Day Afternoon" and Francis Coppola's first two "Godfather" films. At various times, he worked part-time in a supermarket, at Kentucky Fried Chicken and as an assistant juice mixer in an orange juice factory.

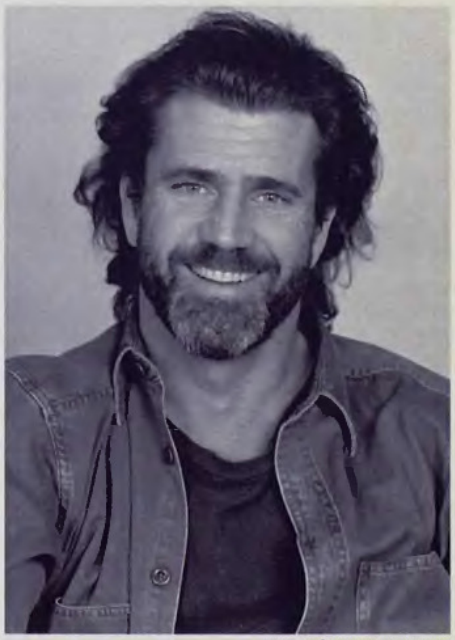
After high school he auditioned for the National Institute of Dramatic Arts in



"One time I got a bad thrashing. I woke up in the bloody hospital with head stitches, a busted nose, my jaw off the hook. That's never going to happen again. If anybody even looks at me sideways, I'm cracking first."



"I'll get kicked around for saying it, but men and women are not equal. The same way you and I are not equal. You might be more intelligent or have a bigger dick. Feminists don't like me and I don't like them."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I was known for being a clown at school. I remember my dad said, 'Just remember, everybody likes a clown, but nobody pays him.' I've often been tempted to call him and say, 'Remember how you told me? Yes, they do.'"

Sydney after an older sister filled out an application for him. When he was asked why he wanted to be an actor, he answered, "I've been goofing around all my life. I might as well get paid for it." While at NIDA he got a part as a surfer in a low-budget film called "Summer City," which he didn't take so seriously as his fencing lessons and the Shakespeare he was learning. He acted in dozens of plays, including "Waiting for Godot" and "Romeo and Juliet," in which he had the lead opposite Judy Davis. Off campus, he was a typical rowdy Aussie—he hung out at bars as much for the brawls as for the bourbon.

A week after one intense barroom beating, he auditioned for the part of Max Rockatansky in a futuristic film about a lone warrior cop and an unsavory motorcycle gang. Director George Miller saw in the beat-up face of the young Gibson the hero he was looking for. Although Gibson had only a minimal amount of dialogue, "Mad Max" brought him the kind of attention that Clint Eastwood got as the Man With No Name in his early spaghetti Westerns.

Gibson followed "Mad Max" with a surprisingly sensitive portrayal of a retarded handyman in "Tim," based on Colleen McCullough's novel, for which he won the 1979 Australian Film Institute's Best Actor award. Two years later he worked with Peter Weir and George Miller (again), two of Australia's most renowned directors, in films that firmly established him as both a romantic leading man and the prototype of a new breed of action-adventure hero. He won a second Australian Film Institute Best Actor award for Weir's "Gallipoli," an antiwar story of two Australian soldiers sent to fight in Turkey during World War One. And Miller's "The Road Warrior" perfected what he was attempting in "Mad Max." The two films established Gibson as an international movie star.

Between 1982 and 1985 he played Biff in Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" at the Nimrod Theater in Sydney and made five pictures back-to-back: "The Year of Living Dangerously," "The Bounty," "The River," "Mrs. Soffel" and the third and last of the Mad Max films, "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome." He then took some time off to recharge and came back as a smartass undercover cop in "Lethal Weapon," his most commercially successful picture to date. Not all of his films were hits: "Tequila Sunrise" did moderate business, and "Bird on a Wire" and "Air America" bombed. His interpretation of "Hamlet" drew rave reviews but small crowds. In 1992 he appeared in "Forever Young," a schmaltzy romance about a man who is frozen and comes back to life 50 years later. That film and "Lethal Weapon 3" together grossed more than $200 million. In 1993 Gibson was named male star of the year by the National Association of Theater Owners. He made his directorial debut with "The Man Without a Face," in which he played a disfigured man with a hidden past.

Gibson is intensely private and has avoided the media as much as possible. His wit and sometimes raunchy humor have gotten him into trouble with feminists and gays, who have demonstrated against him for remarks he claims he made in jest. His sense of humor leans toward the outrageous—"somewhere between discomfort and just hysterical laughter," he says.

Gibson has been married to Robyn Moore, a former nurse's aide, for 15 years and has kept her and their six children (ages 5 to 14) out of the spotlight. Until recently they made their home on an 800-acre ranch in Australia, but decided to move to California because, Gibson claims, "they don't know what to make of me down there."

His company, Icon Productions, employs 15 people who actively develop numerous projects for Gibson to produce, direct and act in. The recent "Immortal Beloved," starring Gary Oldman as Beethoven, was an Icon production, as were five of Gibson's last six films ("Hamlet," "Forever Young," "The Man Without a Face," "Maverick" and "Braveheart").

To break through Gibson's protective wall, PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(who last interviewed Jean-Claude Van Damme) to visit with the star at his offices on the Warner Bros. lot in Burbank. Grobel's report:*

It was over something I said five years ago. Suffice it to say that I've been chased by automobiles doing dangerous things on the freeway.

"When I got this assignment I called some of the actresses who have worked with Mel, and they all told me the same thing: He's handsome, easy to work with and has a weird sense of humor. In person, Gibson seemed like a nice, cheery fellow, a one-of-the-guys type who just happened to appear in a few big films and became a star who could command many millions for a couple months' work.

"For journalists, Gibson has long been a challenge, claiming that he wants to keep his life as private as possible. We arranged to talk for two hours the first day and two more the next. We wound up talking for eight hours over those two days and had another session after that. He kept saying how much he disliked being interviewed, but only once did he ask to go off the record.

"The result is a surprisingly no-holds-barred conversation with a man who has not revealed himself in quite this way before. Gibson is full of controversial opinions and loves raunchy humor. And despite the fact that such attitudes can get you into trouble in these politically correct times, he proved to be refreshingly fearless."

PLAYBOY: Here are some of the things we've heard about you: You can be weird. Off-the-wall. Irreverent. Unpredictable. Insecure. Fearful. Inarticulate.

GIBSON: All of the above are true. And that's not the half of it.

PLAYBOY: You mean we're going to get into some interesting stuff here?

GIBSON: We're all a strange bunch of different and contradictory bits. I'm no closer to explaining who I am than anyone else is.

PLAYBOY: The director of *Maverick* and *Lethal Weapon*, Richard Donner, has said that you have a lot of anger and hostility and that underneath, you're a tough son of a bitch.

GIBSON: I don't know. I get pretty dark sometimes, pretty bleak. But that passes. I rarely lose my temper anymore.

PLAYBOY: Which means you have lost it in the past.

GIBSON: You've got to get it out. I used to just hang on to it and then some little thing would set it off, which was stupid. You behave like an asshole when you lose it, and you feel like an asshole afterward. It's not healthy.

PLAYBOY: Has it angered you over the years to be accused of promoting violence with the *Lethal Weapon* and *Mad Max* films?

GIBSON: I'm sorry, I don't go with the argument there. These things have been around forever. Just look at the Roman circus. They used to put people out there and have wild donkeys dance on them. Look at some of the Jacobean tragedies. And Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*—these are fairly violent plays. No one has ever accused them of being responsible for our social evils. But, boy, if they're saying that about my earlier films, they ain't seen nothing yet.

PLAYBOY: In other words, wait until they see *Braveheart*?

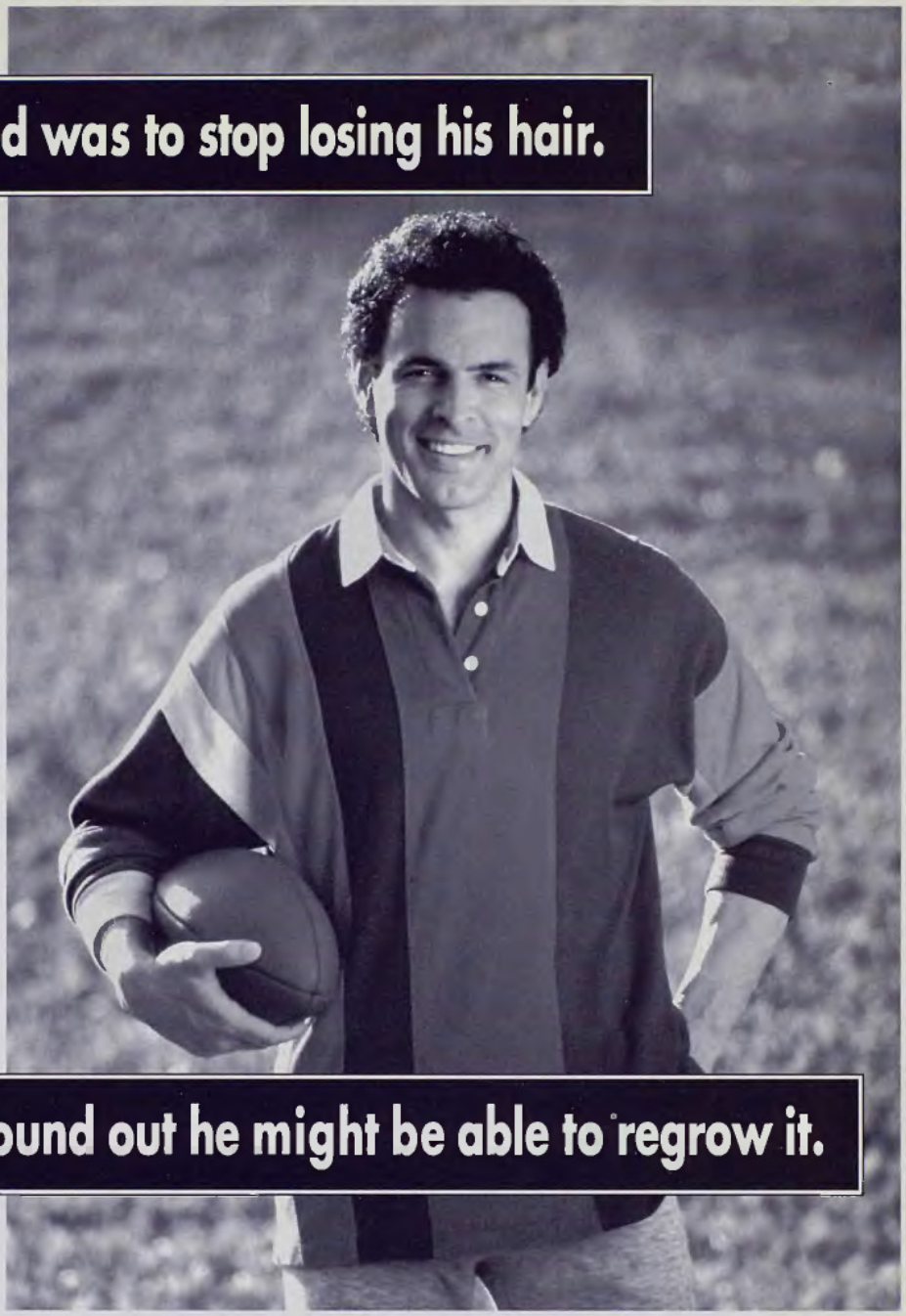
GIBSON: Oh yeah. It's rough. Some of it's very hard to watch. One battle is about 20 minutes long—we shot 100,000 feet of film. Before we shot it I watched every battle movie I could lay my hands on—and noticed they all get muddy and murky, but who cares? I wanted to show what it was like to be in the middle of a 13th century slugfest. It was pandemonium. People being whacked by mistake by their own guys, horses falling on people. I've got a scene where a horse just flies over the top of these guys' heads. I've never seen anything like it on film.

PLAYBOY: What drew you to the story of William Wallace's attempt to drive the British out of Scotland?

GIBSON: I read the script in one sitting. I thought, Oh Jesus, I'm too old to do this. I hemmed and hawed and walked around it, but I just couldn't forget it, it was so dynamic. Wallace's legend is alive

All he really wanted was to stop losing his hair.

Going from hair loss to hair regrowth was beyond his wildest dreams. But then he learned there's a product that could actually regrow hair. He learned about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). Because for male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.



How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil – the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should be applied only to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.*

Just a few minutes in the morning and a few at night. That's all it takes to apply *Rogaine.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Until he found out he might be able to regrow it.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. But it's easy to make *Rogaine* a part of your daily routine. Thousands of men do. And now you can find out if *Rogaine* is for you.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

Call **1-800-948-0111** and we'll send you a confidential free Information Kit. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine,*** we'll include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

So call today. Maybe *Rogaine* can make your dreams of hair regrowth come true, too.

Call for your free Information Kit on *Rogaine* and a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

1-800-948-0111

Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

©1994 The Upjohn Company USJ 2658.00 January 1995

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure panetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both bypaople using ROGAINE and bythose using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychietric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional edverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased bymore than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short pariod of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased haart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, patrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual panod. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-5-S

and well in Scotland. A lot of it is amazing shit. Whether it's true or not I don't know, but it certainly is colorful. He was kind of a monster—his main hobby was killing Englishmen. He just hated them. He started knocking 'em off when he was 27. They caught him, threw him in jail and tried to starve him to death. He was in a prison dungeon for two months without food. He apparently found God in jail and became very religious. When they thought he was dead they threw him out into the moat. A woman found him and nursed him back to health on her breast milk.

PLAYBOY: That should make for an interesting scene in the film.

GIBSON: I would have liked to have filmed that, but it's not in there. But what is there is totally uncompromising: The story is uncompromising, and the way I filmed it is uncompromising. The camera is always moving. I didn't want anything to stand still. It's about as subtle as a sledgehammer in your face.

PLAYBOY: Wallace was not only hanged, but also drawn and quartered. Will that be shown?

GIBSON: Not graphically. For a character to be dispatched in such a manner is pretty hard for an American audience, which prefers hearts and flowers. Americans don't like to see something that isn't a happy, happy, happy ending. Which is OK. The challenge here was to actually have someone hanged, drawn and quartered and still have it be beautiful and uplifting.

PLAYBOY: Your publicist has compared the film to *Ben-Hur*. How does that sit with you?

GIBSON: He has to—he's being paid. I have heard it compared to David Lean's work.

PLAYBOY: *Lawrence of Arabia*?

GIBSON: You know, it's that story. History repeats itself. It's that person who rises up and is the head of an army that follows him into hideous places, and he comes out with something.

PLAYBOY: *Wallace of Scotland*?

GIBSON: *Mad Mac* [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: How does this one compare with *Hamlet*, which you've said was the hardest thing you'd ever done?

GIBSON: This was harder. It physically kicked the shit out of me. Mentally, too. It's also some of the best acting work I've ever done because it was totally thrown away. That's all I had the time and energy to do.

PLAYBOY: You mean because you were directing and producing as well as acting?

GIBSON: Right. I found that I didn't indulge myself at all. It's nice to realize you don't have to.

PLAYBOY: Do you like wearing so many different hats?

GIBSON: Yeah. Not so much from a business standpoint—I'm somewhat of a fiscal imbecile. But there's a lot of pleasure

in the creative things, and the fact that you can make them happen.

PLAYBOY: How many projects does your company, Icon Productions, have in development right now?

GIBSON: Quite a few, maybe 16.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to produce all your own pictures?

GIBSON: That would be ideal. But I was sent something from one of the studios the other day that somebody else is directing and producing. If I like it, I'll just take my five bucks and do it.

PLAYBOY: Which is what you did as the voice of John Smith in *Pocahontas*.

GIBSON: Yeah. I read something about Disney having real problems with people saying it's not historically accurate. I'm thinking, Historically accurate? My God, there's a fucking raccoon that talks in this. What do they want?

PLAYBOY: Did it take much to persuade you to do it?

GIBSON: Not really, I just felt like it. There were a couple of songs in which I yodeled a bit.

PLAYBOY: Did you do it for your kids?

GIBSON: That's basically it.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a decent deal? Robin Williams felt screwed by Disney after he did the genie's voice in *Aladdin*.

GIBSON: They screw everybody. You've got to know that going in. I'm not going to quibble about bucks. I never do. I wouldn't say they screwed me, but I knew what I was getting into.

PLAYBOY: Does the character look anything like you?

GIBSON: I've seen pictures of him. He's a bit more angular and younger than I am. More statuesque. What they do is put a video camera on you while you're doing your dialogue. They get your facial expressions and start playing with those. They're very clever.

PLAYBOY: You're supposed to be clever as a mimic and impressionist.

GIBSON: Yeah, I can do anyone.

PLAYBOY: Anthony Hopkins told us he can, too.

GIBSON: He's fucking funny. His imitations of voices are really quite wonderful. I can do him, but he doesn't know it.

PLAYBOY: Since you acted together in *The Bounty*, he probably does you as well.

GIBSON: I don't know if he deems me worthy to do.

PLAYBOY: At that time, 11 years ago, he probably didn't. He said he felt you were in danger of blowing it unless you started taking care of yourself. Were you pretty out of control then?

GIBSON: Yeah, I was wacko. We were out there in the trees, in the middle of a volcano, in the middle of French Polynesia, with bad food and an endless supply of alcohol—a bunch of randy young men going to Club Med. We'd get smashed and go on the Club Med stage and pull down our pants.

PLAYBOY: That must have gone over big.

GIBSON: You have to realize that they've got about 180 bouncers, Polynesian dudes with shoulders four ax handles across, who are there to beat the shit out of you.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that the time you got into a fight in a bar and they had to shoot only one side of your face because the other was badly bruised?

GIBSON: That was it. It was really stupid. I have a self-destructive tendency.

PLAYBOY: Did you also get a tattoo on your ass?

GIBSON: I was going to, then I just said, "Dumb idea. I'll never be able to show my ass again."

PLAYBOY: What kind of tattoo would you have gotten?

GIBSON: One of those Polynesian circular jobs. The guy was going to do it the old-fashioned way—hammer it in. No electricity necessary.

My father had told me about some friends of his on leave during World War Two who went to Hawaii, got drunk and got tattooed in the same parlor. They all got leprosy. I don't know whether that was an urban myth, a French Polynesian myth, an island myth, or a hit-and-myth.

PLAYBOY: We were warned about your puns. Didn't you get to meet Laurence Olivier during *The Bounty*?

GIBSON: I met him, though I did not have any scenes with him. He did that

HIT THE SURF WITH US NOW!

Sexy Super Celebrity
Sandra Taylor

1-900-740-5588
Only $3 a minute. 18 years or older.

HOTLINE ALSO AVAILABLE BY CALLING
1-800-949-6000
MasterCard and Visa Only

Miss July

"Call me and let's go to my favorite private beach, where I promise we won't be Under Siege."

*"Join me, Heidi Mark, and my Playmate beach mates for fun in the sun. We'll even call you back—any place, any time—with personal messages from the Playmate beach house. Don't keep us waiting!"**

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

* Two calls required for Playmate voice-mailbox.
© 1995 Playboy. A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago IL 60611. Not available in OR.

backhanded compliment thing: very pleasant, shook hands, "Where are you from?" I said, "Australia." He said, "Ah, colonial." Just . . . a little thing.

PLAYBOY: He probably would have said the same thing if you'd said the U.S. Though drinking and drunken behavior are perhaps more closely associated with Australia.

GIBSON: Yeah, it's a whole culture in Australia. Drinking is a cultural pastime, and it's required. So you indulge and imbibe. Misbehaving is fun.

PLAYBOY: Until you're looking at fists in your face.

GIBSON: One time I got a bad thrashing. I was at a party and three dudes worked me over severely. I woke up in the bloody hospital with head stitches, a busted nose, my jaw off the hook, peeing blood. I was a fucking mess.

PLAYBOY: Why did they do it?

GIBSON: I just didn't get on with them. I didn't even know who they were. I was having an altercation with one guy who was not digging me and whom I wasn't digging. Then, you know how you hear that voice saying, "Hey! What are you doing?" and all you see are knuckles? Well, some guy to my side just hauled off and cracked me one. Drove me right into the wall, and then he followed up with three more, bang, bang, bang! My lip was stuck on my bottom teeth. I spat out a great big hunk of meat and I could see my nose growing in front of my eyes. I got up and said, "What the fuck did you do that for?" He said, "Sorry about that, mate." I thought, Jesus, what an asshole. So I went for him. I got him with a good one right in his nose, but I didn't see much after that. It was lights out. Three guys on me like fucking crazy.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn anything from that experience?

GIBSON: That that's never going to happen to me again. If anybody even looks at me sideways, I'm cracking first. Just devastate him—and don't get him once, get him a few times. Make sure he can't get up and do anything to me.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that beating just before you auditioned for *Mad Max*?

GIBSON: The audition was a week later. I was still a mess.

PLAYBOY: It probably helped you get the part. Of the three *Mad Max* films, which is your favorite?

GIBSON: I like the second one, *The Road Warrior*. It's a great film. It still holds up because it's so basic. It was the early Clint Eastwood principle of the Man With No Name. Didn't require any dialogue. Let the film do the talking. It's about energy—it didn't spare anyone: people flying under wheels, a girl gets it, a dog gets it, everybody gets it. It was the first *Mad Max* but done better. The third one didn't work at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider those films violent or just comical?

GIBSON: I laughed with them. They're straight out of a Chuck Jones cartoon. The kid with the boomerang that chopped off people's fingers, I thought that was very funny. It reminded me of one of those Warner Bros. cartoons.

PLAYBOY: Besides *Road Warrior* you made two films that came out in 1981. One, *Gallipoli*, was highly praised, and the other, *Attack Force Z*, was something you'd probably like to forget.

GIBSON: *Gallipoli* was a good film, and Peter Weir is a great director, like George Miller. I kicked off my career working with two of the world's greatest directors from home. How come those guys were there? Of course, at the time I didn't know who they were, but I realized pretty quickly that they were special. There's something mystical about the way that Weir achieves a mood, an ambience, atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: Was there anything mystical about *Attack Force Z*?

GIBSON: That's where I ate dog and something else very strange. I did that one for the money. It was a great six-month holiday in Taipei.

PLAYBOY: What kind of dog did you eat?

GIBSON: It was a black dog. I asked if there was any reason it was black and apparently black dogs are preferred. It was illegal. It wasn't a puppy, but it wasn't an old dog, either. And it was delicious. Tasted like rabbit.

PLAYBOY: What was the other strange thing you ate?

GIBSON: After a rugged night, a guy took us to a Japanese restaurant that he owned. He was a big movie star in Taipei and he owned restaurants and brothels. We drank this stuff called Green Bamboo Leaf liquor and got absolutely assholed. It was 130 proof, like paint remover, man. The next morning I had a headache you couldn't believe, so he took me to this marketplace and got me a bowl of soup. It was a slightly murky broth with what looked like the endocrine glands and digestive tract of a small animal, the intact esophagus, liver, lungs, pancreas, intestines and adrenal glands. I never knew what it was, but it was delicious. I ate it all and felt great afterward. They know something, the Chinese.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience slow you down?

GIBSON: Nah, are you kidding? I had a long career ahead of me. I got in some law trouble once—got arrested for driving real drunk. It was a humiliating experience.

PLAYBOY: This was in Toronto, wasn't it? When you ran a red light and hit another car during the making of *Mrs. Soffel*?

GIBSON: Yeah, the police dragged me in. They put me in the back of their truck. I couldn't get out. No door handles on the inside. It was a horrible feeling. I was kicking the grille, yelling and screaming, "Let me the fuck out of here, you motherfuckers." I used every foul name I could think of. This guy turned around and looked at me dead calm and said, "Shut the fuck up or I'll beat the shit out of you." He was like 6'4" and I could see me getting my head knocked off. I was deeply upset. Your freedom is gone, you're in this cage, you can't believe these guys are dragging you off. I got fingerprinted.

PLAYBOY: And after they found out who you were, did you spend the night?

GIBSON: No, they gave me a lift home.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of your co-star, Diane Keaton?

GIBSON: She was generous and warm, but I never really got to know her. She used to ask me to tell her stories between shots. I told her a really disgusting one with the horrific title of *Shit Blisters*. She sat across the table going, "That's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard." But I think she thought it was funny. It came to me from someone else, so I don't know whether it's true or not.

PLAYBOY: Want to tell us the story?

GIBSON: It was a sexual-deviant thing with people who pushed the envelope as far as sexual practices went. It's beyond crapping on glass-top tables or anything like that. They would get hypodermics full of shit and pump a few grams under their skin. The real fun happened a week later for the coming-out party when these welts would grow and then fester. That's it in a nutshell. I don't want to get into it too much, but apparently there was a whole cult of people over in Helsinki or someplace and they used to indulge in these practices.

PLAYBOY: You sound like you believe this actually happened.

GIBSON: I don't know—it's feasible. Or fecesable.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for that, Mel. Let's move on. What do you think when you hear about your co-stars, like Keaton or Sigourney Weaver, calling you one of the handsomest men they've seen?

GIBSON: Hey, they don't tell me that stuff!

PLAYBOY: But you read about it all the time, your good looks, the women who go nuts over you. How do you handle the groupies or the personal letters you must get?

GIBSON: Anything like that you have to look at with suspicion. Invitations scribbled on napkins or cards—from time to time that happens, and you might think, boy, it's everybody's dream. But it's not. It's scary. Because you don't know who the hell they are. And before you became famous that never happened. Also, it doesn't happen all the time. They're not exactly jumping out of the woodwork. It probably happens to Al Pacino more than me. I come to work, I go home. Nothing happens on the freeway, nobody throws herself in front of my bumper.

PLAYBOY: But when someone does get

(continued on page 68)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The sort who knows that hanging out is one of summer's most productive pastimes. He gets many of his best ideas when he's not even looking, particularly when with a spirited companion. He treasures his leisure, and relies on PLAYBOY as his guide to recreation. One in seven men who play tennis, sail or go fishing reads PLAYBOY. In any season, his free time is too precious to waste with anything but the best. PLAYBOY is what keeps him swinging—all year long. (Source: Spring 1994 MRI.)

MENENDEZ CONFIDENTIAL

anticipating life without o.j.? lyle and erik are headed back to court for their retrial. here are all the odd facts, bizarre characters and untold stories you need to appreciate round two—including, of course, a cameo by o.j. himself

TRUE CRIME

By ROBERT RAND

THE CASE OF THE MISSING GUNS

On an early March afternoon, Lyle Menendez drove a buddy along Mulholland Drive pointing out the luxurious homes of Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty and Marlon Brando. Seven months had passed since his wealthy parents, Jose and Kitty, were shotgunned to death on a quiet Sunday evening in August 1989 in Beverly Hills. And it would be another three years before then 22-year-old Lyle and his 19-year-old brother, Erik, would publicly confess to their killing. Their trial, which dominated Court TV for months, resulted in a double hung jury. During the drive along Mulholland, Lyle casually mentioned that "we dumped two shotguns and a pistol down the side there recently." As his friend squirmed in his seat, Lyle explained that his parents' deaths might have been a Mafia hit and that he and Erik had bought two shotguns to protect themselves. But realizing they were the primary suspects, the brothers decided it might look suspicious and dumped the guns in the heavily wooded area. Of course, there had been no Mafia hit and Lyle was engaging in some odd revisionist history. What had really happened was this:

ILLUSTRATION BY STASYS EIDRIGEVICIUS

The brothers had tossed a pair of freshly fired shotguns down a steep canyon the night they killed their parents. Lyle anxiously returned a few days later hoping to retrieve the weapons, but scavengers had apparently already found them.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Lyle and Erik had chosen a secret spot for a rendezvous. The special place was in Greece, high on a cliff overlooking the Aegean Sea. Lyle told several close friends that they would be able to contact him there if he ever disappeared.

Three months after the Menendez brothers' arrest, sheriff's deputies discovered that some links on the two-foot chain Lyle wore to and from court had been partially cut. A strip search turned up nothing, but a search of their cells was more productive. Deputy Robert Birkett reported that he found "an escape contingency plan with information on countries that had extradition plans."

As if the brothers needed more trouble, Lyle actually titled one document "Key Questions" and wrote down such concerns as "How will they be looking for us? Can we get an appearance change? How do our girlfriends fit in?" Other papers mentioned "safe houses" and listed various entries: "three passports with different names. Need finances. Need silencer. Extradition."

As it turned out, the plot was merely a paper tiger. It was found that the brothers had no part in cutting the chains. After accusing the Menendezes of attempted escape, the sheriff's department recanted. The escape plans were never mentioned during the trial.

THE ABUSE EXCUSE IS BORN

In early summer 1990, a few months after Lyle and Erik were arrested, Leslie Abramson, Erik's attorney, contacted Dr. William Vicary, a renowned forensic psychiatrist. Dr. Vicary has degrees from Harvard Law School and the University of Southern California Medical School. In addition to conducting psychiatric evaluations for the Los Angeles County Superior Court system, he has run a sex offender treatment program at USC.

Abramson asked Vicary to "get involved—do your thing," which meant to spend time with the Menendez brothers and form a professional opinion. He already had an opinion based on what he knew from the media. "When I started, I completely accepted the prosecution's theory of the case," he recalls. "I thought they were rich kids who were pissed off at their overbearing, oppressive parents. They killed so they could go on with their lives and have the money." But as a psychiatrist, he knew children rarely kill their parents. And when they do, they often have been victims of terrible abuse.

Vicary had a hunch that the father, Jose Menendez, was going to turn out to be a monster. But he was puzzled by the mother, Kitty. "It's rare when kids kill their mother. I couldn't believe Kitty had been doing nasty, rotten things to her own children," he said. "It shows my own naivete."

A week after Abramson called, Vicary was face-to-face with Lyle and Erik. The first few minutes were awkward. "There's no point in beating around the bush," Abramson said. "We have a tough situation and Dr. Vicary is here to help us. We all know you guys did it. Isn't that right?" Everybody smiled except Vicary.

His sessions with Erik took place in a tiny interview room down the hall from Erik's nine-by-seven-foot cell. With the door of the room closed to shut out the constant din of the jail, the temperature in the room felt as if it were 100 degrees. Vicary occasionally took notes as he sat across from Erik, who was chained to a chair.

During the sessions, Erik described Jose as a "mental manipulator." Kitty "loved us but hated us." She yelled to her sons that she wished "they'd never been born." Jose repeatedly told the brothers what he could've done "if I had your start." They "grew to hate him." At one point, Jose told Lyle and Erik he had "disinherited and disowned them."

Vicary believes both brothers were emotionally immature, many years behind their peers. "Erik was probably a person about 8 to 12—somewhere in that range. Lyle was a little more advanced, but from an emotional point of view, he was probably in the 12 to 14 age range. Both of them were very immature from a psychological perspective. Both knew how to conduct themselves in a superficial way to avoid sticking out from other people."

Late one night in his cell, Erik was startled by someone speaking to him. It was his father's voice. It sounded "like a stone, like the devil" and he told Vicary he would "do anything not to hear it again." Sometimes the voice would whisper to him in a dream. But on other occasions it would scream, "You're stupid!" "You're not worthy of being a Menendez!" or "It's your fault!" just as his father had in real life.

When it came to patients hearing voices, Vicary found this persuasive. "Real patients tell you it's like someone is in the room standing next to them talking," says Vicary. "The people who make it up talk about voices inside their heads." To Erik, it sounded as if his father were right next to him, an actual presence in his cell.

Erik frequently became emotional, shaking and crying during their meetings. Vicary was surprised during their eleventh session when Erik said being in jail was "relaxing, like a vacation." There was one other thing he was relieved about: "Now we don't have to succeed," he said about his and Lyle's lives.

A frustrated Abramson sometimes became agitated with Vicary on the phone. "What's happening? Why can't you get more?" she demanded. "We need the answers." The mystery began to unravel during Erik and Vicary's 26th meeting. Erik spoke about his cousin Andy Cano, his best friend from the ages of ten to 14. According to Erik, Andy "knew about the problems with my father." In recent weeks, Erik constantly woke up crying in his cell after dreaming about his parents. "M, I hate you," Erik had said, according to Vicary's notes. "Found out one week prior to killings M knew F molested Erik."

After that, the details poured out of Erik. "F not having sex with M. . . . Age five to six F massaged sore muscles from sports . . . eventually told me to turn over . . . massaged my penis . . . told me it was a tension release . . . oral sex since seven or eight . . . asked me to give him massage and oral sex . . . sodomy at age 11 . . . I cried out, but no one was home . . . I was torn apart inside."

"It was difficult," Erik tearfully related to Vicary. "My father told me over and over he'd beat me to death if I told anyone. I was afraid he'd hurt me, kill me or not love me."

Erik had been afraid to say no. Lyle was furious when Erik revealed his molestation to Lyle a few days before the killings. "That's it," proclaimed Lyle. Erik said his brother insisted on confronting their father. Jose warned Lyle not to challenge his authority. "I had no pity for my mother when I found out she knew what my father was doing to me," Erik told Vicary. "I was ashamed of it all my life."

THE D.A.'S SHRINKING SHRINKS

Why didn't prosecutors put their own psychological experts on the stand to counter the defense? "I'm not going to answer that," lead prosecutor Pamela Bozanich said at a press conference following the mistrial. The decision not to rebut the molestation claims was clearly a tactical error.

Unknown to the public, prosecutors had two doctors in the courtroom listening to every word of Lyle's and Erik's testimony. Dr. Saul Faerstein is a forensic psychiatrist who teaches at

(continued on page 74)

"We see you! We see you!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

Taylor Made

with a killer role in *under siege 2*, sandra taylor is on her way

FROM THE balcony of her apartment in Los Angeles, Sandra Taylor has a full view of the Pacific Ocean. But her eyes are headed in another direction now: She has picked out the Hollywood home of Oliver Stone and confesses an ambition to work with directors of his caliber. "I'm not here by mistake," says the model-turned-actress, who arrived in movieland from Port Chester, New York. "I have a goal, a strategy, a plan." Her early fame was based on still photography: Her sexy poster and pinup calendars were hot sellers. From there she moved on to MTV and a Def Leppard video, then landed a role in Garry Marshall's bondage comedy *Exit to Eden*. The woman with a plan now moves onward and upward to Steven Seagal's *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory*. She plays an imperiled bartender on a train who may, or may not, die in the line of duty. "We filmed it both ways," says Sandra. Whatever her character's fate, Sandra's career is thriving.—TOM GREEN

Sandra's pal (and fellow poster star) Fabia coaxed her to move from New York to Las Angeles to boast her career. She left behind anetime flame Donald Trump and fan Howard Stern, who—ever the gentleman—once pleaded for a private glimpse of Sandra's charms. She declined. What the shock jock yearned for, Sandra now willingly presents for PLAYBOY readers' pleasure. Eat your heart out, Howard.

MEL GIBSON *(continued from page 56)*

He deserves death. He attacked me at an elemental level. He's lucky he's still walking.

your attention, are you tempted?

GIBSON: Everyone is—isn't that the human condition? But all those things have a price.

PLAYBOY: And what about the price for celebrity in general?

GIBSON: Your life changes. I don't know if it's that easy to explain the phenomenon of celebrity. It's something you have to learn to live with. The by-products of stardom can spoil you. It has aspects that are not pleasant. I can't be like I was anymore. There's no need to beat myself up over it because I've been through that process. What happened to me was that I was pissed off that fame wasn't what it should have been. It's like a lot of nastiness is associated with it. There are a lot of nasty people, and then there's the dishonesty. So you have to become very protective in the way you view things. You have to change your whole plan of existence.

PLAYBOY: What other problems did becoming famous cause you?

GIBSON: There are people who try to grab on and go through the gate with you, because they can't do it themselves. You find a lot of people interacting or doing things for not very good reasons. So you have to deal with assholes. Not everybody's an asshole, though sometimes you wonder.

PLAYBOY: How uncomfortable does it get for you?

GIBSON: There was an article in the *Los Angeles Times* telling where my kids go to school. That makes me very nervous. That makes you want to ask the reporter what his head's made of.

PLAYBOY: We can understand why that makes you angry.

GIBSON: Newspapers make me mad because they lie. About everything. When I watch news programs I just get livid, because they're not fair. They don't tell the truth about anything.

PLAYBOY: Is the European press more scandalous than the American press?

GIBSON: Yeah. The British press is heinous. They love their smut. The American press has a category for it on the supermarket shelf. But the British press, their regular newspapers are like that. You don't know what's going on in the country, but you know who's fucking who. Whether it's true or not is another thing. And then there's the 11 o'clock news here, which tells you untruths. It drives me crazy. It's like the O.J. Simpson thing—I can't watch it. It's disgusting. And that makes me mad. It's 1984: "Let's all put up a figure of hatred. There's the villain." And they vent all their anger and their rage on O.J.

PLAYBOY: There may already be a verdict by the time this interview appears, but without knowing what that might be, do you have an opinion of what will happen to O.J.?

GIBSON: I think they'll put him in jail for a long time. I don't think he'll get off. It's been great for the politicians and the president, because it's taken the heat off them. I find it disgusting. The main winners here are the people who have other agendas that they don't want to be too public about. Whitewater or whatever. It's all been brushed aside because this is the biggest thing.

PLAYBOY: Well, let's put the spotlight on you.

GIBSON: I hate talking about me and what I believe. I always find it to be painful. It's like making a large target out of yourself. You make yourself very vulnerable.

PLAYBOY: Has this been painful so far?

GIBSON: Yeah. I'm just feeling like, Why am I saying all this stuff? One always tries to maintain some sense of mystery. That's why these damn things are so painful, because you are giving a little more away. This is not a natural situation.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry that you're doing this?

GIBSON: I probably will be when I read it. I get real weird afterward. I'll probably drop out someplace and hide.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered writing a book to get your story out the way you want it?

GIBSON: No, other people do them for me. And they just make it up. One of them, Jesus Christ! I have to pray for the guy who did it so I don't kill him. Because the motherfucker hasn't got any balls. He's a pussy and I hope I never meet him, because I'd tear his fucking face right off! He's one of those tabloid-press low-life scumbags from England who's making a buck. There's a lot of money to be made in unauthorized biographies.

PLAYBOY: Which is why they get written.

GIBSON: But, you know, when you read this one you say, "My God, you know what he's done? He's written a book about himself." That's what he did. Then I started to feel sorry for him.

PLAYBOY: But not sorry enough to forgive him if you meet him?

GIBSON: I don't think God will put him in my path. He deserves death. He attacked me at an elemental level. He attacked my wife, my family, my father, my whole being. He's lucky he's still walking. He's getting to you in the most underhanded, nasty way, threatening everything you have, everything you are, saying that you're a worthless piece of shit. And that the people who gave birth to you are scumbags and really nasty people. And everyone you've ever met or touched you trampled on and fucked over. And that you're weird and warped and it's like you are fucking Hitler. I'm Hitler and my dad is Mussolini!

PLAYBOY: Did your dad read the book?

GIBSON: Yeah, he did.

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

GIBSON: He doesn't give a hoot. It bugs the shit out of me, but it doesn't bother him.

PLAYBOY: Your dad's an unusual man, isn't he?

GIBSON: He's just a regular guy who worked long hours, supported a big family and kept us all in shoes and food.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty brief summation of a man who went from working on a railroad to winning on *Jeopardy* to moving his family to Australia. What else can you tell us about him?

GIBSON: He didn't get to know his mother because she was dead by the time he was two. He lived through the Depression with a father who was dying and a brother who was a fuckup. Goes off to Guadalcanal in World War Two, gets the Purple Heart for something—he doesn't talk about it much. In the meantime, he goes to a seminary because he's very spiritual. Comes back, gets married, has children. Writes books about canon law and Catholicism.

PLAYBOY: Have you read them?

GIBSON: Yeah. He is pretty sound canonically and theologically. He's a bookish guy. Uses words I've never heard of.

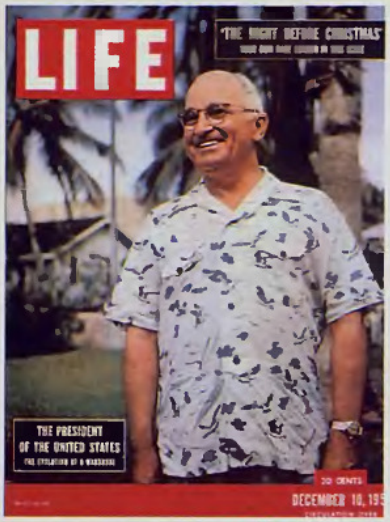
PLAYBOY: What does he have to do with the Alliance for Catholic Tradition, which one magazine called "an extreme conservative Catholic splinter group"?

GIBSON: He started it. Some people say it's extreme, but it emphasizes what the institution was and where it's going. Everything he was taught to believe was taken from him in the Sixties with this renewal Vatican Council. The whole institution became unrecognizable to him, so he writes about it.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that he took your family to Australia during the height of the Vietnam war because he didn't

(continued on page 136)

"I'm properly warmed up. How about you?"



Fashion By

WHEN IT comes to Americana, Hawaiian shirts rank with hot dogs and apple pie. Born out of rebellion, their spirited history dates back to the days when Western missionaries insisted that the natives cover their "heathen nakedness." Rather than copy the drab clothing of their new uptight neighbors, Hawaiians used vegetable dyes to hand-paint Polynesian motifs on work shirts and other garments. The colorful styles soon became coveted souvenirs, with a celebrity following that ranged from Elvis to Eisenhower. Today, authentic Hawaiian "aloha shirts" are valuable collectibles that sell for as much as $6000 each. Of course, anyone who wants to hang loose for less can pick up vintage copies that replicate the originals right down to the coconut-shell buttons. Wear one under a sports jacket for dress-down Fridays or with khaki pants or shorts on the weekend.

Hawaiian CHIC

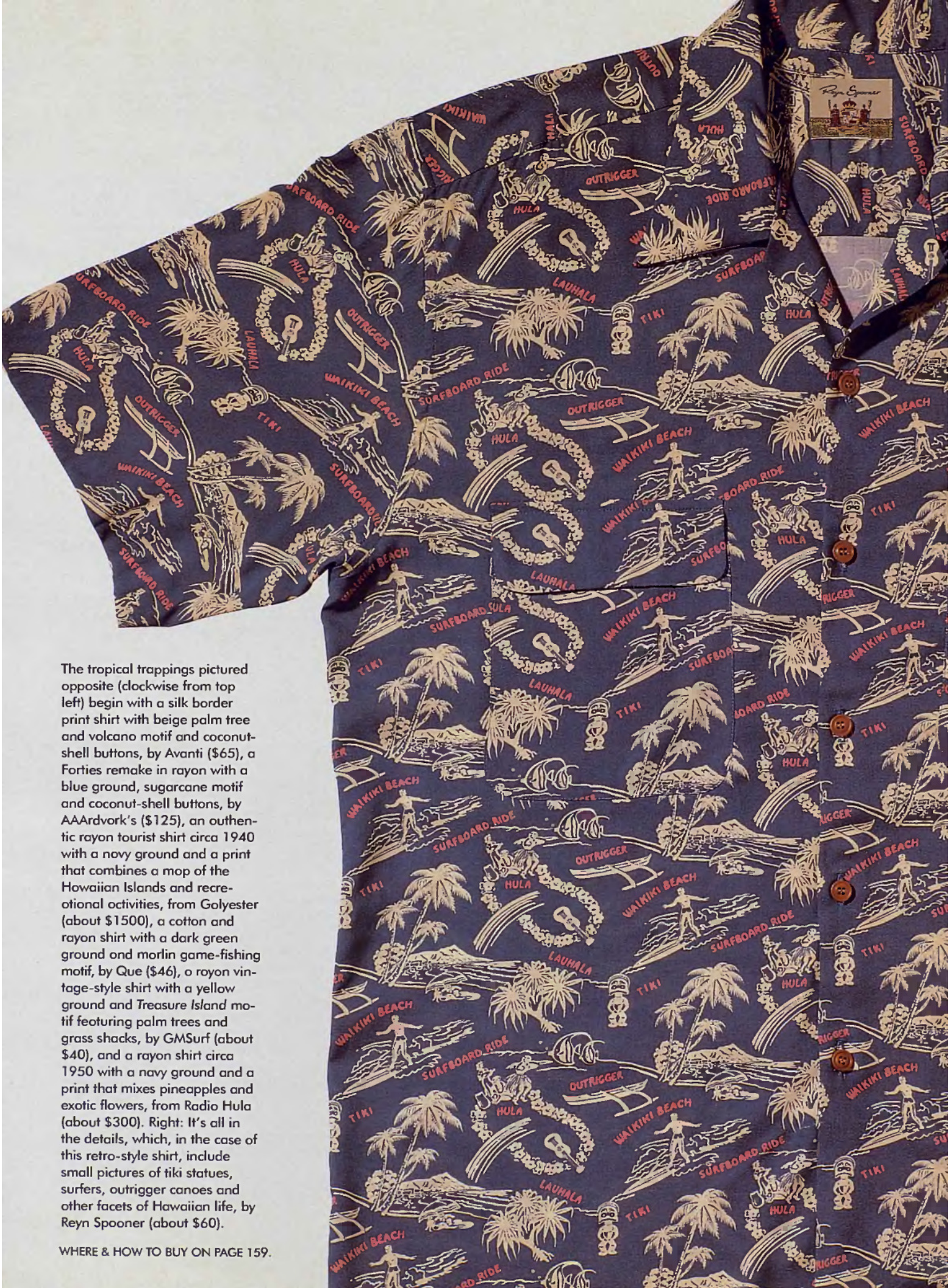
ONCE THE TREASURE OF PRESIDENTS AND POP STARS, HAWAIIAN SHIRTS ARE BACK WITH VINTAGE DETAILS AND ISLAND MOTIFS THAT ADD COLOR AND CHARACTER TO YOUR CASUAL SUMMER DRESS

HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

President Harry Truman, Elvis Presley, Tony Curtis and Dorothy Lamour are just a few of the celebs who made the Hawaiian look a hit during the Forties and Fifties. Left: This modern takeoff on the original Hawaiian tourist shirt is made of silk with coconut-shell buttons and a vacationland print that mixes modes of travel with Hawaiian culture, by Avanti ($55).

AVANTI
Malihinies
ALOHA
Paradise
HAWAIIAN
QUE



The tropical trappings pictured opposite (clockwise from top left) begin with a silk border print shirt with beige palm tree and volcano motif and coconut-shell buttons, by Avanti ($65), a Forties remake in rayon with a blue ground, sugarcane motif and coconut-shell buttons, by AAArdvork's ($125), an outhentic rayon tourist shirt circa 1940 with a novy ground and a print that combines a mop of the Howaiian Islands and recre-otional octivities, from Golyester (about $1500), a cotton and rayon shirt with a dark green ground ond morlin game-fishing motif, by Que ($46), o royon vintage-style shirt with a yellow ground and *Treasure Island* motif featuring palm trees and grass shacks, by GMSurf (about $40), and a rayon shirt circa 1950 with a navy ground and a print that mixes pineapples and exotic flowers, from Radio Hula (about $300). Right: It's all in the details, which, in the case of this retro-style shirt, include small pictures of tiki statues, surfers, outrigger canoes and other facets of Hawaiian life, by Reyn Spooner (about $60).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 159.

MENENDEZ (continued from page 60)

One hour into deliberations, all six women voted for manslaughter. The six men voted for murder.

USC and frequently provides expert testimony throughout the country. Joining Dr. Faerstein was Dr. Spencer Eth, an expert in child psychology. "They're very thorough, very conscientious and very confident," says one associate.

Vicary spoke with Faerstein after the trial and says both doctors had doubts after they heard the testimony: "It doesn't mean they agreed with everything about the molestation evidence, but they weren't willing to try to knock it down. They really couldn't be of any help. That's why they weren't called."

Faerstein has a different recollection of their conversation: "I never told Vicary I bought even a minuscule amount of the molestation evidence. I don't buy it. Categorically, I don't believe the story at all. The whole thing was fabricated." He says Vicary is "speculating" about his and Dr. Eth's positions.

Vicary contends neither doctor was looking forward to confronting him. "We all know one another well," he says. "They know I don't make things up." Vicary believes the prospect of weathering cross-examination by Abramson may have also been a factor. "They had no interest in doing that. If it had been a different case with less able attorneys and less publicity they might have been willing to come in and do a little nibbling around the edges. In these big cases, you better be ready."

Faerstein says he wasn't afraid of Abramson or Jill Lansing, Lyle's lead attorney. He frequently testifies and is a veteran of tough cross-examinations. But the Menendez prosecution team didn't follow through on a pretrial request to have their own experts examine the brothers. "I will not testify about someone's mental state at the time of the crime if I have not examined them, because there are ethical concerns," says Faerstein.

"If they were molested, it doesn't excuse what was done nor provide a mental impairment sufficient to lower the level of criminal responsibility even to second-degree murder unless the jury just feels sorry for them and says we won't convict anyone of first-degree murder if they have been abused or molested."

THE TRIAL WITHIN A TRIAL

The star psychological witness of the first Menendez trial will have a greatly diminished role the next time around. Jerome Oziel, the therapist Erik confessed to five months before the brothers were arrested, may not testify.

Oziel's appearance resulted in a six-day cross-examination that exposed every detail of the stormy relationship with his former mistress, Judalon Smyth. After her romance with the psychologist soured, Smyth went to the police in March 1990 and said that she had overheard the brothers confess to Oziel. Lyle and Erik were arrested days later.

In a lawsuit she filed against Oziel, Smyth claimed she was his patient and accused him of beating, drugging, kidnapping and raping her. But a countersuit filed by Oziel and his wife maintained that Smyth was a desperately disturbed woman who came into their lives and held them hostage in their home with a series of threats that included suicide, murder and exposure of confidential information about the Menendez case. Smyth reportedly received a settlement of between $400,000 and $500,000 from Oziel's malpractice insurance.

On the eve of Smyth's appearance as a defense witness to discredit Oziel, the former lovers met in a conference room at a Los Angeles law firm. The meeting was an attempt to settle a lawsuit Oziel filed against *Vanity Fair* writer Dominick Dunne and Smyth, whom Dunne had quoted extensively (she said she'd had with Oziel "the worst sex of my life") in an October 1990 article. Oziel settled with Dunne and the magazine, but not with Smyth. As he was leaving the meeting, Smyth charges that Oziel pushed against her suggestively while whispering in her ear, "You slut. You know you still want me." Witnesses say she spun around and threw a glass of water in his face. Oziel denies making the remarks to Smyth, and his attorney, Raj Patrao, said the incident was not an assault but "an unfortunate touching of the body at a deposition." A suit stemming from the meeting, seeking unspecified damages, accuses Oziel of battery, negligence and intentionally inflicting emotional distress.

This past January, Smyth filed her third lawsuit against the therapist, alleging that Oziel's libel suit (which was dismissed in February 1994) had been filed in order to harass her. According to Smyth's new claim, Oziel's suit lacked proper legal grounds and was malicious prosecution. While Oziel continues to deny any wrongdoing, he closed his Beverly Hills therapy practice and moved back to his hometown of Seattle.

THE FRANKFURTER CONNECTION

A single jury will deliberate the fate of both brothers in the retrial. At Menendez I, Lyle and Erik each had their own juries because some evidence applied to only one brother. Shuttling the parallel panels in and out of the tiny courtroom became a logistical nightmare that won't be repeated.

Even though jurors are instructed not to consider potential penalties, the men on Erik's panel worried about setting a precedent. Anything less than a first-degree murder conviction, they argued, would lead to the widespread use of the "abuse excuse" defense. One hour into the deliberations, all six women on Erik's jury voted for manslaughter. The six men voted for the murder charge.

Even though jury deliberations are supposed to be secret, Erik heard within 48 hours that his jury was split evenly along gender lines. Some jurors had shared the information with the owner of a hot dog cart outside the courthouse. The hot dog vendor told somebody else. Within a few hours it was the worst kept secret in Van Nuys.

JUROR VS. JUROR

In early 1994 jurors sympathetic to the defense stayed in touch. Several struck up friendships with the brothers through jail visits and phone calls and one even played chess with Lyle over the phone.

As lawyers began picking the jury for O.J. Simpson's trial, there was renewed interest from talk show producers in jurors who had served on high-profile cases. Two Menendez veterans were already regulars on the talk circuit, with appearances on *Donahue*, *Oprah* and *Prime Time Live*. Jude Nelson was an outspoken advocate for a first-degree murder conviction. The unemployed, ponytailed 53-year-old Army veteran with three children told a fellow juror he'd once been a "psychic to the stars." Judy Zamos, a 55-year-old nurse and teacher married to an attorney, was one of the jurors who believed the brothers. Although she was an alternate juror, other jurors had angrily vented their frustrations during deliberations by telling her what was happening behind closed doors. Nelson and Zamos traded insults while appearing on *The Maury Povich Show* in late August 1994. In the opening minutes of the program, Nelson accused Zamos of trying to get him kicked off

(continued on page 76)

Helmut Newton is renowned for his signature brand of kinky eroticism. Born in Berlin, he launched his career with British and French *Vogue*, then earned worldwide notoriety for his edgy portraits and sexually charged fashion photos. A PLAYBOY contributor for more than two decades, Newton was the natural choice to shoot our January 1991 feature on voyeurism. He defined the concept visually with this video fantasy featuring October 1989 Playmate Karen Foster.

MENENDEZ (continued from page 74)

Lyle laughed and said, "We've snowed half the country. Now we have to snow the other half."

the jury so she could replace him. "I feel that she has absolutely no credibility," he blustered. "If Judy is normal, I wouldn't want to be normal for anything."

Zamos explained that she had resigned as an alternate juror after becoming troubled when she heard "some of the things that were happening in the jury room."

Nelson said he had learned from one of the attorneys connected to the case that Zamos was dismissed from the trial for misconduct. Zamos was outraged. The discussion deteriorated into a shouting match as the pair argued about Nelson's contact with the media. (During deliberations, Nelson had bragged to other jurors that he had talked to "his friend" Ron Reagan that morning. "Is he a friend of yours?" asked one. "Yeah," he reportedly replied. "I don't have much use for his father, but he's a good guy." Nelson announced to others seated at a cafeteria table that Reagan was shooting "an MTV segment on the trial." Several were uncomfortable because jurors were forbidden to talk with the media. Zamos reported Nelson's remarks to the judge, who took no action after questioning Nelson.)

After Zamos accused Nelson of hiring an agent to seek out TV appearances (he denied it), there were more fireworks. As petty insults flew across the studio, the audience roared with laughter.

"Hey, folks—any of you who want to be on a long trial, you think twice," declared Zamos. "These are people you wouldn't talk to in your entire life if you had a choice."

"If they would allow me, I would pull the gas chamber pellets on Lyle," declared Nelson a few minutes later. "I can't believe that we have jurisprudence such that——"

At that point Zamos interrupted: "Oh God—he's learned a three-syllable word. I can't believe this. Do you believe how ignorant he is? Would you want your life to be in this man's hands?"

"Ignorant?" he replied. "Oh, come on, give me a break, lady!"

"Oh, I need to give you a break."

Instead, Zamos sued Nelson. In the suit filed by her attorney husband, Zamos declared she was slandered by Nelson's comment that she'd been "dismissed for misconduct." In fact, she asserted, she was excused not for wrongdoing but "as a result of her request based on personal and philosophical concerns." A week later, Nelson's attorney, Phillip Rose, wrote to Zamos' husband Jerry: "Mr. Nelson is a man of limited assets and financial means and can ill-afford to bear the legal costs of defending this lawsuit. Unfortunately, Mr. Nelson is not married to an attorney, a distinct and unfair advantage that your client has over my client."

Ten days after that, Nelson filed a countersuit accusing Zamos of slander for calling him "ignorant" and accusing him of "making a career out of doing talk shows."

In the ensuing months, the court file grew into two thick volumes. At a hearing in February, the judge presiding over the case said both sides "deserved what they got for appearing on talk shows."

A STAR IS BORN

Of course, the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office didn't like the outcome of the first Menendez trial. But the weeks that followed the trial weren't much more pleasant. Abramson was everywhere. *Marie Claire* magazine declared her one of America's foremost "ball-busters." *The New York Times* called her the "queen of miracles." Barbara Walters named her one of the ten most fascinating people of 1994. Over and over again, she kicked sand in District Attorney Gil Garcetti's face. And she enjoyed it.

By the time of the first hearing a month after the mistrial, Abramson had assumed a new stature. TV crews followed her into the courthouse, barely keeping pace with the autograph hounds. Several former jurors also lined the hallway. As Abramson approached the courtroom door, she saw Nelson—atypically wearing a suit and tie—offering to shake hands. Pausing, she recognized him before withdrawing her hand and walking by. "She evidently doesn't like my point of view," he said to no one in particular. "That's fine with me. I don't like hers, either." A few weeks later, Nelson was back, patiently waiting again at the courtroom door. "Good morning, Miss Abramson," he said cheerfully. "Good morning, Mr. Nelson. I see you still haven't gotten a life yet."

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

For the retrial Garcetti replaced the original prosecution team. David Conn, the 44-year-old acting head of the D.A.'s special trials unit, was named the new lead prosecutor. The New York native joined the district attorney's office in 1978 after graduating from Columbia University Law School. Conn previously served in the sex crimes, special investigations and organized crime divisions.

Joining Conn is 36-year-old Carol Najera, a ten-year-veteran deputy district attorney. Both Conn and Najera have prosecuted death-penalty cases, but Najera's appointment was not popular within the D.A.'s office. Garcetti urged his staff to "get behind" the new team, but moments later seemed to undercut Najera: "David Conn is the person assigned to the case. He will be handling 95 percent of it. He asked that Carol be assigned to the case. I said, 'Yes, she will be a fine assistant for Dave.'"

Within weeks, there was already significant animosity between Abramson and the new prosecution team. At one hearing, Conn accused Abramson of wanting to delay the start of the trial because of her "financial arrangement" to provide commentary on the O.J. Simpson case for ABC News. When a police witness asked to have a picture taken with Abramson, Najera said, "That's disgusting—this hero worship of you." Abramson replied, "As much as you hate me now, you'll be apoplectic at the end of trial." The witness' mother turned to Najera and told her, "You're the rudest person I've ever met." A delighted Abramson maintains that Najera is "the greatest asset of the defense case."

LYLE MAKES A FRIEND

The ability of the Menendez case to attract controversial characters continued with the emergence of Martha Jane Shelton, a Falls Church, Virginia woman who became hooked on Court TV's coverage of the trial. Shelton wrote to Lyle after watching him testify. She too was an abuse victim. When Lyle phoned her, she told him details of her life she'd never revealed before. The 30-year-old single mother was so dedicated, she even began raising money for the defense fund at a Falls Church bar in addition to urging friends to pray for the brothers.

But the night of the mistrial declaration, Shelton says she heard a different side of Lyle during a phone call from jail. He was arrogant, cocky. At one point, Shelton claims, Lyle laughed and said, "We've snowed half the country. Now we have to snow the other half." She was shocked.

(continued on page 151)

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A TOON, IT'S LITERATURE, IT'S THE NEW POSTMODERN COMIC

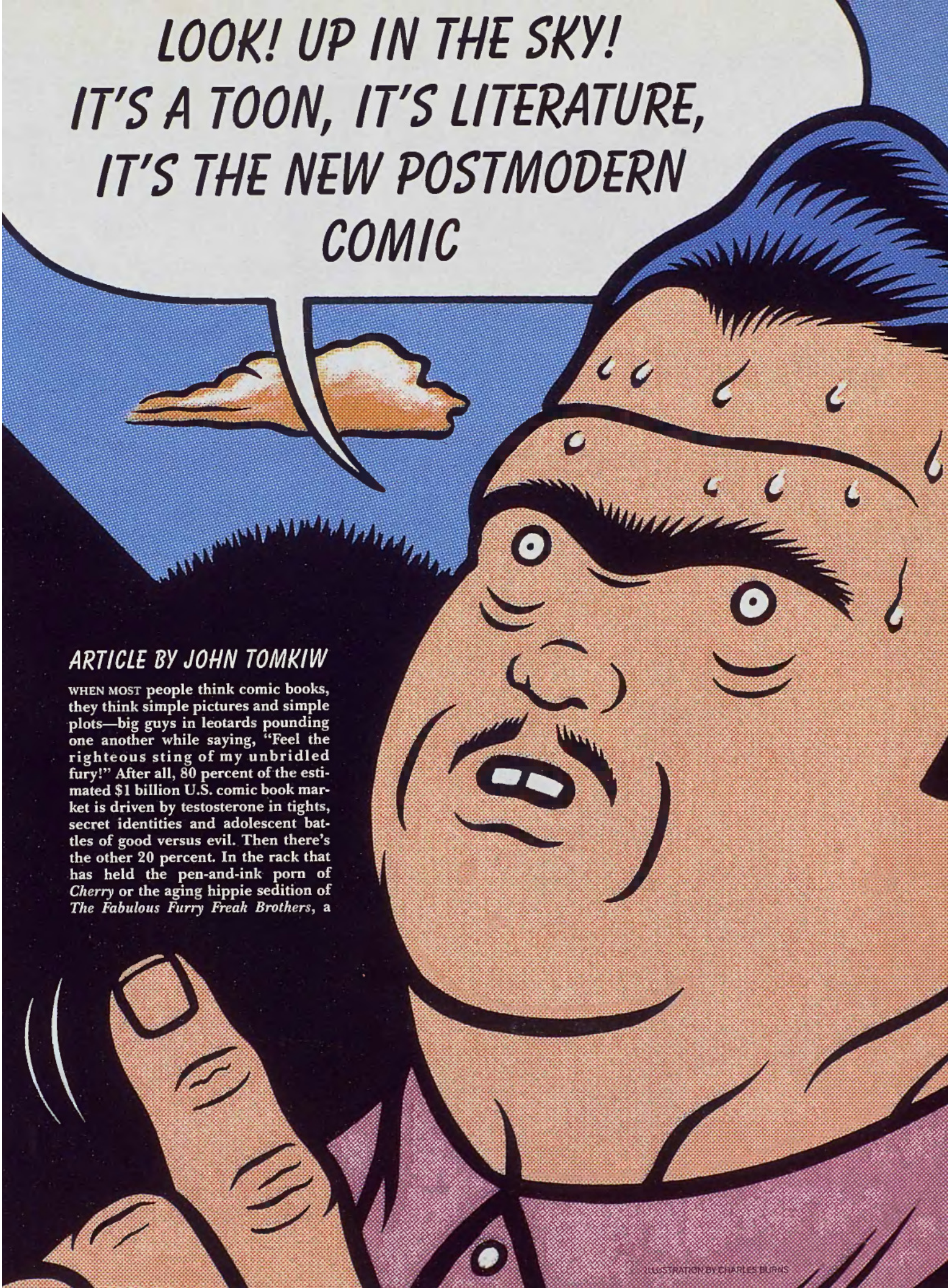
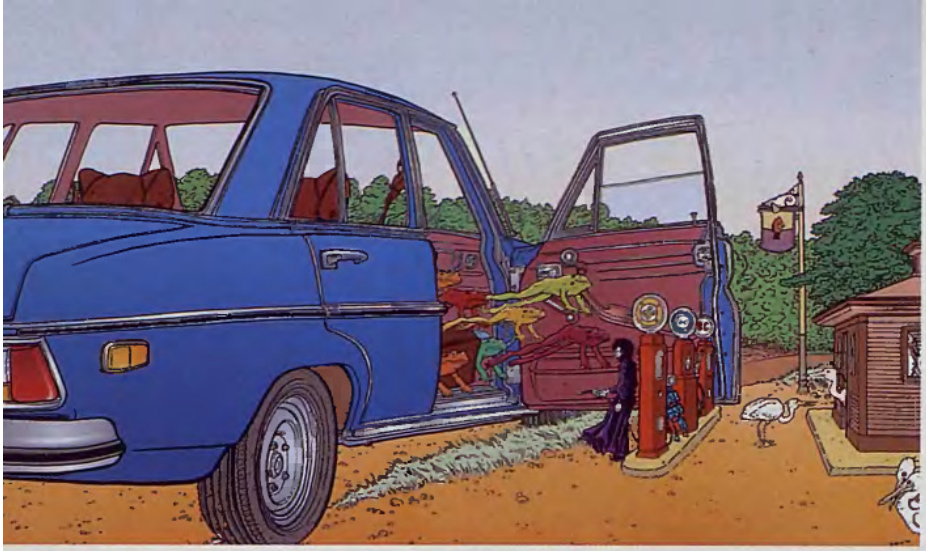


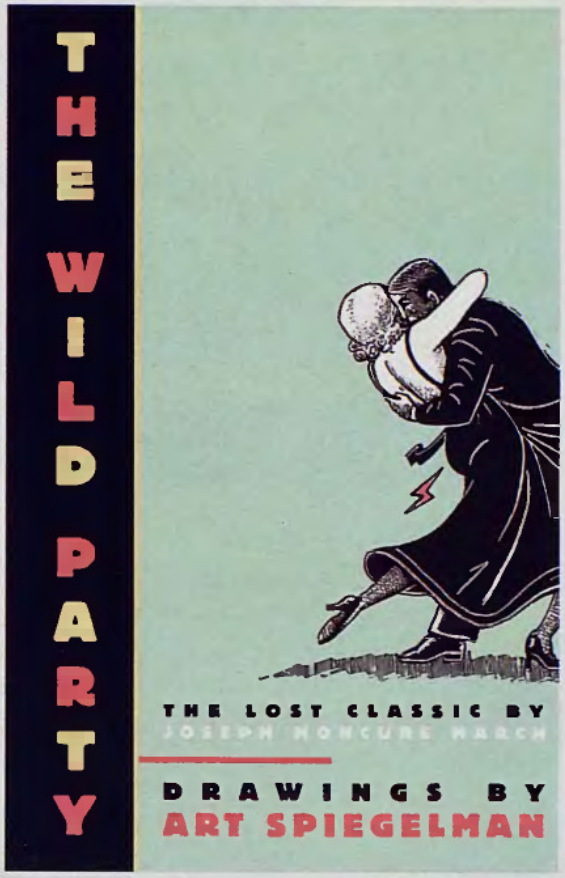
ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

ARTICLE BY JOHN TOMKIW

WHEN MOST people think comic books, they think simple pictures and simple plots—big guys in leotards pounding one another while saying, "Feel the righteous sting of my unbridled fury!" After all, 80 percent of the estimated $1 billion U.S. comic book market is driven by testosterone in tights, secret identities and adolescent battles of good versus evil. Then there's the other 20 percent. In the rack that has held the pen-and-ink porn of *Cherry* or the aging hippie sedition of *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, a



The graphic stories published by Vertiga break every convention established by its superhero-driven parent, DC Comics. For example, *Gallery of Dreams* (above)—an offshoot of the *Sandman* series—has no wards. Conjuring up the dream king simply requires a leap of frags. Below, the vivid and disturbing artwork from *The Mystery Play*, drawn by Jan Muth, brings a detective's obsessive hallucinations to life.



A lost classic? Well, maybe. But with drawings by a Pulitzer Prize winner, an obscure poem by Joseph Mancure March (*The Wild Party*, above) joins the growing list of art lit. Various artists rode the Residents' bandwagon for *Freak Show* (below).

RAW
PAGES FROM THE RARE FIRST 3 ISSUES OF THE COMICS MAGAZINE FOR DAMNED INTELLECTUALS!
CITY OF TERROR
TRADING CARDS INSIDE
EDITED BY ART SPIEGELMAN AND FRANÇOISE MOULY

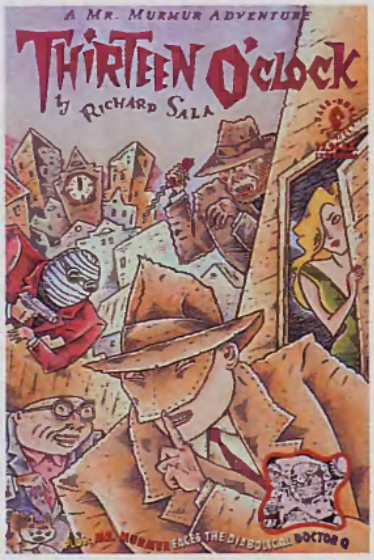
new breed of illustrated mag—smart, gritty and literate—has reached adulthood. It's a fusion of art and literature: the post-modern comic.

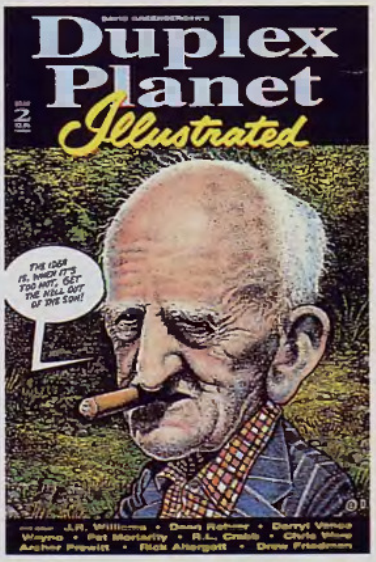
The form hit new heights—in content and readership—when Art Spiegelman's graphic novel *Maus* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1992. The two books in the series recount Spiegelman's journey of understanding as his elderly father tells him about his survival in a Nazi concentration camp. But here the son and father are mice and the Nazis are cats: the ultimate Tom and Jerry cartoon. Spiegelman's autobiographical work is an extension of the sex-and-drugs underground comix of the late Sixties. The horrors of Auschwitz are juxtaposed with quirky encounters with his cranky father; an argument over wooden matches turns into a vaudeville routine.

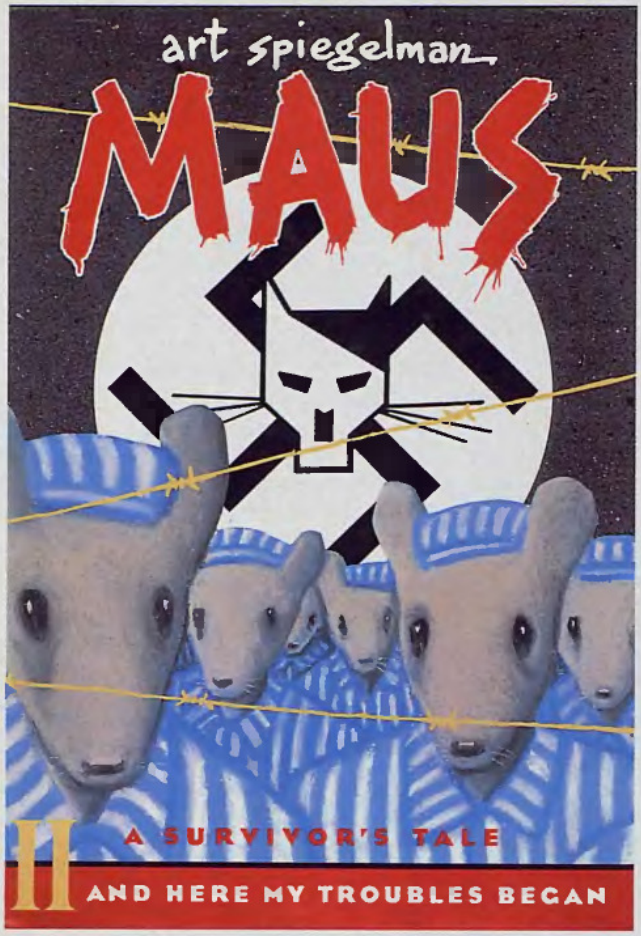
In his collaborations with Sixties comic master R. Crumb, writer Harvey Pekar also pioneered the push into self-reflective realism. The *American Splendor* series chronicles the life of Pekar, a curmudgeon from Cleveland. David Letterman took notice, calling Pekar's existence one of "whining desperation," and Pekar began showing up as Dave's late-night sparring partner, later re-creating the Letterman appearances in his comic books. In 1994's *Our Cancer Year*, Pekar and his wife, Joyce Brabner, detail his battle with the disease. *Our Cancer Year* is available in a particularly wide range of bookstores, and not in the section where you'd find *Garfield*.

Meanwhile, Crumb—perhaps

The illustrated encyclopedia: *Raw* (above) was the major force behind a resurgence of adult comics during the past decade. Issues featured Charles Burns' "Dog Boy" (a teen werepup who has a habit of burying his girlfriend's high heels), attacks on Reaganism by Sue Coe, the jagged stick figures of Mark Beyer and "Jimbo," atomic age angst by Gary Panter. Art Spiegelman, who launched *Raw* in 1980 with wife Françoise Mouly, calls it "an avant-garde comics magazine for your bomb shelter's coffee table." Despite its synthesis of high art and paranoia, *Raw* found a distributor in Penguin USA. Although the original oversize layout was reduced—much to the dismay of early fans—the trade-paperback versions reached circulations of 40,000. Soon *Raw*'s contributors were in demand at art galleries. Informed more by movies than by fine art, *Thirteen O'Clock* (right) lampoons mysteries with a Mr. Murmur plot as ridiculous as the title; *Duplex Planet Illustrated* (far right) turns an old age home into a planet of the japes.





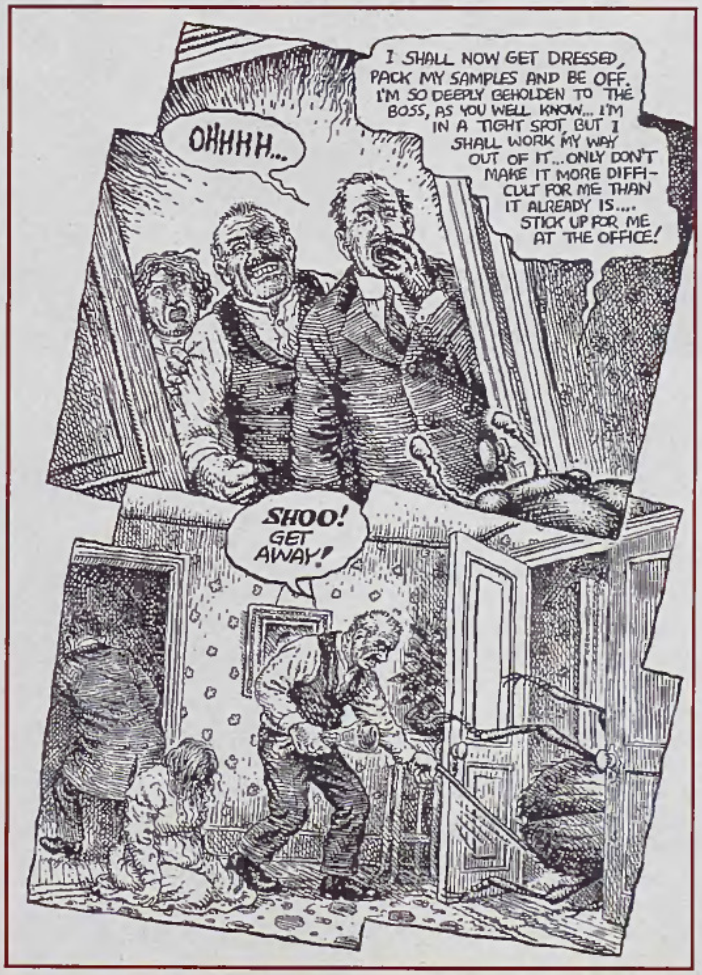


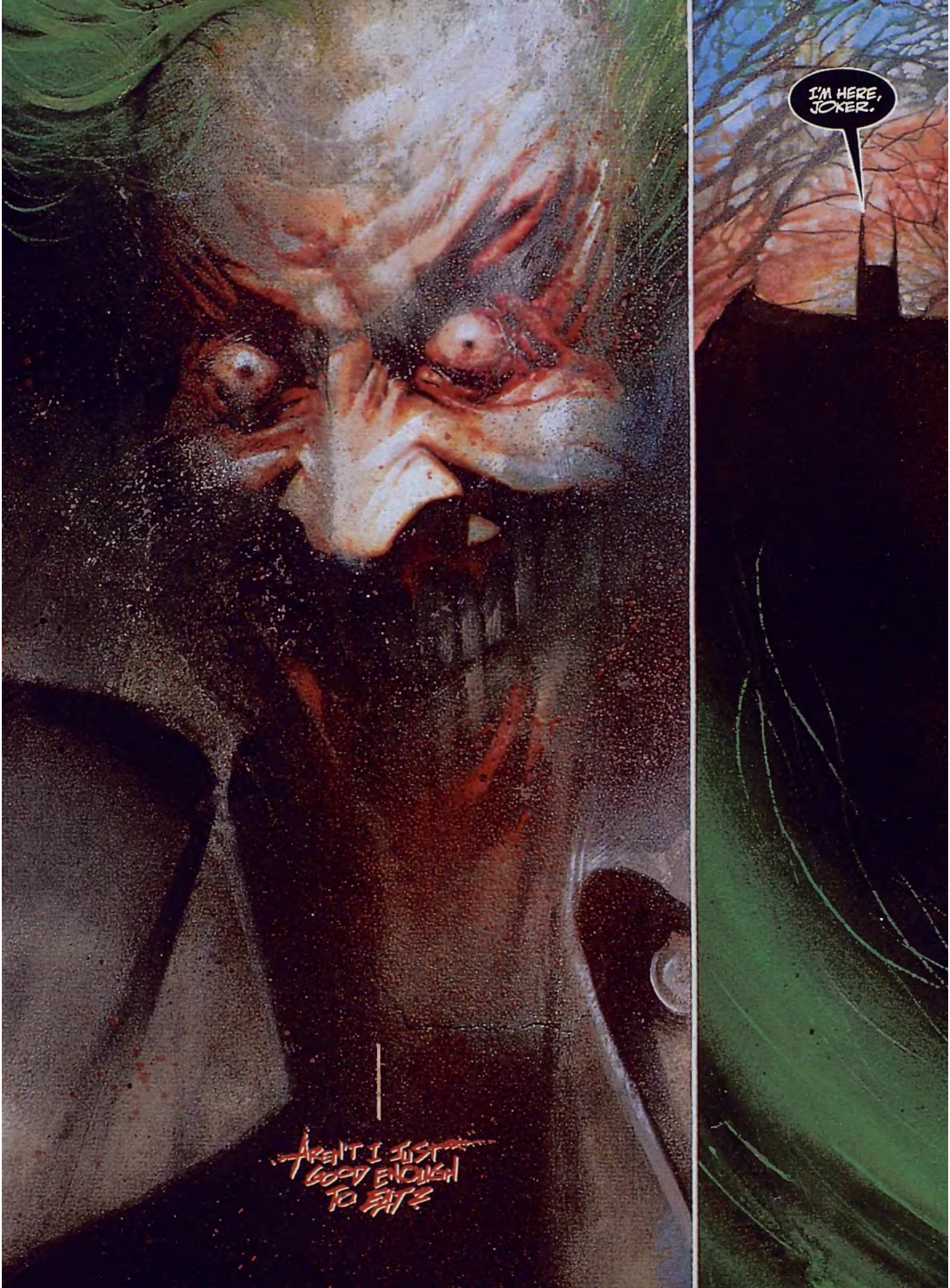
best known for drawing Mr. Natural—has tackled the work of Franz Kafka by illustrating his stories in *Introducing Kafka*. From his early work on *Zap Comix* and Fritz the Cat to today's explication of a mad Czech author, Crumb is an example of how times have changed—and how comics have changed with them: *Introducing Kafka* is a Cliff Notes for the postliterate generation. While Crumb's grotesque depiction of cockroach Gregor Samsa (from *Metamorphosis*) writhes across the page, Crumb and partner David Zane Mairowitz position Kafka as a product of his environment. They emphasize the humor of Kafka's absurdist despair and reconsider him as a Weimar-era Woody Allen. "What do I have in common with the Jews?" Kafka writes. "I don't even have anything in common with myself."

Although alternative comics have finally arrived, they still don't get respect. "They're the bastard children of both art and literature—neither side claims them, but their roots are in both of them," says Denis Kitchen, cartoonist and publisher of Kitchen Sink Press. "Pointy-head intellectuals in both camps think comics are beneath contempt."

Nonetheless, a new generation of talent is finding its voice in comics. Using pictures in the place of exposition, comic book confessionals—riding the success of Spiegelman and Crumb—have crowded the field. One noteworthy book is *Wild Life*, by writer and illustrator Peter Kuper. In it, Kuper recounts his not-so-suave youth, a series of false starts in a race to lose his virginity. Propositioned by a *(text continued on page 134)*

Art Spiegelman's *Maus* (above left) convinced even unregenerate snobs that comic books possess artistic merit. While *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron* (below left) thrives outside the mainstream, the peerless R. Crumb has come up from the underground with *Introducing Kafka* (below). Traditional superheroes have also felt the impact of the new comics. The Joker is at right; Batman is on the opposing panel.


I SHALL NOW GET DRESSED, PACK MY SAMPLES AND BE OFF. I'M SO DEEPLY BEHOLDEN TO THE BOSS, AS YOU WELL KNOW... I'M IN A TIGHT SPOT, BUT I SHALL WORK MY WAY OUT OF IT...ONLY DON'T MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT FOR ME THAN IT ALREADY IS.... STICK UP FOR ME AT THE OFFICE!
OHHHH...
SHOO! GET AWAY!


I'M HERE, JOKER.
AREN'T I JUST GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT?

CAROL SHAYA: BUSTED

the nypd had a few things on its mind, like crime and corruption—so it fired the best-looking cop on the force

AS WITH many good cop stories, the events unfolded dramatically. Officer Carol Shaya, arguably the most alluring cop to walk the streets of the Bronx' 45th Precinct, logs in a surprise patrol through the pages of PLAYBOY's August 1994 issue. Readers voice their approval, the media has a field day (Shaya pops up in everything from *The Times* of London to Geraldo's hot seat), but the suits—in this case Police Commissioner William Bratton and Mayor Rudolph Giuliani—decide to show the world just how tough they can get with an "embarrassment" like Shaya. The verdict: New York's sexiest and finest is first demoted to a desk job, then sacked from the force altogether. "Discrimination is something that cannot be pushed aside," says Shaya, who is fighting back with a $10 million lawsuit against Giuliani, the city and the NYPD. "Still, the past year has brought me lots of emotional highs. Thanks to all the support I've received, I've found happiness and joy." Ten four, Carol. We copy that.

"I had mixed emotions of anger ond sadness leaving the force," says Shaya (signing out for the last time, above; blissfully out of uniform, below and opposite). "I never thought I would experience that." Still, Shayo is upbeat off the beat: "I'm already working on a few movie deals," she says. "The next yeor should be interesting."

ROAD TEST

fiction By LENNY KLEINFELD

when it came to travel, the lady was a champ—with intriguing ideas on how to spend a vacation

PRATT LUCKED into the road test when he was 24, the first and only time he'd been on the verge of becoming an official fiancé. He and Suzie were suspiciously compatible. The sex was good and so was the talk. They were into the same movies and music. They liked each other's friends. Her family wasn't insane. His family was, but liked Suzie so much that when they were around her they pretended to be bearable.

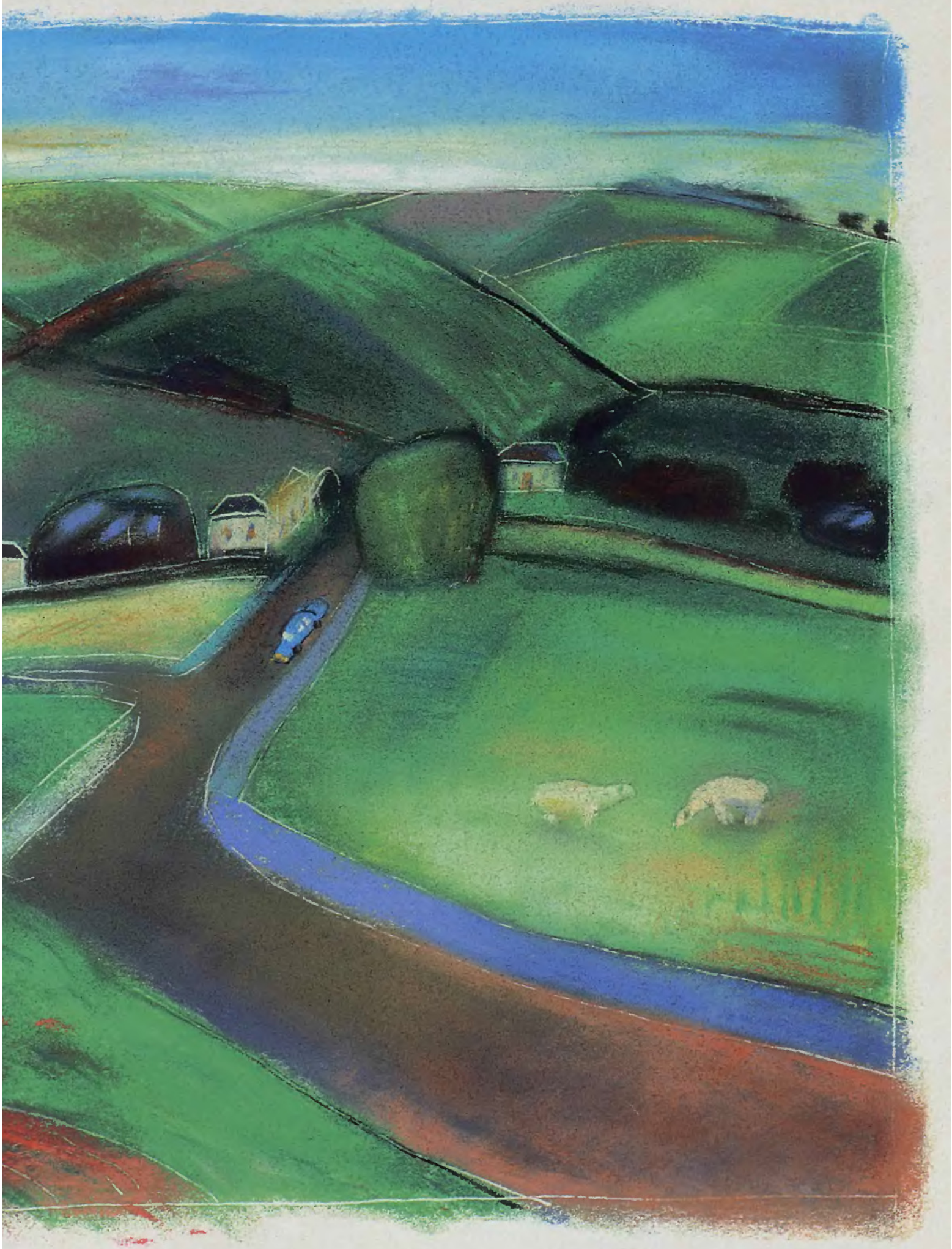
Pratt and Suzie moved in together, a real find on the top floor of a rent-controlled building on West End Avenue. It was the first time either of them had risked sharing bills and a bathroom. Things went remarkably smooth. Their friends and relatives remarked on it. It was a way of asking when Pratt and Suzie would tie the knot.

Pratt was wondering about that one day in the lobby of their building as he waited for the elevator. Did love and marriage necessarily go together like a horse and carriage? The carriage (marriage) did require the horse (love), but you could get around fine with just a horse. Though two people riding a horse couldn't get as far as one person on a horse or two people in a carriage. . . . The elevator arrived and Pratt got on. As the door was closing, the redhead from the fifth floor dashed aboard. She was in a playful mood. She lightly but unmistakably invited Pratt to stop in at her place and play. He declined.

Pratt was rattled. He'd never done—or rather never not done—something like this before. Did passing up the elevator offer mean he was more in love with Suzie than he'd been willing to admit? Or did it mean he was losing his balls?

Pratt bought an engagement ring and suggested to Suzie that they rent a car and drive up to

ILLUSTRATION BY VIVIENNE FLESHER



Vermont for the weekend. They had vacationed together once before, a week at the beach on St. Barts; pure fun, except for one particularly painful lesson about sand. Pratt had high hopes for Vermont.

They left Manhattan on a cool, bright morning, driving a shiny five-liter Mustang, oh yeah. . . . Thirty-three minutes later Suzie had to stop to take a leak. Forty-two minutes later she had to stop again. Suzie could absolutely not make it through an hour of driving—except for the time she lasted 78 minutes, but only because by that point they were no longer speaking.

It rained for two days. Their room leaked. Suzie cried frequently and blew her nose a lot.

At supper Saturday they worked to regain their sense of humor and make peace. Pratt revved up his courage to pop the question. He looked deep into Suzie's eyes, reached for the champagne bottle and knocked over the ice bucket, sloshing an Arctic tide across the lap of the 60ish gent at the next table, who stiffened and groaned as though he'd been harpooned, inspiring his wife to cut loose with a shriek at what she assumed was her untimely widowhood.

Home Suzie would have been amused. Road Suzie locked herself in the bathroom and brushed her teeth for a couple of hours. The weekend remained damp in all the wrong places. The diamond ring never came out of Pratt's pocket. Within a month he was out of the apartment.

•

A year later Pratt became infatuated with Jane, who was extremely romantic. Jane was forever surprising Pratt with little gifts and social events, and sudden sex in semipublic places. To commemorate the six-month anniversary of their first simultaneous orgasm (Jane kept note of such things in her hand-bound Florentine diaries), she presented Pratt with tickets to Paris. Precisely six months to the second from their historic spasm duet, Pratt and Jane were in a 747 restroom recreating the event.

They checked into a chic hideaway in the Marais and made love in a large chair by an open window. Then Jane needed to do a little shopping. Somehow it consumed the day. Their second day in Paris was spent shopping. So was the third. On the fourth day Pratt lured Jane into the countryside by suggesting they rent a car and go shopping at wineries. But they stopped to ask for directions at a village that was having a crafts fair. Then there were the antique shops. They spent the night in a bed-and-breakfast run by the cousin of a milliner with whom Jane got along famously.

The next morning Pratt suggested a walk in the hills—and a romantic picnic by a stream. Jane accused him of being an Eagle Scout.

They drove back to the city. After they dropped off the car Pratt asked if they could go look at a painting or a cathedral, seeing as how this was his first time in Paris. Jane accused him of being a tourist but consented to an art auction.

They spent their final day shopping for the extra luggage Jane required.

On the flight home they didn't violate a single airline policy.

They left Kennedy in separate cabs.

•

And so it went.

During every takeoff and landing Connie dug her nails into Pratt's arm and muttered her litany: *Flameout*, *wind shear*, *hydraulic failure*, *collision*, *mad bomber* and all their variations. She was convinced that chanting every possible catastrophe was the only way to prevent them. Connie also had a strict rule against driving after dark in any foreign country, including California.

Mona got peevish on Kauai because there was no reason to dress up and the water was full of fish.

Bettina was shocked into sullen depression when Mexico failed to run according to the precisely planned daily schedule she had mapped out some 11 months earlier.

Kelly's idea of travel was to go someplace new for golf and tennis. Tennis and golf. And golf.

Linda complained about the food and the wine from one end of Italy to the other.

Ellen couldn't go away for a weekend without taking enough makeup, costume changes, electrical equipment and taped music to supply a Madonna tour.

Joan had spent all summer every summer of her life at the family cabin on a lake in Minnesota, and always would.

Olga informed Pratt, the night before they were scheduled to leave, that she had canceled their nonrefundable, impossible-to-get reservations for a Christmas week cross-country ski trip through Yellowstone. Advice from her astrologer.

•

Pratt was 39. All his friends from school had been married at least once, even the gays and lesbians. Hell, the lesbian couple had two baster babies and a Volvo. Pratt envied his friends' rich emotional lives, the profound joy they, their spouses and their kids took in one another. Pratt's friends envied his promiscuity. He was an efficiently oiled bachelor. He had flings with girls who were mainly interested in an education and a decent meal. He had ongoing affairs/friendships with adult women, wary veterans who, like Pratt, kept their expectations in check and their options open.

Pratt loved to travel and did so whenever possible. Usually alone.

•

Pratt decided to take himself to England. Somehow he had been only once before, a business trip to London: three days and nights in a modern corporate office and a modern corporate hotel that could have been in any part of the world that had electricity and plumbing. This time it would be three weeks of no work and nobody else's itineraries, diets, taboos, bladders, obsessions, luggage or astrologers. If that meant three weeks of celibacy, fine. Often it didn't. Another advantage of traveling alone.

Pratt's seatmate on the flight over was the publisher of a Midwestern equestrian magazine, a gregarious man who was looking for investors to fund his surefire plan to enter and dominate the national market for glossy dressage gossip.

A couple of time zones later the publisher paused long enough for Pratt to excuse himself. As Pratt stood, the woman in the seat behind his glanced up from her book with what seemed to be a small sympathetic grin. It was. As Pratt walked past she wordlessly offered him a package of earplugs. Pratt took a couple and did a quick, silent salaam. The woman nodded and went back to her novel. Pratt continued down the aisle.

Pratt was staying at a small, mildly extravagant hotel in South Kensington that provided limousine service. There was another passenger sharing the limo: the woman who traveled with a ready supply of earplugs, generosity and tact.

They chatted pleasantly on the ride into town. Her name was Donna. She correctly identified him as a West Sider and he was right about her being an East Sider. They established that this was Pratt's first real visit to England and that Donna had been there often. She urged him to see some of the countryside as well as London. He assured

(continued on page 102)

"By God, we've achieved it, Hughes. A workplace without any sexual harassment."

The Heidi Chronicles

catching up with miss july

COME ON, let's get out of here," says Heidi Mark, a mischievous grin flickering across her face. Then, in a voice breathy, sultry and suggestive, she adds, "I'll make you happy, baby." A second later the spell is broken. "That is so *not me*!" she squeals, embarrassed. It is, in fact, Bebe Quinn, the character she plays in a TV movie called *Deadline for Murder: From the Files of Edna Buchanan*. Heidi's character is "dangerous, cool and 24—a total femme fatale," she explains.

The real Heidi Mark is also 24, loyal, fiercely independent and someone who, unlike Bebe, would never ride some squirrelly gangster's coattails to the top. "I never want to rely on anybody or anything," she says.

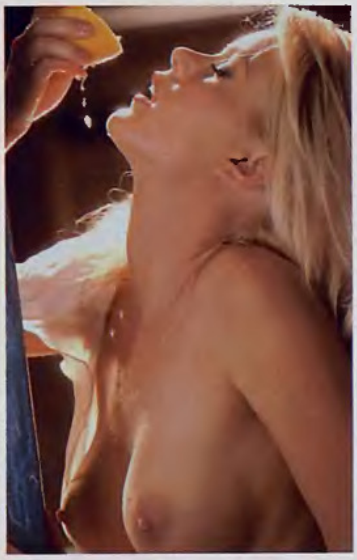
We caught up with Miss July as she lounged in her Santa Monica condo. She was in repose—but studying Bebe's lines. "I'd rather work than rest," she asserts. Born in Ohio and raised in West Palm Beach, Heidi has been a hurricane of activity since arriving in Los Angeles a year ago. "I've been lucky enough to have worked nonstop," says the former model and Hooters employee, rattling

"I love, love, love, love men," Heidi stotes. "I've doted ones who were short, toll, skinny ond chunky." One of those smart guys introduced her to PLAYBOY. "When I looked at the photos, I thought, This is really pretty."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

CLUB
CLUB
CLUB

"I'm a sucker for love," Heidi admits. "I love that goofy feeling in my stomach. Someday I'd like to have a close family." Those plans will have to wait. "Now my career is my number one priority," she says. On a typical day she shuttles from movie sets to auditions to acting class. Recent TV appearances earned Heidi (right, in the blue leotard) a celebrity gig on *American Gladiators*.



off roles such as a recurring one on *The Young and the Restless* and guest spots on *Baywatch*, plus a host of other TV shows and movies.

Heidi keeps her personal life low-key. "Everything here is such a scene," she says of L.A. "We rarely go out." The "we" includes her current beau, former Motley Crue–man Vince Neil. But Heidi chafes at the notion that she's one of those models who dates only rock stars. "I've been involved with a policeman, a disc jockey, a construction worker—people who are worlds apart," she says.

Despite her devotion to hard work, Christianity and a modest lifestyle, Heidi often seems to find herself in the center of a scandal. At the age of four, she shocked an audience with her rendition of *Away in a Manger* in her church's Christmas play. "I was swaying my hips through the whole song," she recalls,

giggling. "I got into so much trouble!" More recently, the tabloids blared: GIRL-CRAZY O.J. CARRIED ON PASSIONATE AFFAIR WITH PLAYBOY PINUP. "It's all lies," she says. "I can laugh at it now. But it was really hard for me." She despises traffic in Los Angeles, but otherwise Heidi says she can't complain about her life in the fast lane. "It's been an interesting 24 years," she says. "I can't wait to see the next 24." We'll be watching, too.

—MARK EHRMAN

One of Miss July's current passions is reading books about angels. "I really believe in angels," she says sheepishly. So do we, Heidi, so do we.

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heidi Mark

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 104

BIRTH DATE: 2-18-71 BIRTHPLACE: Columbus, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To work hard, study my craft and make myself happy.

TURN-ONS: Candlelight, wine, clean cool sheets and no clothes.

TURNOFFS: Bad breath, jeans that are too tight and bikini underwear. But anything can be overlooked with love in your eyes (well, almost).

NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT: Candles, my slippers, my pink Bible (it keeps me safe) and my phone card (hotels can be so lonely).

PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Maya Angelou, Jessica Lange, Sally Field, my DAD & I ♡

WORK ETHIC: Never get too impressed with yourself; everyone's replaceable.

Me and Elroy.

Yikes! Look at that hair.

me all grown up.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I'm telling you, Jodi, I've never been happier," Carol told her friend. "I have two boyfriends. One is just fabulous—handsome, sensitive, caring and considerate."

"What in the world do you need the second one for?" Jodi asked.

"Oh," Carol replied, "the second one is straight."

What happens when you put the batteries in backward in the Energizer bunny? It just keeps coming and coming and coming.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Hall and Stone, lawyers in the same firm, had been bitter rivals for years, aggressively competing against each other to win a full partnership.

Walking home through the park one evening, Hall stumbled upon a bottle from which a genie appeared. "I will grant you three wishes," she said, "but I must warn you, whatever you ask for will be given twice over to Mr. Stone."

Hall thought it over carefully. "OK, first I'd like $5 million," he said.

"No problem," the genie said. "But remember, Mr. Stone will get $10 million."

"Second, I'd like a magnificent villa on the French Riviera."

"Granted," the genie said. "But remember, Mr. Stone will have two villas."

"Yes, I know," Hall said, "so for my last wish I want you to beat me half to death."

Two nuns were driving down a country road when a naked man jumped out in front of them and began dancing lewdly. "What should we do?" one sister frantically asked.

"Show him your cross," the other said.

"Hey, mister," the first nun yelled as she rolled down the window, "get the fuck out of my way."

How many real estate agents does it take to change a lightbulb? Ten, but we'll accept eight.

Al complained to his friend Jeff that lovemaking with his wife was becoming routine and boring.

"Get creative, buddy. Break up the monotony. Why don't you try playing doctor for an hour?"

"Sounds great," Al replied, "but how do you make it last for an hour?"

"Hell, just keep her in the waiting room for 45 minutes."

Concerned that her new 70-year-old husband might need something to stimulate his sexual appetite, the young woman consulted a physician. He prescribed a powerful drug that he promised would make her husband feel like a kid again.

The next day, she hid a pill in his eggs at breakfast. When it seemed to have no effect, she added two to his salad at lunch. When he still showed no sexual interest, she popped three into his stew at dinner. Much to her disappointment, the old guy crawled into bed that night and promptly fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, the bride watched as her husband got out of bed and began to dress. "Honey," she purred, "why don't you come over here and lie down next to me?"

"I can't," he said, pulling on his trousers. "I'll be late for school."

What's the hardest thing about sports to teach a blonde? That a quarterback is not a tax refund.

A New Yorker visiting old Tucson strolled into a blacksmith's shop just after the smithy had placed a red-hot horseshoe on a metal bench to cool. Before he could be warned, the oblivious visitor picked up the shoe, then instantly dropped it.

"Are you badly burned?" the concerned blacksmith asked.

"Nah," the embarrassed tourist replied. "It just doesn't take me very long to look at a horseshoe."

What's the difference between a stagecoach driver and a bartender? The driver has to look at only six horses' asses a day.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "Mr. Quinn, I have reviewed this case very carefully," the divorce court judge said, "and I've decided to give your wife $275 a week."

"That's very fair, your honor," the husband said. "And every now and then I'll try to send her a few bucks myself."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Ahoy! Care to get blown off course?"

THE LINEN LOOK

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

LINEN is making a repeat performance this season as the hottest choice for a cool summer look. No, we're not talking about the rumpled styles your father wore. Today's linen has a smooth, subtle finish that allows for only the slightest crease. It's also versatile. Because linen sports jackets and trousers are often sold separately, you can wear the former as a suit with a pair of matching trousers (as we've done here) or team it with almost any style of lightweight pants or jeans. We suggest starting with a three-button single-breasted linen sports jacket in a subtle color such as tan, muted blue or pale yellow. For the office, loose-fitting pleated trousers are considered more polished, whereas plain-front pants are the casual ideal. As a rule of thumb when wearing linen, keep the extras light. Choose soft-collared sport shirts (or camp or polo models if you're going casual) in colors that blend rather than contrast. And complete the style picture with a selection of solid-colored or slightly patterned ties with surface luster, and nubuck or woven oxfords or loafers.

Right: This lightweight linen look combines a three-button single-breasted sports jacket ($575) and matching double-pleated trousers ($250), both by Calvin Klein Collection, with a heathery-sage linen shirt by Joseph Abboud Collection ($145), a nubuck belt by Barneys New York ($55), a woven silk tie by Best of Class by Robert Talbott ($95) and suede loafers by Hush Puppies (about $60).

NO-SWELTER STYLES FOR THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

Shades of linen dressing. Near right: A three-button single-breasted sparts jacket ($625) and matching trausers ($225) by Joseph Abboud Collection are joined with a catton sport shirt ($105) and waven paisley-print silk tie ($90) by Agnes b., a leather belt by Tyrane Private Label ($150), woven raffia lace-up oxfords by To Boot ($165) and tortoise-frame sunglasses from the Classic Collection by Revo ($195). Far right: A three-button single-breasted jacket ($820) and matching flat-front trousers ($255) by Paul Smith, teamed with a cotton shirt by Andrew Fezza Dress Shirt ($55), a woven silk muted-paisley-print tie by Joseph Abboud Collectian ($65), nubuck oxfards by Giorgia Armani ($330) and pewter-frame sunglasses by Oliver Peaples ($260).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 159.

GROOMING BY LOSI FOR PIERRE MICHEL, THE PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY

ROAD TEST (continued from page 86)

That impressed him. They checked into the hotel. Donna was on first-name terms with the manager.

her he was planning to. Neither of them suggested spending time together. Donna didn't even bother to find out Pratt's profession or if he was available.

That impressed him. Much about her impressed him, which is why he decided he wouldn't call until they were back in New York. He didn't want the first intimate thing he found out about her to be what kind of millstone she was to travel with. They checked into the hotel. Donna was on first-name terms with the manager.

•

Pratt went to the British Museum and was awed by the extent and quality of the collection and the scale of the looting involved in assembling it. He went to the National Portrait Gallery and studied the faces of the officially great Britons. He went to the Tower, where some of them had been executed. Went to Westminster Abbey, where a surprising number of them were packed into the floors, walls and gardens. He toured museums of new art and old weapons. He attended Parliament and a club football match, where the British gather to trade museum-quality insults. He went to the track and won some British money. He went to Berry Brothers and invested it in port. He went to the Royal Court Theatre and bumped into Donna in the lobby as the performance let out.

They had both enjoyed the production, a science fiction revival of *The Way of the World*. They went to a pub across the square for pints of bitter and an amiable disagreement about what the director was trying to say by setting an 18th century comedy of manners on Mars. Donna thought it was a droll comment on how remote the notion of manners had become. Pratt thought it was a droll comment on how Congreve's script was funny enough to survive a talented director with a daring sense of design.

Two young British couples at the next table invited themselves to join in the debate. The conversation soon devolved into a speculation about what the Hollywood version of *The Way of the World* would be. Pratt had Mirabell (Arnold Schwarzenegger) blowing his way into a high-tech torture chamber to rescue Millamant (Uma Thurman) from her evil scientist billionaire sadist spinster aunt (Robin Williams) when the pub bell rang and the lights went up.

As goodbyes were being exchanged the less sober of the young women gave Pratt an impulsive kiss on the cheek—then blushed and apologized to Donna for kissing "your husband." Donna assured her she wasn't the jealous type.

The young couples believed Donna. So did Pratt.

•

They walked back to their hotel. The night was idyllic—a crescent moon, leafy streets lined with Georgian row houses and lacking the stench, filth and well-armed crackheads of Manhattan's upscale neighborhoods. Pratt and Donna compared vacation scorecards. Both were having a good time. Both would be moving on in the morning. Pratt was driving to Wales to do some hiking. Donna recommended an inn near Snowdonia. She too was heading west, taking the train to Gloucestershire to visit friends. Pratt was tempted to offer her a ride. He gave in to the temptation. Donna thanked him but said she couldn't impose. They arrived at the hotel. Pratt assured her it wouldn't be an imposition, that it would be good to have company along in case he needed someone to change a tire or walk five miles carrying a gas can. Donna called him a shameless flatterer. They said goodnight and went to their rooms. Eventually Pratt got himself to sleep.

•

The next morning Pratt picked up his rental car and returned to the hotel to check out. Donna was in the lobby with her one piece of luggage. The concierge was on the phone trying to arrange alternate transportation for her; what London lacked in Glock-toting junkies it made up for in Semtex-toting IRA members, who had detonated a political statement in the train station Donna had been planning to leave from.

•

Blue skies and fine country roads. An easy-flowing conversation. Neither volunteered much in the way of biographical detail. They discussed British history. Differences between Brits and Yanks and Aussies and Japanese in social situations. The distinctive psychoses of drivers in various countries. Pratt wasn't surprised to find that Donna had traveled extensively.

She took him to lunch at a tearoom in the Cotswolds. They didn't talk much. They were busy eavesdropping on two women at the next table who were dressed in unseasonably heavy tweeds and dissecting in detail the personalities, careers and living conditions of the shelties one of them bred.

The women finished lunch and left. Pratt grinned and was about to remark that now he felt he was really in England, but before he could speak Donna deadpanned that now he was truly in England.

When they got back to the car Pratt asked Donna if she was bored riding shotgun and would she like to drive. She thanked him but pointed out it would violate his rental agreement. He tossed her the keys and got in the passenger side. Donna said nothing but looked pleased.

She drove like a champ. As he had expected.

•

It was dusk when they arrived at her friends' house. It was a low, rambling 17th-18th-19th-20th century cottage that sprawled along a thickly wooded ridge, with the oldest rooms clustered at the center and the additions stretching out to the left and right. A cozy patchwork one story high and 350 years long.

Donna's friends, Dick and Chloe, invited Pratt to stay for dinner. Pratt demurred. The issue was decided when their five-year-old daughter requested that Pratt stay long enough to read her a chapter of her new book, and her four-year-old brother immediately counterattacked by tossing his stuffed pig to Pratt, initiating a game of catch. Pratt had no choice but to find a comfortable chair and do both at once. The battle for possession of the newcomer ended in a draw when the literary pig throw was suspended by the arrival of bedtime, at which point Chloe declared dinner to be irreversibly under construction and ordered Dick to begin pouring cocktails into Pratt.

Dinner was a warm, sociable glow. Charred chops and hefty rioja. Dick and Chloe didn't subject Pratt to the clumsy grilling a strange man would have gotten from a woman's friends in the States. The conversation did separate into man-man and woman-woman

(continued on page 106)

Water Toys

FOUR WAYS TO GET STOKED—AND SOAKED—THIS SUMMER

WHEN SUMMER temperatures approach three digits, you could crank up the air conditioner and channel surf—or you could head to the beach. Check out the new breed of toys for the deep pictured here and we bet you'll opt for the latter. In addition to the Sea-Doo Speedster—the hottest jet boat on the water—we've highlighted a radical water-ski spin-off called the Air Chair. A souped-up wakeboard with a cushion seat, the Air Chair is designed to lift riders up out of the water even at minimal, five-mile-per-hour speeds. And since you're seated and strapped in, you can learn to perform all kinds of freestyle twists and tricks. There's also a new exercise craft that provides a Stair Master–type workout on the water. And BOB. Short for breathing observation bubble, BOB is an underwater scooter with an air-filled, watertight sphere that fits over your head. You must be a certified diver (or be in the company of one) to drive BOB, as it involves scuba-style breathing techniques. See you below.

Left: Bellaqua's $10,000 breathing observation bubble lets a certified diver cruise underwater at speeds up to 2.5 knots per hour via an electric motor driven by a 12-volt rechargeable battery. BOB's other features include an instrument panel, a scuba tank and an optional communications system so you can talk with other BOBers.

SEA-DOO
TWIN ROTAX

Top left: Mere mortals can now walk on water with the Step Jet, a 70-pound fitness craft that moves forward on the water by means of leg power and a unique propulsion pump system. Here's how it works: Intake gills on the bottom of the heavy-duty plastic hull fill two pump chambers with water. In a stair-climbing motion, you step on the footpads, channeling water through a jet nozzle at the back of the hull. The faster you step, the quicker you'll move—and the better your workout will be. Price: $995. Bottom left: Jet boats are among the hottest vehicles on the water, and Sea-Doo's Speedster leads the pack. The three-seater's powerful twin oil-injected jet engines put 160 horses at your control, and body-hugging bolstered seats make the ride equally comfortable over smooth surfaces and choppy waves. Special features include a watertight electronic ignition, an ergonomically designed steering console with two side mirrors, a 27-gallon fuel tank, storage space under the steering console and an in-floor ski locker for a full day's gear. The price: $12,000. Above: For those who want to catch big air over the water, there's the Air Chair. Designed by California water-skier Bob Woolley, this water toy consists of a padded seat attached to a 52"x12" board with aircraft-grade aluminum blades bolted beneath. When towed behind a Speedster or other personal watercraft, Air Chair riders shift their body weight so the board rises out of the water, coasting only on the blades. By RBM Inc., $880.

PAINTINGS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 159.

ROAD TEST (continued from page 102)

He was in love. Not the rock-and-roll version he'd felt for Suzie. The real thing. Love.

ghettos earlier and more thoroughly than it would have at a New York table. Donna and Chloe were old school chums with six months of minutiae to catch up on, which they turned to in earnest as soon as they were satisfied they could safely leave Pratt and Dick to bond over current political outlooks and past tastes in drugs and guitarists. But each time Pratt glanced up, Donna or Chloe was glancing at him.

Over coffee Pratt asked them to recommend a hotel, but they all knew it was a formality.

•

Then he and Donna were alone in the drawing room. Dick and Chloe had retired a few minutes earlier.

For the first time since they'd met, they were carefully polite. They agreed on how lovely dinner had been, Donna thanked Pratt for the drive out, Pratt thanked Donna for introducing him to her friends—anything to avoid acknowledging the great viscous glob of sensual tension that filled the space between them. Through it, Pratt could feel her breasts pressing against him from four feet away.

Pratt could also read the brief essay in the look on her face. She was hoping he wouldn't make her say out loud that this was the wrong time and place. He understood. He agreed. And even if he didn't, he wasn't going to do anything to disappoint this woman. After a small silence he quietly said goodnight. She gave him a light, grateful kiss on the cheek and went off to bed.

Pratt's room had been built in the 1780s, Donna's in the 1920s. The rooms shared a wall but were 140 years apart. Pratt tossed and turned for at least that long before he drifted off.

•

Pratt was up early. Not as early as Donna. She and Chloe had gone riding. Dick urged Pratt to stay until they returned. Stay as long as he cared to, in fact. Pratt thanked him but said he had to go. Pratt traded phone, fax and address data with Dick and hugs with the kids, then hit the road.

Donna would appreciate why he left: to give her time alone with her friends, and to spare them both any more nights on opposite sides of that fucking antique wall that had probably been built by some arrogant bastard using profits squeezed out of brutally exploited colonials, probably in New York—— Now that was something to look forward to. New York and Donna and no wall. . . . Pratt noticed that the terrain had become wilder and so had the spelling on the road signs. He realized he was in Wales and that he hadn't made a reservation at the inn Donna had recommended. He stopped in a town whose main drag wasn't as long as the string of consonants that made up its name. He phoned ahead and nailed down the last available room.

He arrived at sunset. The inn was situated at the head of a long narrow valley that was backlighted in bronze. A slender lake was performing molten Technicolor tricks along the valley floor. The steep hillsides were carpeted in lurid emerald greenery and dotted with gold-pink-purple impressionist sheep. Behind the inn rose a long-extinct volcano. All Donna had said was, *Nice place, good hiking.*

True and true. The innkeepers were a ruddy-cheeked old couple who welcomed Pratt effusively enough to qualify them as honorary Italians. Dinner was ambitious enough to have originated on the far side of the Channel as well. Afterward in the lounge the other guests went out of their way to include the lone foreigner in their conversation. Pratt did his best to repay them with the pleasant surprise of meeting an American who was unassuming and fluent in English. They were quite taken with him. He wished that Donna had seen it. He wondered what she was doing.

The next day Pratt hiked up the mountain and around the crater rim. A beauty.

Pratt liked hiking alone. The solitude, settings and endorphins put things in perspective. As he sat on an outcropping and watched the wind rippling the long wild grass on the slopes below, Pratt's perspective was that he longed to trade his solitude and endorphins for Donna. He wanted her to be here. He wanted them to travel everywhere and make love on volcanic rims and have kids who'd be best friends with Dick and Chloe's kids. He was in love. Not the close-enough-for-rock-and-roll version he'd felt for Suzie. The real thing. *Love*. This was not some endorphin-glow delusion. This had been there long before the hike, it had been going on . . . continuously since that little grin and the earplugs. *Love*. Christ. Thirty-nine fucking years old and he's first-time, full-tilt, chest-pang loony in love. He wondered how foolish it was to feel this way about someone he hadn't slept with. Maybe it wouldn't be so great. He doubted that. Donna was good at things. He looked forward to finding out. He would make it his life's work.

•

When Pratt came down off the mountain he found Donna in a meadow behind the inn, tossing a stick for the innkeepers' aged retriever. Pratt tried to find something amusingly adult to say. He settled for not running up to her, kissing her and flinging her to the ground. He walked up to her, kissed her and took her to his room. Their room.

•

Sex and hiking and sex and eating and sex and a castle and sex in Wales. A rainy weekend in Bath, museums during the day, pubs and dancing at night, urgent squirming in the car on a country lane with a downpour drumming on the sheet metal like the ghost of Keith Moon. Liquids, liquids. The surf licking the cliffs on the Cornwall coast. A night of serious drinking followed by serious rug burns when they couldn't make it all the way from the door to the bed. A long drive east to Cambridge to do the cornball tourist thing, punting on the Cam. Worth it. But the clock was running. Tomorrow would be one last day together in London. Morning after that Donna's plane would take her away.

They dawdled in the huge clawfoot tub in their Cambridge hotel. Finally Pratt got out, brought the phone over and got back in. He began to call the hotel in London, the one in South Kensington where they had stayed separately at the start of the trip. Donna stopped him; she wanted to stay someplace else. Pratt sensed the South Ken place had other memories attached and Donna didn't want to play mix and match. Pratt didn't ask. Donna hadn't talked about her love life and hadn't inquired about his. Pratt was OK with that. The past could wait. The future too. Pratt was living totally in the now, something he had experienced before only when clinging to a rock wall or when being bashed around

(concluded on page 144)

nent or diversion; amusement; sport; frolic.

PLAYBOY *n.*

plā′boi′). **1.** A sporty fellow bent upon pleasure seeking; a man-about-town; a lover of life; a *bon vivant*. **2.** The magazine edited for the edification and entertainment of urban men; i.e., in the June issue: "You Can Make a Million Today" by J. Paul Getty; a psychological portrait of Reno by Herbert Gold; five pages of color photography on the Grand Prix in Monaco with description by Charles Beaumont; cartoonist Shel Silverstein visits Hawaii.—**played out** (plād out), *p.* Performed to the end; also, exhausted; used up.—**player** (plā′ĕr), *n.* One who plays; an actor; a musician.—**playful** (plā′fo͝ol; -f'l), *adj.* Full of play; sportive; also, humorous.—**playmate** (plā′māt′), *n.* A companion in play.—**Playmate** (Plā′māt′), *n.* A popular pictorial feature in PLAYBOY magazine depicting a beautiful girl in pin-up pose; shortening of "Playmate of the Month"; i.e., Austrian beauty Heidi Becker in June issue; hence, without cap., any very attractive female companion to a playboy.—**playock** (plā′ŭk), *n.* [Prob. dim. of *play, n.*] Plaything. *Scot.*—**playoff** (plā′ŏf′), *n. Sports.* A final con-

JUNE PLAYMATE

MISS JUNE 1961. Our cover, a playful nod to Noah Webster, proved that PLAYBOY belonged in any sophisticated man's vocabulary. Hef and Art Director Arthur Paul designed the "dictionary cover" to look like the real thing. It characterized a playboy as a lover of life, and we'll stick with that definition today. The Playmate in that issue was the already well-defined Heidi Becker. Heidi played the cameo role on the cover as a reminder that words sometimes fail us.

"I knew your parties were the talk of Savannah, Lady Vandiver, but until now I never knew why."

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

they spike. they kill. they wear ads on their bikini bottoms. but how else can you make a good living on the beach?

VOLLYBALL GODDESSES

article by **CRAIG VETTER**

ANOTHER DAY at the office for Liz Masakayan and Karolyn Kirby, and they look a little tired. It's 8:30 on a Sunday morning at the end of August. Their motel wake-up call was late, so they had to hurry breakfast, hustle to the grandstand court on Manhattan Beach in Los Angeles, peel down to two-piece swimsuits, slather themselves with sunscreen and, against a light breeze, under perfect sunshine, start bumping a volleyball back and forth to each other. They are warming up for their semifinal match in the Reebok Nationals, the finale of the Women's Professional Volleyball Association tour. Across the net, Dennie Shupryt-Knoop and Deb Richardson are working on their serves.

On the promenade above the beach volleyball courts, three sailors in starched whites have stopped to watch. "Major babe alert," says one of them as they gawk with shameless delight at the four beautiful, nearly naked women who are about to go to work. I eavesdrop as the men argue their preferences according to body type and hair color. The options before the sailors are all appealing: Masakayan, dark and exotic, 5′8″; Shupryt-Knoop, blonde, athletically compact; Kirby, a beautifully proportioned 5′11″, also with blonde hair; and Richardson, a lean and stretchy 6′1″.

A few minutes later, as the game starts, Kirby stops the sailors' beauty-contest patter dead by skying off the sand to spike a ball (it's about the size of a man's head) with an explosive force that has to remind them of gunnery practice. The courtside spectators turn their chairs over to get out of the way of the vicious blast. The sailors look at one another as if they've just seen Shaq jam one. They laugh, exchange low fives and make their way onto the sand and into the grandstand to watch the rest of the game. Kirby and Masakayan *(continued on page 124)*

RONEST
RONEST
RONEST

Full Moon Rising

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY STEVE ONEY

he's not handsome, hip or sexy. how did dennis franz become the molten soul of *nypd blue*?

A COUPLE OF HOURS before the sight of his naked, middle-aged fanny began filling television screens across America, Dennis Franz sat in his trailer on the Twentieth Century Fox lot in Los Angeles replaying a cassette of the soon-to-air footage. The actor had filmed the scene without makeup after convincing himself that a tiny scar from a spider bite was dramatically plausible. (His character, Detective Andy Sipowicz, had been shot in the wallet in *NYPD Blue*'s pilot episode.) But now that the moon, so to speak, would soon be rising, Franz was less sure, and he kept scrutinizing the image of his nether region, searching for that pinprick of red until the absurdity of it all dawned on him and he asked: "What kind of guy am I? I've got a beautiful woman in the shower with me, and I'm rewinding the tape to look at *my* ass?"

The woman was Sharon Lawrence, who in the role of Sylvia Costas shares this moment with Sipowicz, baring not just her own derriere but an area of her lover's psyche that has long been off-limits. At first, Sipowicz tries to push Costas away, protesting: "I usually shower alone." Then, when she not only persists but also begins sudsing what can only be his most private parts, he flat-out balks: "Whoa, whoa. I usually wash myself down there." Finally, however, he submits, allowing tentatively: "Boy, that'll sure be clean."

As Sipowicz' lines suggest, his character's nudity is almost secondary to something else, a story that has been unfolding on *NYPD Blue* since it premiered in September 1993, the story of an angry cop recovering elements of his humanity. "Sipowicz hadn't been devoid of sex in the past," noted Franz, "but those were financial transactions. When he wanted it, he paid for it. Last year, he admitted he hadn't had sex sober in 20 years. Now, he's having to learn how to play, to be naughty—like an adolescent. That's part of the charm of his character. It's rare to see a man his age, with his outward gruffness, act in that sort of manner."

Yet for all that, it was Franz' behind that would tonight be exposed before a nationwide television audience. He was understandably thinking less about Andy Sipowicz' demons than about the fact that he was joining an exclusive club, the handful of TV actors—most of them courtesy of *NYPD Blue*—who've revealed on camera as much of their anatomy as network strictures allow. Call it full dorsal nudity. On the one hand, he was flattered that someone might want to see his less-than-svelte self in the altogether. "Back when we were conceiving the show," he remarked, "I was asked if I had any qualms, and I said, 'If they want to see it, they're welcome.'" By the same token, however, he was aware that he was opening himself to ridicule, confiding: "I know that my friends, my family, my loved ones—people I don't ordinarily show my rear end to—are going to see it. I imagine tomorrow I'm going to be the rear end of a lot of jokes."

With that, Franz emerged from his trailer, which is moored next to the soundstage that houses *NYPD Blue*'s sets, and stepped across the lot to the space where his Jaguar was parked. All he could do now was await the outcome at home.

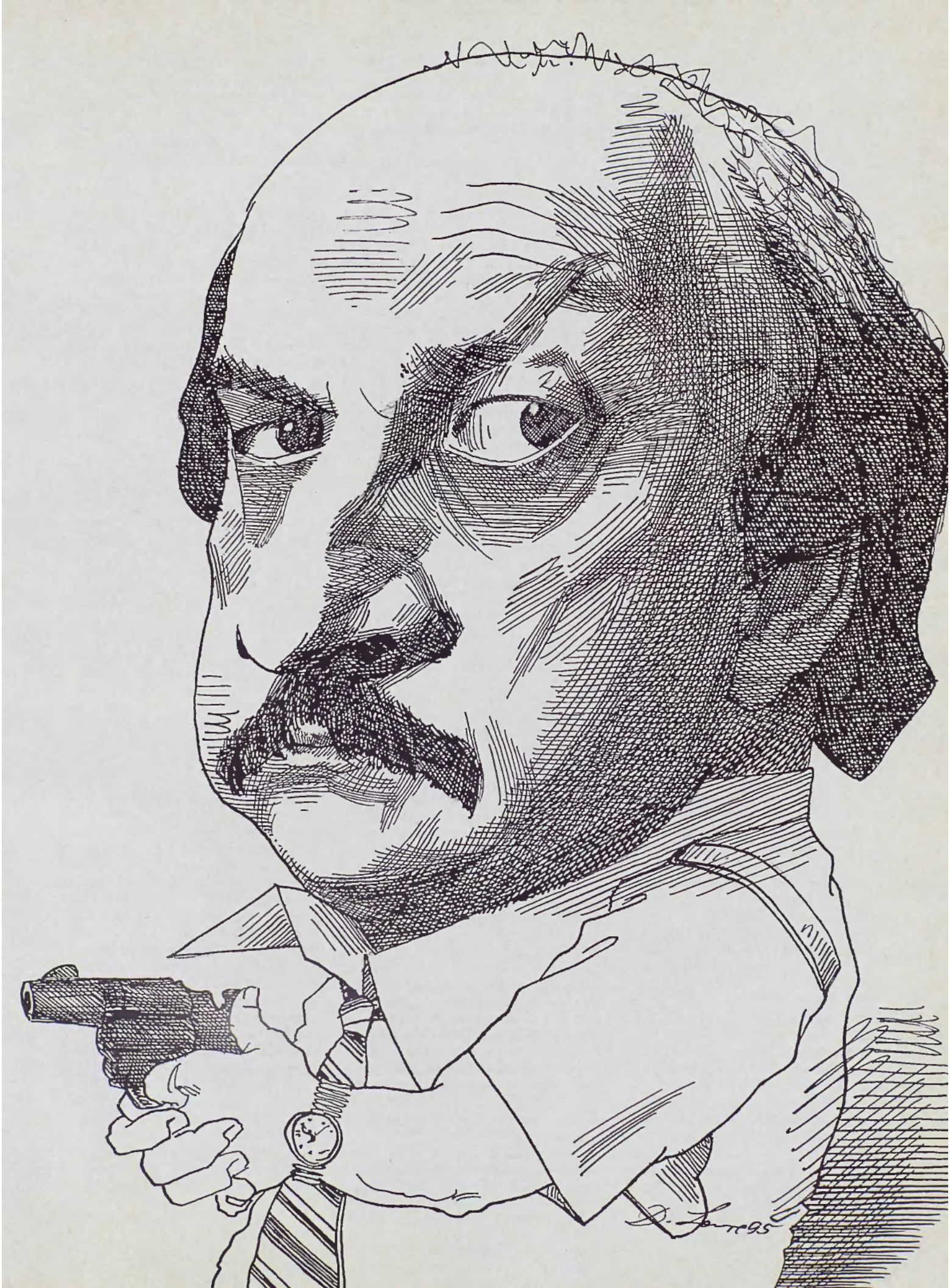
Predictably, the calls started coming the next morning, yet the day was nearly over before the rump roast commenced in earnest. As it happened, it was Thanksgiving eve, and Franz and his longtime inamorata, Joanie Zeck, were up baking, the TV tuned to *The Tonight Show*, when Jay Leno plunged into his opening monolog.

"So, Dennis Franz bared his butt on *NYPD Blue*," Leno began.

Pause. Then: "Did they think we needed to see that before Thanksgiving? I guess a lot of people won't be eating white meat."

Laughter. Encore: "Franz intended this as a

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



public service ad: This is your butt. This is your butt on Twinkies."

Like Leno's studio audience, Franz and Zeck found this to be genuinely amusing. For an actor, Franz is surprisingly devoid of vanity, and he appreciated the broad comedic target his posterior offered. Which was lucky. The episode scored one of the best ratings in *NYPD Blue* history, making it the week's fifth-highest-rated show and meaning that 16.7 million households, more than a fourth of the viewing audience, had seen Franz' buns of molten steel au naturel.

•

That it would be the unveiling of Dennis Franz' bottom—and not that of his decidedly more buff former sidekick, David Caruso, or present partner, Jimmy Smits—that sent *NYPD Blue*'s Nielsens through the roof seems, at first blush, astonishing. As Franz will willingly confess, he's not exactly matinee idol material.

Fifty years old, weighing 210 pounds, and standing just over 5'11", Franz is the very picture of a Rust Belt man. Though he doesn't carry much fat, his physique can best be described as lumpy, and he admits that when it comes to dieting, the most he ever does is "occasionally pass up a doughnut." (Indeed, in contrast to the preparation of other actors, Franz didn't try to get in shape before his *NYPD Blue* nude scene.) Then there's the mug—balding, of course, and jowly, with a beak of a nose, mustache and cartoon eyebrows. To learn that Franz was born Dennis Schlachta in an ethnically balkanized Chicago suburb (his stage name, which rhymes with prawns, was his father's first name) comes as no surprise.

But whether he looks the part or not, Dennis Franz is a star, a sex symbol even, who receives indecent proposals in his fan mail, is accorded "heartthrob" status by the *National Enquirer* and pops up on the cover of *People* magazine's Valentine's Day issue. And not only that, there has been exceptional critical acclaim. For his work on *NYPD Blue*, Franz took home both the 1994 Emmy and the 1995 Golden Globe for best actor in a dramatic television series.

The reasons for Franz' success are many. For starters, he's a legitimately skilled performer. Steven Bochco, who, along with David Milch, created and produces *NYPD Blue*, has been using Franz ever since he cast him as the fiendish Sal Benedetto in *Hill Street Blues* 13 years ago. Bochco speaks of Franz' "big, big engine" and his "meticulous" work habits. Then there's the fact that *NYPD Blue* was basically written for Franz. "When David and I conceived the show," recalls Bochco, "the first thing I did was hire Dennis. We didn't even have a script." Yet finally, there's something else, something specific to Franz as a man.

Spend time around those who know Franz and they will invariably volunteer that he's that rarest of items, a virtuous soul. Bochco, who's not the sort to sing false praises, vows: "He has a genuinely good heart. He's fiercely ethical. That's what I respond to. My dad was that way." David Milch echoes this sentiment: "Dennis is a gentleman—civil and sweet-spirited." Actor Joe Mantegna, whose friendship with Franz dates back to when they started out together in Chicago theater in the early Seventies, goes even further: "If I had to choose three human beings to watch my backside if such an occasion arose, Dennis would be one of them. It's that Midwestern mentality—no pretense, no hidden agendas. You always know where you stand with Dennis. If he's your friend, he's your friend."

Considering that acting is a profession dependent on artifice, the link between Franz' decency and his power on-screen may seem unclear—but not to Bochco. "To use Milch's word," he says, "there's an interesting 'doubleness' about Dennis. You're always attracted to his blue-collar toughness. But inevitably, as his characters progress, his goodness begins to emerge through that blue-collar toughness."

It's this inner aura, Bochco believes, that draws viewers to the outwardly repugnant Andy Sipowicz. "In Sipowicz, we've created a very edgy character, in many ways a bigot, loaded with biases. But endlessly leaking through the cracks of that facade is Dennis' goodness. The trap for us as writers, in fact, is not to give in to it. It's important to take Sipowicz back to that darker side."

The dark side, of course, is from whence Sipowicz sprang in all his glory in *NYPD Blue*'s pilot. Alcoholic, misogynistic and armed, Sipowicz announced himself to the world—and to Costas, the assistant D.A. who later becomes his lover—by grabbing his crotch and snarling: "Ipso this, you pissy little bitch."

And it is the dark side that has informed countless subsequent Sipowicz outbursts. Not since Archie Bunker has anyone voiced as many insulting or off-color sentiments in prime time. But whereas Bunker delivered them in the form of armchair rants, Sipowicz serves them in your face.

During the course of *NYPD Blue*'s two seasons, Sipowicz has unleashed a number of memorable verbal sallies. Some are shots across the bow of polite sensibility. For instance, his crack to an aging, gay screenwriter who wanted him to estimate the value of an Academy Award statue stolen by some rough trade: "Mr. Rickman, I'd love to sit here with you figuring out what someone would pay to whip his skippy while he looks at your Oscar, but we're working a multiple homicide right now." Likewise, his crack to a wife-killing chiropractor who asked about Sipowicz' bad back: "Maybe I can get over it thinking of you in Ossining getting acupuncture up your dirt chute." Others, however, are blows at political correctness, particularly a tirade he unleashed at an obdurate black man named Futrel who believed he was being interrogated in a murder investigation solely because of his skin color:

> SIPOWICZ: "Hey, pal, I'm trying to find some assholes before they murder another innocent family. It so happens that these particular assholes are black. Now, how do you want me to go about this? You want me to put the questions, 'I'm sorry for the injustices the white man has inflicted upon your race, but can you provide any information? I'm sorry your people have been downtrodden for 300 years, but did you discuss the layout of the Sloan house with any of your friends?'"
>
> FUTREL: "Yeah. Do it that way."
>
> SIPOWICZ: "OK. I know that great African American George Washington Carver discovered the peanut, but can you provide the names and addresses of these friends?"

•

Like Bochco says, there's not a lot on the surface to love. And yet the audience loves Sipowicz, and that it does is a testimony to Franz. Admittedly, *NYPD Blue*'s writers have endowed Sipowicz with enough saving grace to give the actor a starting place. How could a hardened cop who collects tropical fish not tug at heartstrings? And the romance between Sipowicz and Costas has softened a few edges. But finally, it's Franz who furnishes the transformative magic. "The dimension and subtlety and depth Dennis brings to that character are something to see," says David Milch, who scripts the bulk of Sipowicz' dialogue.

To illustrate his point, Milch described a moment he witnessed when *NYPD Blue* was filming in New York. In the episode, Sipowicz probes the sexual violation and murder of an immigrant boy as he comes to grips with the distance between himself and his estranged son. During the course of his

(continued on page 156)

"Stop being so gender specific!"

Calvin Klein

LITTLE WOMEN

at long last, a tribute to small wonders

IN DEPARTMENT STORES, they're called petites. In schoolyards, they're short stuff. In the business world, they're little dynamos. At amusement parks, they're "below this line," in Texas, they're little ladies and in bed, they're, well, highly mobile. But have you ever heard one described with the kinds of adjectives—statuesque, striking, bombshell—heaped on the Naomi Campbells and Christy Turlingtons of the world? Not likely. Face it, in this bigger-is-better era, little women tend to get short shrift. Until now. "We were talking about the hundreds of pictorials we've done in the past," says PLAYBOY Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson, "and we suddenly realized that we'd somehow overlooked petite women. We knew we had to fix that." Larson put the word out, and before you could say Lilliputian, an army of bantam beauties lit upon the PLAYBOY shores. "The truth is, they were all completely adorable," Larson recalls. "But they were also extremely sexy." Think he's telling you a tall tale? Look for yourself.

Jennifer Compton (at left and above) is an Ohio native who now lives in Florida, where she manages a lingerie boutique. Her size is not an indicator of her ambition. She comes from a "strong, successful, hardworking family"—and intends to keep that legacy alive.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Rebecca and Rachel Furman (above) are identical twins from—no surprise here—a small town in northwest Nebraska. Combined, the diminutive duo is barely an arm's length taller than, say, the 76ers' Shawn Bradley. But they're twin towers of energy. Both like to water-ski, and while Rebecca dreams of winding up on MTV, Rachel wants to "travel, experience new things and make it big." Below is Emily Prince, a waitress and model from California. A lover of cowboys, old movies, springtime and country living, Emily hopes one day to have her own ranch. Fellow Golden Stater Tonya Watts (aiming for the stars, opposite) trekked west from Alabama to make a splash in the movies. There's a lot of athleticism packed into that 61-inch frame: Tonya has taught gymnastics and was a cheerleader for 12 years.

TONYA WATTS 5'1"

STACEY CICCARELLI 5'2"

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS 5'3"

"I love dimples ond a greot smile," says Stocey Ciccarelli (at left), a mail-order entrepreneur from the Rockies. Her dream man? The somewhat taller Brad Pitt. Elizabeth Williams (above) hails from Texas, where she has gone into Dad's business—selling cars (compacts, no doubt). Chicago's Kristen Lee (below) plans a career in physical therapy—or showbiz.

KRISTEN LEE 5'2"

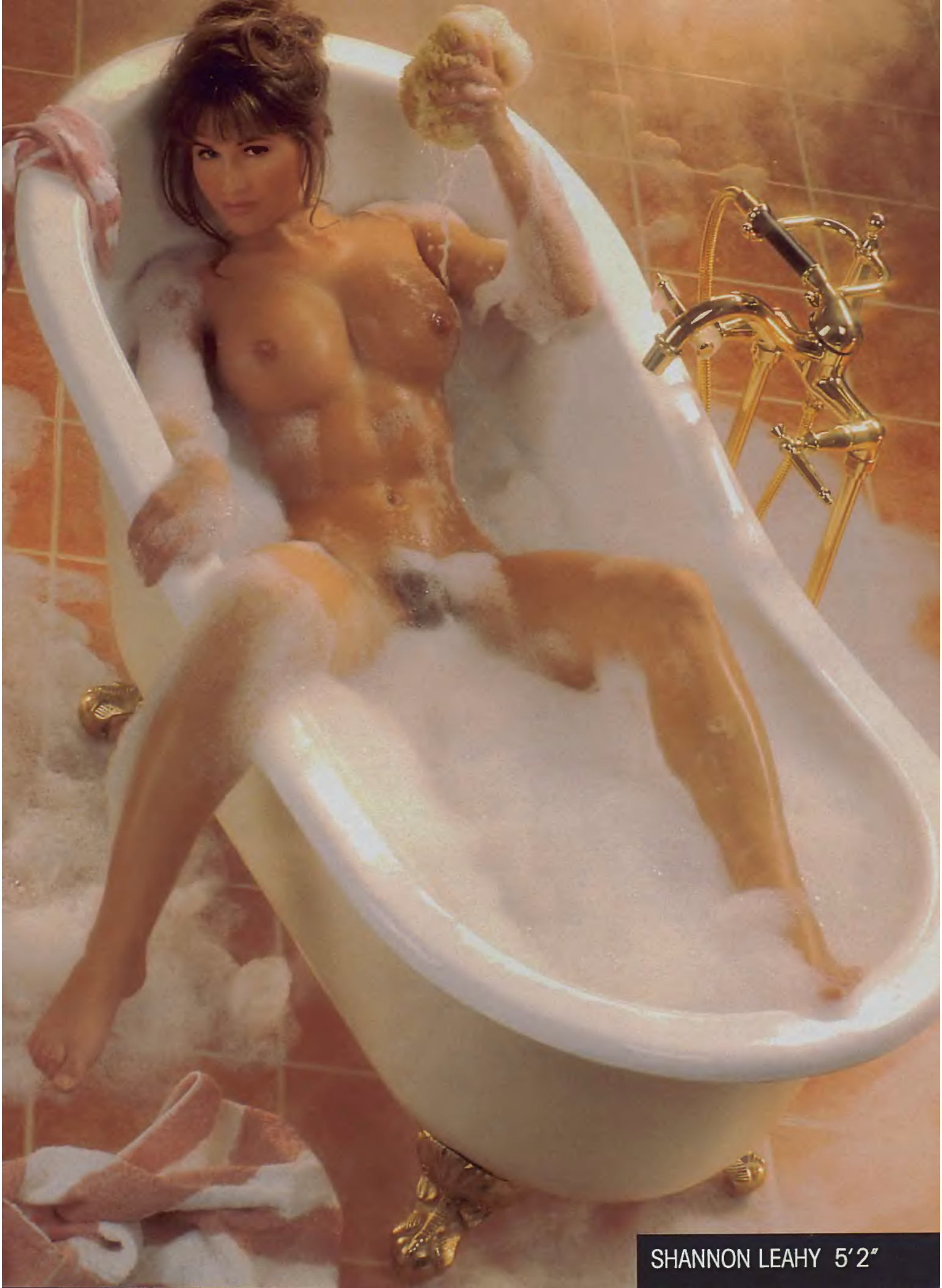
MELISSA MARKS 5'

APRIL WADDELL 5'2"

Melissa Marks (abave) was a competitive ice skater, but now the transplanted Texan lives on the West Coast and langs to be a writer. April Waddell (right) was born in Georgia and now warks as a nursing assistant in Washingtan State. Off-haurs you can find April skiing. Philippines-born Jeaniffer Vuylsteke (below) waits tables at a sparts bar. Her gaal is to be "a successful businesswoman and wife."

JEANIFFER VUYLSTEKE 5'

Canadian Bonny Giroux (above) likes bubble baths and Italian food. "My family and I have lived in a nudist colony for nine years," she says. "And during my high school years, I lived with nuns." Alicia Zepp (below) is an Alabama homemaker who fancies swimming with dolphins and men in tight Levi's. Her big plans: "to have a log cabin on 20 acres of land." Finally, meet Shannon Leahy (opposite), a model and part-time carpenter from New York. Shannon and all the rest should take comfort in the thaught that it's a small world, after all.



SHANNON LEAHY 5'2"

VOLLEYBALL *(continued from page 110)*

"I brought dinner to them, and Karolyn was naked on the massage table. They told me to come in."

overcome their morning fatigue and take care of business in a hard-serving, sand-crashing, 15–9 win.

"I'm not sure what men expect when they come to a tournament," says Kirby after the match. "They may come for the bikinis, but they stay for the competition, and they go away with respect. When it's over, they know that what they've seen out here are not your average women."

That's putting it mildly. These women were scholar-athletes in college, and they have the strength and stature that goes with the title. Most of them hold other, full-time jobs—there are lawyers, personal trainers, entrepreneurs, real estate agents, interpreters, accountants, volleyball coaches, mechanical engineers, restaurant managers, actresses, teachers and city planners on the tour—and many have young children.

Dennie Shupryt-Knoop, a 39-year-old who runs a business from her home in Los Angeles, survived southern California's November 1993 wildfires, the January 1994 earthquake and the postfire mudslides. She gave birth to a daughter on February 11, 1994 and ten weeks later took fourth place with Deb Richardson in the Reebok Fort Lauderdale Open. Other than that, she's just out there getting a good tan, playing a game that most people think of as something to do until the burgers are finished grilling.

•

Beach volleyball began in California in the Fifties as casual pickup games on improvised courts at Malibu, State Beach and Laguna. Back then the serious athletes played for beach chairs and beer; the rest of us wandered into the games for something to do when we weren't surfing or swimming or frying on the sand. It was a gentler game then—like basketball before the dunk—and because most colleges had volleyball programs for women but not for men, the women in the beach games were often the only ones with any real hitting skills, finesse or sense of strategy.

Amateur tournaments sprang up along the coast in the Sixties and early Seventies, and by 1976 the level of play among the men was high enough to attract sponsorship for the first professional contest ever, in Pacific Palisades—total prize money $5000. Since then, the men's tour, under the auspices of the Association of Volleyball Professionals, has exported this little piece of the California dream to cities all over the country, where it plays to hundreds of thousands of fans, and onto television, where it has grown into a sophisticated marketing entity that in 1994 attracted enough sponsorship money and TV revenues to offer a prize kitty of more than $4 million. The Women's Professional Volleyball Association, organized ten years after the men's tour, played the season for a total purse of slightly more than $600,000, the highest ever.

•

Money, of course, has changed the game, but it hasn't changed the scene much. The beach at Manhattan is still a gorgeous swath, stretching north into the luminous glow where the bright sun hits the Los Angeles smog, and south to Hermosa and the ragged blue clifftops of Palos Verdes. By midmorning on Sunday of the WPVA final, the promenade above the beach is a river of walking, jogging, skating, biking flesh and summer colors. The grandstand around center court is full, and the beach is standing-room-only all the way to the tents representing the commercial tribes that sponsor the women's tour: Reebok, Coors Light, Killer Loop sunglasses, Chevrolet, Naya ("the goddess of bottled waters"). Admission to WPVA tournaments is free. Sponsors pay expenses, put up prize money and give away towels, water bottles and other beach paraphernalia in the hope they'll become logo-linked with this lifestyle sport, as the marketing people call it.

Just before 11 A.M., CBS cameramen take their places to prepare for a live national telecast, while the master of ceremonies introduces the finalists: Barbra Fontana, born in Manhattan Beach, is 5'6" and one of the tour's great defensive players. She's 29 years old and works as a lawyer. In 1994 she was president of the player-governed WPVA. Her partner, Lori Kotas-Forsythe, is 6'1" and 36 years old. She's a durable player who ranks seventh on the list of all-time tour money-winners. The team of Barbra Fontana and Lori Kotas-Forsythe had two tournament wins in 1994.

Unfortunately for them, they are competing against Liz Masakayan and Karolyn Kirby, who have won each of the ten previous competitions they entered this year. Masakayan—who goes by the nicknames Flyin' Masakayan and the Lizard—is quick, powerful, intense. Now 30 years old, she was a two-time UCLA all-American and member of the 1988 Olympic indoor team, and she is second on the WPVA's list of career money-winners. Her partner, Karolyn Kirby, has yet to acquire a nickname, but who needs one when everybody calls you "the best woman to ever play the sport"? At 34 years old, she is first in nearly every category for which women's volleyball keeps statistics, including wins and earnings. She is a huge hitter and has battered her way to league MVP honors five of the past six seasons.

"Partnership is everything in this game," says Kirby when I question the two of them about their slamming success. "Liz and I fit together quite well. We both like living on the edge, we're spontaneous, we don't like to be bored. Our style is physical, powerful and graceful. And we can say things on the court in the heat of the game without causing each other to get weird or defensive."

"Trust, loyalty, communication, maturity," says Masakayan, summing up the strengths of the team. "And hard work."

"What about life on the tour other than volleyball?" I ask.

"What life?" says Masakayan, and they both laugh.

"You have to pick your spots," says Kirby. "It takes a lot of energy to sightsee or go to dinner with people when you're exhausted, you have an 8 A.M. match and a pulled muscle you have to spend the night working on."

I tell them that I know something about their massage-table moments. I'm staying in the same hotel they are, and on my first morning there, the room-service waiter, Tony, brought my breakfast and said, "Do you know who's in the room across the hall? Karolyn Kirby and Liz Masakayan." He paused for my acknowledgment, then dropped his voice and said, "Yesterday afternoon I brought dinner to them, and Karolyn was naked on a massage table." He savored this a moment, then quickly added, "They told me to come in."

Kirby and Masakayan laugh at the story and bat it back and forth between them.

"Oh yes, come in, Tony, come in," says Masakayan.

"Here's the oil, Tony," counters Kirby. "Let me show you how this is done."

(continued on page 146)

"Hello, intensive care? Mr. Thompson here at 1500 feet having an out-of-body experience."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 159.

CARRY ON!

five easy pieces to tote aboard a plane

Although Alfred Dunhill of London calls the leather carry-on at top left a train case, it's ideal for plane travel. Price: $1430. If you like the look, check out other luggage in Dunhill's Cambridge Leather Collection. The laptop computer case below the train case is made of rich, full-grain cowhide with a soft, pebbled texture created by shrinking the cowhide during tanning. Inside it are four pockets—three for disk storage and one for power cords. From The Territory Ahead, $375. The British-style 19-inch pigskin minisuitcase (under the laptop) from RPI Co. ($65) is just one of six matching pieces ranging from 16 inches to 30 inches, $525 for the set. The pigskin Continental bag below opens like a doctor's case for easy packing, from the Sharper Image, $150. Bottom: The Rucksack, a dark-tan leather backpack with an outside pocket, is by Ghurka, $450.

20 QUESTIONS

KURT LODER

As a child growing up on the New Jersey shore, Kurt Loder would tuck a radio under his pillow at night and tune in to a Tennessee radio station that played black music. "It was like something from another planet," he remembers. "A planet you would like to visit and perhaps establish residency on. I've been able to do that."

MTV's news anchor, who presides over "Day in Rock" and its longer weekend edition, "Week in Rock," is hardly a creature of television. After serving as an Army journalist in Europe, Loder remained an expatriate before returning to the U.S. to write about music—his passion—for small rock magazines. A nine-year stint at "Rolling Stone" followed. His fascination with the sounds of Memphis and the Mississippi Delta served Loder well. He collaborated with Tina Turner on her autobiography, "I, Tina," which inspired the hit film "What's Love Got to Do With It."

Despite a bad attitude and what he insists is problem hair, Loder was recruited by an MTV vice president looking to expand the network's programming beyond rock videos. His stock in trade is reporting on rock and roll and the not always unrelated issues of politics, race and freedom of speech. Last year he wrote and reported "Straight Dope," MTV's hour-long special on the drug problem. He has also guided viewers on a tour through Madonna's wardrobe (lingerie included) while she was shooting her "Take a Bow" video in Spain.

Warren Kalbacker met with Loder for several hours. He reports: "Loder had a lot to get off his chest about such minor topics as music, culture and television. Of course, my first question asked itself."

MTV's news anchor argues that rock is not revolutionary, spills the beans on tabitha soren and predicts the inevitability of penis trading cards

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the latest on sex, drugs and rock and roll?

LODER: Sex has not gone away. It's still here and people are still having it. Not in my bailiwick recently. Kids are listening to hard-core metal and rap that's as violent as possible. When you are a kid, you're angry. So you want to see somebody get offed. When we were younger, we just wanted to get a date, but now they want to see the bitch killed. Don't you wish you were young now? I could really get into it. My son has a difficult time because I'm often turning him on to records. He would like to shock me, but it's hard. The idea of rock and roll—being 15 years old and wanting to get fucked up and go wild—always made perfect sense to me. Then you wind up middle-aged with some of the world's worst habits.

2.

PLAYBOY: From the vantage of a rock-and-roll historian, what's your take on rockers' ability—or lack thereof—to handle fame and fortune?

LODER: It's changed. Kurt Cobain was a really talented guy who felt burdened by fame. This is the new generation of kids—the sensitive generation. The older guys weren't like that at all. They wanted to be famous. They wanted the money, the drugs, the sex. And they got it. They still have it. And they have much younger wives. You can't imagine Mick Jagger killing himself because he was too famous. That just wouldn't have happened.

3.

PLAYBOY: As MTV's news anchor, do you feel you're accorded the respect due a broadcast journalist with a national audience?

LODER: They pay me every two weeks. That's pretty much what we ask, right? I work. You pay me. Dan Rather and those guys are real reporters. I'm not telegenic, but we worked on that. A monkey can do this. You just get comfortable so you don't look like you're in pain, which tends to put people off. I learned journalism in the Army. The Army taught us journalism in two months. That's a little too long because the basics of journalism take a month to learn. It's amazing to me that you can study television in college. What do you study? What would you know at the end of the course? I don't get it. Call me old-fashioned.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you advise MTV viewers to supplement your news coverage with C-Span, subscriptions to *The Economist* and *Foreign Affairs* and the study of Richard Nixon's postpresidential writings?

LODER: I generally don't tell people what to do. But if you're getting all your news from television, you're not getting the news. You can't be well-informed without print. In fact, print is the source of all the stories you see on television. Television is good at immediacy, but the depth of coverage that you get from print will never be duplicated. It won't be replaced, either. The other day at a Rolling Stones press conference, some guy from one of the networks asked me what I thought. And I said, "It just proves that you can take lots of drugs and have lots of sex and still be making money at the age of 50." And the guy said, "I don't think that's the message we want to send." I said, "When did news become a matter of the message we want to send? I thought it was the facts we wanted to send." So the idea that people in television are curators of journalistic ethics is true. Thank God for print. To me that's real journalism. If you're not reading, you're not informed. Even if you're listening to me.

5.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something surprising about your colleague Tabitha Soren.

LODER: She has a deep punk-rock background. I hesitate to go further. There's nothing scandalous, but she has a real music background. She was a fan and she's not a fake. Her real name is Sorenberger, and I think it's Norwegian. One of those Scando countries. She's great. I love Tabitha. Very smart, very ambitious, very sweet. Real cute. She's 27 now. Wow! She's sprouted right up. She really researches her stuff. She's better than most of the people we see on networks. I guess we'd have to say she's a credit to her generation. That's a terrible thing to say.

6.

PLAYBOY: Comment on rock and roll as a revolutionary movement.

LODER: Rock and roll was never revolutionary. There was nothing done in rock and roll that hadn't been done by R&B. The great thing about early rock and roll is that it created a new social mixture of black and white people. Rock and roll was a new way of looking at the world and saying black people

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

have great talents and are pretty cool. Some white people thought they would like to be black. I remember feeling that way. It's a shame to see that breaking down now. Yet the biggest audience for rap is white kids with their baseball caps on backward. Rap brings races together without preaching. You hear this music and you say, "That's cool." I'm white, but I'd like to be cool anyway and escape being just a white person. Perhaps we were allowed to become white with soul or aspirations to soul. And our lives were much improved by it. You can't believe a word Jesse Helms says after you've heard Otis Redding. You just can't.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is rock and roll humanity's last best hope?

LODER: For me it was everything in life you wanted to be. Anybody who grew up in the Fifties or early Sixties remembers how dull and preposterous those times were. I wanted to cut loose and do things the beatnik guys were doing. The beatniks were really cool, but they didn't have rock and roll. They had jazz. Jazz is good, but you can't dance to it. So rock and roll was perfect. It was stupid, it was universal and it was brilliant and beautiful. Doo-wop songs are beautiful. *Louie Louie* is beautiful. I think the FBI studied it for a while. If you can picture those guys sitting around listening to it. The words are easily available, but in the recording done by the Kingsmen, no one could understand what was going on. Not even the guys who were singing it. It could have been dirty. Can we imagine a time when people cared? It was a much more innocent time. I'm sure there are conservatives who wish we had *Louie Louie* back again and that Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg were somewhere else.

"Thanks. My wife's breathing appears to be normal now. . . . I said, my wife's breathing. . . . I said. . . . Hey!"

8.

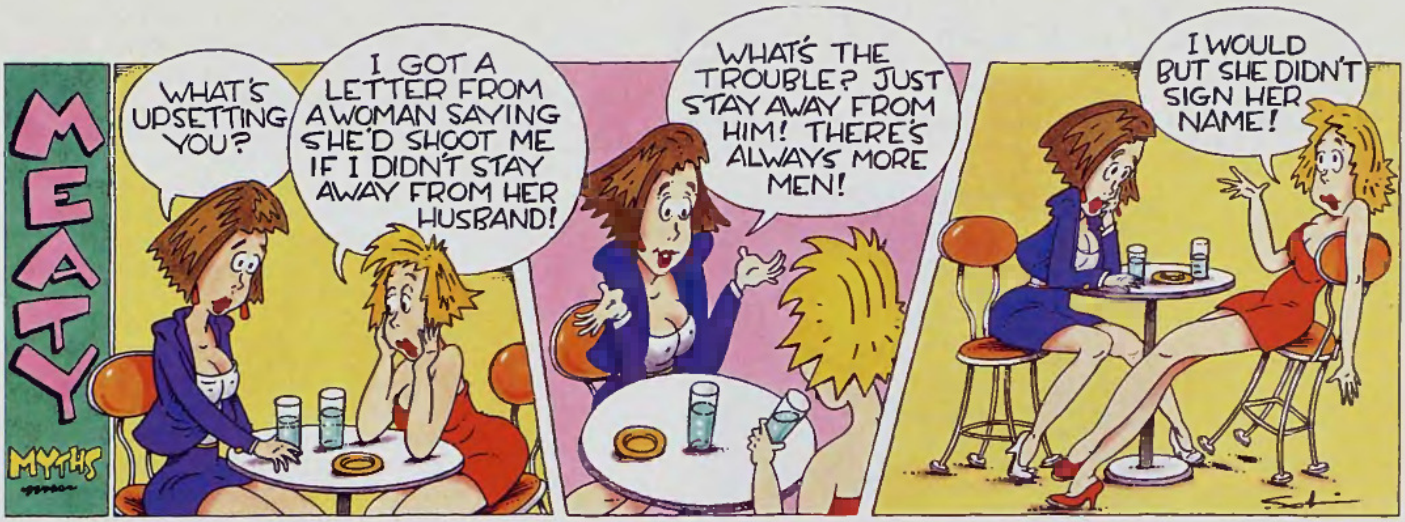
PLAYBOY: You've said that Tina Turner changed your life. Describe what she did for you.

LODER: I was a white kid growing up among white people—this is like 1960. Ike and Tina records had come out and this stuff was just pow! Recorded on one mike and in one take. It was so hot. It just spoke of another world, to a white kid surrounded by people in lime green polyester clothes, drinking scotch. And it made you want to go out and find it. It changed my life. Music really shaped my life. Without music, what would I be? Tina's an incredible force. I don't think she realizes how powerful that gift is when she sings. The first thing I said when I met her was, "I love those early records. They are brilliant." But she told me she hated singing those—she thought it was screeching. My heart was broken. She hated working with Ike Turner. We were going to do this book and she had forgotten her life story, just blotted the whole thing out of her mind. She'd forgotten who was in the bands and what they did. So to re-create the story, I wound up trudging through Mississippi, finding old saxophone players who were out fishing. Tina was really inspired by white people, which is the other side of the rock-and-roll dream. And she was the first to say that the white people she worked with gave her an idea that there was a world of class and manners. And now she lives in the south of France. So she got where she wanted to go. I wound up where I am.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss vinyl discs?

LODER: You can't roll joints on CDs. They're too small. You can't do any drugs on them. That's really a drag. Nobody misses turning the record over. But I miss good sound. I miss the fullness of the sound. There's a whole generation that's not hearing it. Ike Turner used to work with these sharpsters from Chicago, and they'd drive around Mississippi with a huge Magnavox tape recorder in the trunk of their Rocket 88. They'd stop at the local electronics repair shop and record Homesick James. This stuff was really low-fi, but it's just rocking music. You can't reproduce the effect of a mono record, which is everything coming at you from one point. That experience is lost. Everything is stereo now. The sampling rate that was established with digital sound is so low that you're not hearing the information you would hear on a record. You're hearing a distilled version of it. That's why people complain that CDs sound so icy. There's something missing. The sampling rate should be much, much higher. And it could be. Sampling rate means how often the machine takes a cutting sample of the music being played. It takes only one from


MEATY
MYTHS
WHAT'S UPSETTING YOU?
I GOT A LETTER FROM A WOMAN SAYING SHE'D SHOOT ME IF I DIDN'T STAY AWAY FROM HER HUSBAND!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? JUST STAY AWAY FROM HIM! THERE'S ALWAYS MORE MEN!
I WOULD BUT SHE DIDN'T SIGN HER NAME!

here and one from there. Nirvana and Pearl Jam put out their records on vinyl first. If you listen to the Nirvana album, their latest one, on vinyl, it's a different record. And that's why all the high-end audio people swear by vinyl.

10.

PLAYBOY: So, how nasty are the gangsta rappers?

LODER: As nasty as they want to be, as they once put it. People get upset when black people understand the game. They understand it'll attract more people if they say, "Hey kids, this shit is nasty, it's about sex and bad shit." And underneath all that, some of the greatest record production in American history is going on. Dr. Dre is a great, great record producer. The stuff that's going on in his tracks is phenomenal. They're using sounds that have never been used before. Some of it is synthesized and some of it is sampled—electronically taking phrases and putting them into a song. These ghetto kids—these bad Negroes—have mastered this stuff. What you have here is a flowering of great musical talent from the black community. Rap is a generational thing. If you grew up on Otis Redding, you're not going to listen to rap. But that's the point. You're not supposed to.

11.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you quite a fan of what you once described as "dirty music"?

LODER: There's a grand tradition of dirty music. When people decry rap music, it's bracing to go back and see that there were songs like *I Want to Put a Banana in Your Fruit Basket* made around 1930. It's tremendous. People were thinking of sex and were thinking of women as sex objects. Particularly men. I don't know why that was. At the time, only these crazy Negroes were interested in this obviously degenerate shit. So this stuff could be made, recorded and sold to the audiences it was intended for, and white people had no idea. Sex is good and it hasn't disappeared. AIDS is a terrible disease, but AIDS hasn't wiped out sex. I hate to see AIDS used by right-wingers as a way to persuade young people not to have sex. Because that's generally what they use it for. Rappers talking about sex are young men talking about sex. Whoa! The nation's fate is obviously at stake.

12.

PLAYBOY: Don't we detect some editorializing in your on-air body language?

LODER: I'm all in favor of editorializing. You should present both sides of every story, as we do. But I'd rather read someone's reporting knowing what their opinion is. I'm not trying to pull the wool over anybody's eyes, but kids, there's a lot of shit out there. The older I get the more appalled I am. What's going on with Michael Jackson? He is someone whose music has never moved me. His music is the definition of overproducing. Michael Jackson's minions sent around a note saying that from now on, they wanted the press to refer to him as the King of Pop. MTV News, I can tell you, refused. Because he's not. But imagine the hubris of someone sending around that note. What kind of person wants to send that note? The music industry is built on that kind of hype. We try to fight back as best we can. I was hoping to see the pictures of Jackson's penis, but they were never released. Maybe Clinton's penis pictures will be released. I don't know. I see a trading card series.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you attach any special significance to the fact that when you appeared as an extra in the movie *The Paper*, director Ron Howard assigned you to peer at Glenn Close and Jason Robards from over a toilet stall?

LODER: Yes, I took it as my due. It made perfect sense to me. I winged it. I improvised. Felt the character. That lasted ten seconds. I had to be pointed out to myself. I didn't see it. My son saw it twice. According to the technicians, they spent an entire day cleaning the men's room at Radio City. It's a nice men's room. Everybody was there.

14.

PLAYBOY: Have Nirvana and Pearl Jam restored a purity to rock and roll that had been missing for a while?

LODER: There was so much slick shit going on. But disco is rock and roll too. Rock is not just a style. It's a way of looking at stuff. Jeff Beck can play with jazz guys or rock-and-roll guys. He's still Jeff Beck and he's still exciting. He has no idea how talented he is. Richard Thompson is a great, gifted guitarist and songwriter. He's perceived as a folk guy, but he's definitely a rock-and-roll kind of person. Rock is inclusive. I thought Abba was a great pop act in the tradition of the Phil Spector groups. They're Swedish but they have that echoey Phil Spector sound. Listen to Abba records and you'll hear arrangements you can't believe. They're so clever. They wrote the first women's lib song, *Hey, Hey Helen*. I miss Abba a lot.

15.

PLAYBOY: Defend the Sixties as the golden age of rock.

LODER: It was just one of those periods when some massive shift was happening in popular culture, and that had to do with technology and communications. And being young is the most important part of appreciating pop culture. You hear things when you're 15 years old that make an impression you can never imagine. I remember hearing stuff when I was 15. Wow! Amazing! All the great records that were made in New Orleans. All the Little Richard stuff. All the Hank Ballard and the Midnighters stuff. And yet you have to be that age to have it make an impression on you. It's a biological thing. The people who say the Sixties were so great are people who were 15 at some point in the Sixties. On

We Get a Good Return on Our Investment.

©Erwin & Peggy Bauer

The Nature Conservancy takes a business approach to protecting our natural world. Through creative techniques like debt-for-nature swaps, we are investing in millions of acres of tropical forest throughout Latin America so that jaguars and other rare species can return to their jungle breeding grounds. Join us, and make an investment in our natural heritage. Future return: isn't that what investment is all about?

The Nature Conservancy

Conservation Through Private Action

For more information, call toll-free 1-800-628-6860.
(or write The Nature Conservancy, Box PSA, 1815 N. Lynn Street, Arlington, VA 22209)

Run with Playmates!

Check All Items and Quantity:

___ Join the *Playboy Running Team* and receive the Official PRT Hat, T-shirt and Race Schedule for only $29.95

___ Deluxe Package: Official T-shirt, Autographed PRT Poster and Massage Video.....$54.95

___ Autographed Poster and Massage Video.....$39.95

Official PRT Merchandise:

___ Autographed Poster.....$15.95
___ T-shirt *(specify S, M, L, XL)*.....$15.95
___ Baseball Hat $14.95
___ Tank Top *(specify S, M, L, XL)*....$14.95

Call 1-800-PRT-1171

PAYMENT OPTIONS: Do not send cash or checks. Send money order or charge to:

❑ MASTERCARD ❑ VISA

Total: $_____

CA residents add 8.25%: $_____

U.S. Shipping: $ 5.95

Total: $_____

ACCT #:_____ EXP. DATE:_____

NAME *(Cardholder)*:_____

BILLING ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:_____

PHONE:[_____]_____

SIGNATURE:_____

THE PLAYBOY RUNNING TEAM™

For orders over $30.99 call to confirm shipping. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. You must be 18 years of age to purchase these products. *Playboy, Playmate* and *Rabbit Head Design* are trademarks of and used under license from *Playboy Enterprises, Inc.*

PLAYBOY RUNNING TEAM • 520 WASHINGTON BLVD., SUITE 497 • MARINA DEL REY, CA 90292

the other hand, they really were great. There's no songwriting group like the Beatles. There's no scene like swinging London. Everybody seemed to feel better. It was, "Let's go out and get high! And wear really loud clothes! What do you say?" Who's going to argue? These days everything is so freighted with sociopolitical bullshit. You just don't have that simple, positive pleasure anymore.

16.

PLAYBOY: Dig deep into your files and find some underappreciated music.

LODER: There's so much. I wish more people could hear Yma Sumac. She's a woman who claimed to be a sun princess from the Inca valleys. She probably was from Connecticut. Yma Sumac was not related to any folk tradition. No way. Her music is ridiculous. Wonderfully ridiculous. There was a kind of exoticism in the Fifties, this tiki consciousness, like the Mystic Moods Orchestra doing *It's a Rainy Night in Hawaii* or something. Whoa! It's really exotic. Pretty good music. Absolutely. In the music business, you're inundated with records. And most of them are garbage. So it's a pleasure to go to a record store and drop a couple hundred dollars and just find stuff. It renews your enthusiasm. Go to the New Age section. You might find Brian Eno there. There are odd record labels run by possessed people who think the world needs to hear more. You'll find ECM, a label with a strong German-Scandinavian orientation to solo, austere guitars. You have to hear it to understand it. There's a band in Texas called Brave Combo that does polka versions of Jimi Hendrix tunes. Really well.

17.

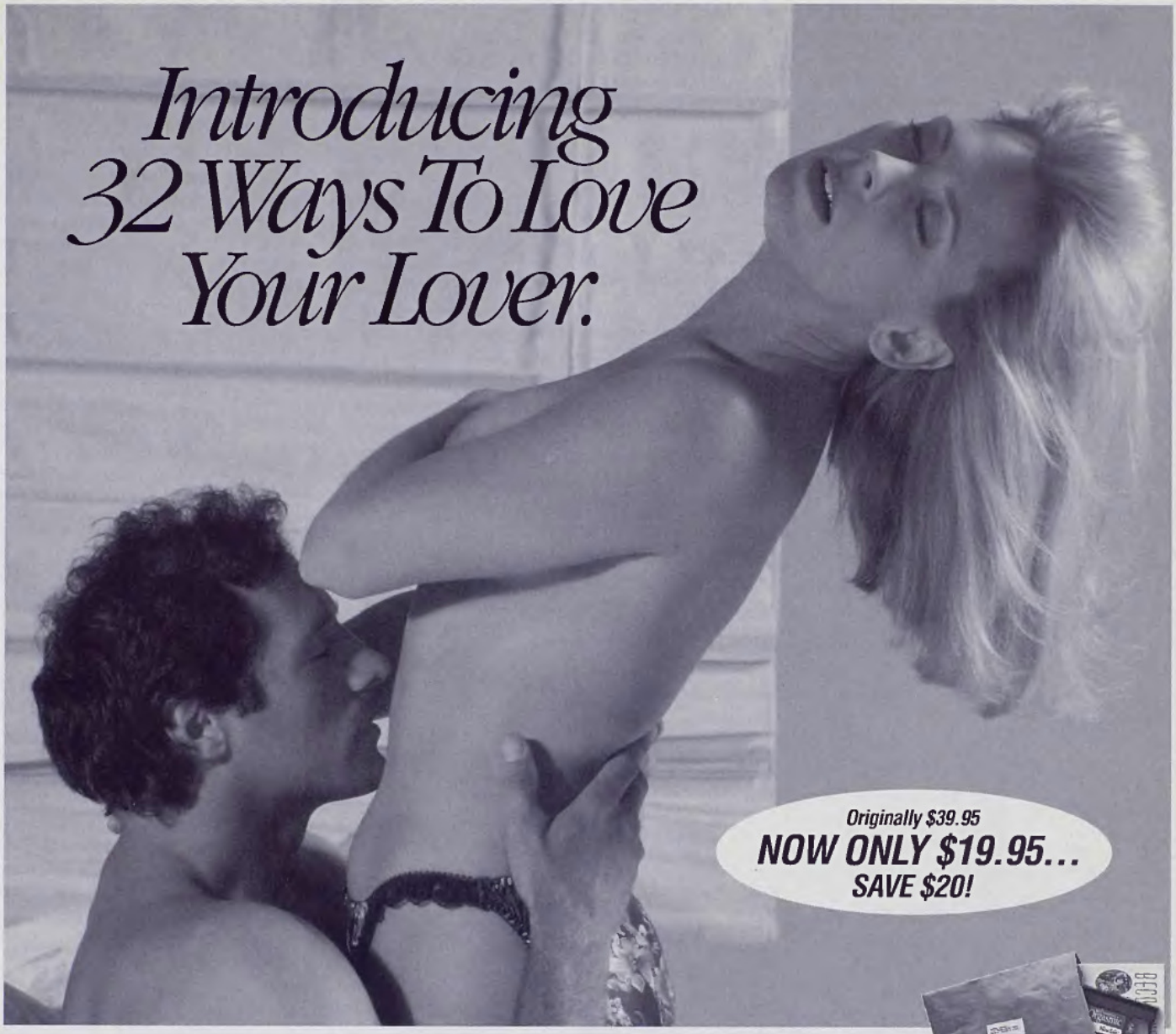
PLAYBOY: MTV programs for a young audience. You wouldn't be worried about losing touch with viewers, would you?

LODER: No. I just sort of turned 50. Never tried to pretend I was 15 years old. Never tried to set myself up as an arbiter of young people's music. The kids can do that by themselves. I just try to do what I do as nonstupidly as possible. There are intelligent people in every age group. That's an overlooked fact. My son is always trying to find a way to be different from me, but it's hard. I love the latest Nirvana album too. Whoa! I'm not a big fan of the new Pantera album, but that's a minor point. The official MTV demographics are the ages of 15 to 35 or something. Demographics are made up all the time. Who knows what they are?

18.

PLAYBOY: This is supposed to be the age of the short attention span. Have you adjusted your own in an effort to hold on to the viewer who has the remote in hand?

Introducing 32 Ways To Love Your Lover.



Originally $39.95
NOW ONLY $19.95...
SAVE $20!

You can keep your sex life from becoming predictable or rejuvenate one that's become routine by practicing the proven techniques demonstrated in *Sexual Positions For Lovers*.

Chart Exciting New Territory With This Sensitive Lover's Guide.

Guided by two prominent therapists, four typical couples demonstrate 32 lovemaking positions in explicit detail—including positions for prolonged intercourse, deeper penetration, G-spot and clitoral stimulation. Plus positions helpful for couples facing circumstances like arthritis, back problems and pregnancy.

Diversity Is The Key To Deepening Your Love.

Once you have the knowledge, you can experience the unbelievable excitement that variety can bring to your lovemaking. And the sensual energy that can pave the way for greater intimacy, more intense pleasure and a stronger commitment to each other. As you add variety to your love life, you'll develop a greater respect for each other's needs and establish more sensitive, open and honest communication.

This tape can help keep your sex new, alive and exciting. So order today, and start discovering how many different ways there are to please your lover.

Sinclair
VIDEO LIBRARY

Improving Relationships Through Sex Education

***OUR NO-RISK GUARANTEE:** If you're unhappy with any item you have ordered, simply return it for a prompt exchange or full refund. No questions asked.*

Our plain packaging protects your privacy.

Sexual Positions For Lovers

☐ **ITEM #9383** (53 MINUTES – TAPE IS VHS ONLY)
WAS $39.95... **now $19.95**
POSTAGE & HANDLING $ 4.00
(NC ORDERS PLEASE ADD 6% SALES TAX.
CANADIAN ORDERS ADD US $5.00 SHIPPING)
TOTAL $ _____

PLEASE PRINT:
NAME _____
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 21)
STREET ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ **ZIP** _____
PLEASE INDICATE YOUR PAYMENT METHOD:
☐ **CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED FOR $** _____
☐ **VISA** ☐ **MASTERCARD** **EXP. DATE** _____
CARD NO. _____
SIGNATURE _____

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-955-0888 (24 HRS/7 DAYS)
OR MAIL TO: THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, DEPT. 8PB11
BOX 8865, CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA 27515

THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, BOX 8865, CHAPEL HILL, NC 27515 CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-955-0888 (24 HRS/7 DAYS)

LODER: I have no attention span. Well, I can read a book. There's no reason to have a long attention span when you're dealing with television. Why would you? You have to pay attention to hours of garbage. Same with computers. They're supposed to be intuitive. There are so many things you can skip in life, as well as in technology. Don't you wish you could have skipped adolescence and gone right to getting laid? Wouldn't that have been great? So there's something to be said for short attention spans. But it's bad when people don't read. We may be losing that to a certain extent.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent the ratings success of your animated MTV colleagues Beavis and Butt-head?

LODER: No. They get really big ratings. Beavis and Butt-head are perfect. They're the greatest rock critics of all time. They are! Anyone who was 20 years old at any time in the history of the world would love Beavis and Butt-head. They say, "Butt munch." They say outrageous things. They look at stupid videos and say, "This is really stupid. It sucks." And it's so true. They're eloquent that way. It's offensive to parents. It's offensive to the common values we all hold dear. It laughs at things that you're not supposed to laugh at. Hey, do we love it or what? How can I compete with that? I rejoice in their shadows.

20.

PLAYBOY: Fess up. Are any Sixties-style tie-dyed boxer shorts beneath those black suits?

LODER: No. I was never into that. And I grew up in the Sixties at a time when you couldn't buy any pants that weren't flared. I used to have long hair and occasionally still do. I look bad with long hair. My hair is really thin. I can't do anything with it. With stupid hair and flared pants, I didn't make a good impression. So the Sixties weren't a good period for me. Now is a better time for me. The things I loved the most about the Sixties were music and drugs.

"While you were out, all hell broke loose."

POSTMODERN COMIC

(continued from page 80)

willing teen beauty, Kuper's rabbit-eared alter ego gulps, breaks into a monster sweat and stammers, "I—I'll oblige you." Similar embarrassments inform *Peep Show*, an unflinching look at the life of artist Joe Matt. And slackers everywhere can relate to the all-too-real shirking of comic couch potato Buddy Bradley in Peter Bagge's *Hate*, or the post-teen angst found in Drawn & Quarterly's *Optic Nerve*, by 20-year-old Adrian Tomine. Women writers, also bitten by reality, are turning out comic reads: *Twisted Sisters*, for example, is Diane Noomin's anthology of cleverly caustic female views into the world of hormones and high heels. Not to be outdone, male writers have gotten in touch with their feminine sides: Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez' long-running classic *Love and Rockets* focuses on a group of *chicas* in the barrios of southern California; *Why I Hate Saturn* is Kyle Baker's story of a sisterly love-hate relationship.

The popularity of adult comics isn't limited to America. In Japan, Salaryman—that harried and hyperaggressive man in the gray flannel suit—is likely to read a comic book on the commute home. Japanese readers just can't get enough of comic "mooks" (short for magazine-books). And in France, comic books are referred to as the "ninth art," part of that country's national classification of art forms. French President François Mitterrand has even talked to the press about his favorite comics.

It's also easy to see twisted touches of alternative comics in the mainstream. *The Simpsons*, *Ren & Stimpy* and MTV's *Liquid Television* owe a debt to (and share some personnel with) their off-the-rack cousins. Evan Dorkin's violent duo, Milk and Cheese, have such cachet that the children on *Roseanne* wear *Milk & Cheese* T-shirts to show off their hip affinity for dairy products gone bad.

The most compelling relationship is between comics and movies. There are obvious lifts for the general audience—*The Crow*, the wildly successful *The Mask* and *Tank Girl*—but even such movies as *Total Recall* or *Speed* carry a strain of alternative psycho energy. In turn, it doesn't take much heavy lifting to imagine such filmmakers as Quentin Tarantino and David Lynch influencing New Wave noir writers who treat comic books as low-fi storyboards for mental movies that are too fantastic, violent or grim for Hollywood—or at least for the Hollywood of today.

Chief among the graphically inventive narratives is *The Sandman*, published by DC Comics' Vertigo line of adult-oriented titles. The Sandman is Morpheus, lord of dreams. In the course of one series, writer Neil Gaiman weaves together Norse, Greek and Japanese mythology,

Egyptian religion and African rituals. The result: a liberal arts primer geared to a college audience. In one comic book panel Gaiman introduces playwrights Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare with a snippet of dialogue from a Marlowe play. No further identification. Norman Mailer has said, "*Sandman* is a comic strip for intellectuals, and I say it's about time."

The Mystery Play, by Grant Morrison and Jon Muth, treads similar lofty—and cloudy—turf. Set during a town's re-creation of a medieval mystery play, Muth's graphic novel looks as if it were drawn by a cinematographer. When the actor playing God is murdered, a detective and a reporter set out to find the killer. More unabashedly bleak, Frank Miller's *Sin City* series takes Raymond Chandler and—yikes!—goes one up on the nihilism. His characters are classic movie archetypes: the whore with a heart of gold, the good girlfriend turned bad, the stoic hit man. But in Miller's work the hero—or antihero—usually ends up dead.

In today's 500-channel, remote-control entertainment universe, comic books serve as short attention span theater of the absurd. Call it low-tech CD-ROM—only rapid-fire images and surreal or disjointed narratives need apply. Charles Burns' stories, such as *Blood Club* and *Curse of the Molemen*, feature strange, stylized illustrations and eerie plots revolving around a boy named Big Baby. When Big Baby runs into space aliens beneath his neighbor's backyard, he greets their presence with a gee-whiz enthusiasm straight from B movies of the Fifties. Both Daniel Clowes' *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron* and the Residents' *Freak Show* (a print partner to the group's CD-ROM) are populated with a claustrophobic array of eccentric and freakish characters—some of whom you might meet at Lollapalooza. Either book is perfect entertainment for the pierce-first-ask-questions-later crowd.

Ultimately, the success of these and other alternative comics will continue to affect the rest of the industry. In DC Comics' graphic novel *Arkham Asylum*, illustrated by Dave McKean and written by Grant Morrison, Batman, the venerable hero from our youth, travels to the edge of his sanity when he confronts criminal psychotics running their own asylum. The lush artwork seems as if it's refracted through a whacked-out prism. Even the Joker undergoes a revisionist slant. He is no longer the clown prince of crime in whiteface, but a leering, incoherent nut job. The twisted thing is, he makes more sense to today's audience than his traditional forebear ever could. This is not your father's Joker. And these are definitely not your father's comics.

WE'RE OFFERING YOU

A CHANCE TO SHARE IN $200,000.

WHO WOULDN'T DRINK TO THAT?

$200,000 sweepstakes.
You know Jim Beam bourbon is smooth and mellow. But maybe you didn't realize just how rich. Right now, when you send in a rebate form on selected sizes of Jim Beam, you're automatically entered into a drawing to share in prizes totaling $200,000, including a top prize of $20,000. See store display for details. No purchase necessary.

JIM BEAM
1795 1995
Two hundred years of American history
200TH ANNIVERSARY

Void where prohibited.
Make responsibility part of your enjoyment. Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. ©1995 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

MEL GIBSON (continued from page 68)

I have tremendous respect for women. I love them. All good things emanate from them. The guys mess up.

want your older brothers to get drafted?

GIBSON: I don't know, but I heard him say at one time, "They're not getting any of my kids."

PLAYBOY: Were your parents especially strong disciplinarians?

GIBSON: Yeah, they liked to run a pretty tight ship. They didn't let us get away with anything. But it wasn't like we had to shut up at mealtime. It was just kind of nutty.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your father once get so angry at your older brother and sister that he knocked their heads together?

GIBSON: Yeah. He told them they were not allowed to talk to each other for six months, and if he ever saw them even looking at each other he would beat the shit out of them. And they didn't communicate at all for a real long time. When they finally did, they were the best of friends. It worked.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into much trouble?

GIBSON: I used to break the law a bit. I was a good criminal as a child. I never got caught. And I did kid stuff, like borrow the family car.

PLAYBOY: How did you do that without getting caught, since you had so many people in your family?

GIBSON: I did it at one A.M.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also once staple your sister's head?

GIBSON: Yeah. She was sitting there and it was just one of those compulsions. It was a big stapler, too. She screamed her head off and I was in serious trouble. I didn't stick around, but they hunted me down and I got a whacking.

PLAYBOY: Was there a lot of fighting among you and your brothers?

GIBSON: Oh, there was plenty of fighting. You don't grow up in a crowd like that and not punch one another out all the time. I've got five brothers, and three of them are within two years of me. We'd pound the shit out of one another. Especially as teenagers. There were twin brothers a year younger than me. I used to wonder: I'm older, why are there two of them? Why are they bigger than me? They would stick together and I'd have to find ways to distract them. I remember one of them actually picked me up and threw me out of his room. It was humiliating. I had to get even. So I knocked on his door, and when he answered it, lights out.

PLAYBOY: You knocked him out?

GIBSON: Yeah. That's when I was 15, 16. We'd just about kill one another. Very satisfying.

PLAYBOY: Were things more peaceful at the all-boys Catholic school you attended in Australia?

GIBSON: No. I got whacked around for smoking, fighting, not following their stupid rules. I had a rough time. I'm not much of a conformist. I was known for being a bit of a clown. I remember my dad got me aside and said, "Just remember, everybody likes a clown, but nobody pays him." I've often been tempted to call him and say, "Remember how you told me . . . ?" "Yeah?" "Yes, they do."

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it one of your sisters who decided your career for you when she applied to Sydney's National Institute of Dramatic Arts on your behalf?

GIBSON: That was Mary. I was wandering around without a purpose, so she pointed my nose in this direction. I thought, What the hell else am I going to do? There really wasn't much I wanted to do. And I had never done anything like acting before. The first time I had to go onstage I was physically ill and I couldn't stand up. My legs wouldn't support me. I had to do it sitting down. It was blind terror.

PLAYBOY: What made you go back a second time?

GIBSON: I just wondered, What the hell could knock the shit out of you like that? The next night it didn't happen. I found it very liberating.

PLAYBOY: How often do you all get together as a family?

GIBSON: The last time we got together was for my mother's funeral. It was great.

PLAYBOY: That was about five years ago. What did she die of?

GIBSON: Just her heart. She was in her late 60s.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect everybody?

GIBSON: They were all stunned. She was the mortar and the bricks. She held everything together.

PLAYBOY: Are you an emotional family?

GIBSON: Not overly. And not overly expressive, either.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in an afterlife, and that you'll see her there?

GIBSON: Absolutely. There's just no explanation. There has to be an afterlife. Otherwise where is the evening-out process? There has to be an afterlife because Hitler and I both walked the planet and I'm not going to the same place as Hitler. Or Pol Pot.

PLAYBOY: Is there a hell?

GIBSON: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: What's your image of the devil?

GIBSON: The beast with eight tongues and four horns and fire and brimstone. Probably worse than anything we can imagine, as paradise is probably better than anything we can imagine.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in Darwin's theory of evolution or that God created man in his image?

GIBSON: The latter.

PLAYBOY: So you can't accept that we descended from monkeys and apes?

GIBSON: No, I think it's bullshit. If it isn't, why are they still around? How come apes aren't people yet? It's a nice theory, but I can't swallow it. There's a big credibility gap. The carbon dating thing that tells you how long something's been around, how accurate is that, really? I've got one of Darwin's books at home and some of that stuff is pretty damn funny. Some of his stuff is true, like that the giraffe has a long neck so it can reach the leaves. But I just don't think you can swallow the whole piece.

PLAYBOY: We take it that you're not particularly broad-minded when it comes to issues such as celibacy, abortion, birth control——

GIBSON: People always focus on stuff like that. Those aren't issues. Those are unquestionable. You don't even argue those points.

PLAYBOY: You don't?

GIBSON: No.

PLAYBOY: What about allowing women to be priests?

GIBSON: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GIBSON: I'll get kicked around for saying it, but men and women are just different. They're not equal. The same way that you and I are not equal.

PLAYBOY: That's true. You have more money.

GIBSON: You might be more intelligent, or you might have a bigger dick. Whatever it is, nobody's equal. And men and women are not equal. I have tremendous respect for women. I love them. I don't know why they want to step down. Women in my family are the center of things. All good things emanate from them. The guys usually mess up.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a generalization.

GIBSON: Women are just different. Their sensibilities are different.

PLAYBOY: Any examples?

GIBSON: I had a female business partner once. Didn't work.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GIBSON: She was a cunt.

PLAYBOY: And the feminists dare to put you down!

GIBSON: Feminists don't like me, and I don't like them. I don't get their point. I don't know why feminists have it out for me, but that's their problem, not mine.

PLAYBOY: What did you so dislike about your former business partner?

GIBSON: She was more vicious than any guy in business I've ever seen. She thought she needed to overcompensate

for the fact that she was a woman. Which is just bullshit. It's like unbelievable ferocity and unreasonableness. Then, when you got to her reason, she'd pull the woman thing on you. She wasn't fair. They don't play fair.

PLAYBOY: All women, or just this woman?

GIBSON: It happens a lot. They're not coming from the same place at all. There are certain things men will never understand about them. We'll never get it. And you're supposed to be nice to them. Because they can hurt you. It's like that joke about the guy who bedded three women: Lorena Bobbitt, Tonya Harding and Hillary Clinton. He woke up with no penis, his kneecaps bashed in and no health insurance.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife share any of your beliefs?

GIBSON: No.

PLAYBOY: Does she think that you're a Neanderthal?

GIBSON: Yeah, but she likes it that way.

PLAYBOY: Maybe she was just too young to know any better when she met you.

GIBSON: I guess I was a good catch.

PLAYBOY: Your wife has kept a low profile. Where did you meet?

GIBSON: I was in South Australia for my first assignment in a theater company. I was one of the boarders in a house where she lived.

PLAYBOY: Was it love at first sight?

GIBSON: No, it wasn't until a year later. She had a boyfriend.

PLAYBOY: So how did it happen?

GIBSON: I don't know if I want to talk about it. I don't know if she'd feel good about that either.

PLAYBOY: Any ideas on what makes a marriage work?

GIBSON: Don't talk about your wife during interviews [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: What do you think of when you think about love?

GIBSON: Sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about love scenes in your films?

GIBSON: Depends. It's like being ushered into a room with a stranger and being told, "Here, take off your clothes and swap some spit." It's uncomfortable. Especially with cameras watching you. Think about it—would you do it?

PLAYBOY: If it were Michelle Pfeiffer or Sigourney Weaver or Jodie Foster——

GIBSON: It's still pretty weird. What can I tell you?

PLAYBOY: Tell us about what it was like working with Michelle Pfeiffer, Sigourney Weaver and Jodie Foster. You played Scrabble with Pfeiffer in *Tequila Sunrise*. How good was she?

GIBSON: Real good.

PLAYBOY: She beat you?

GIBSON: More often than not.

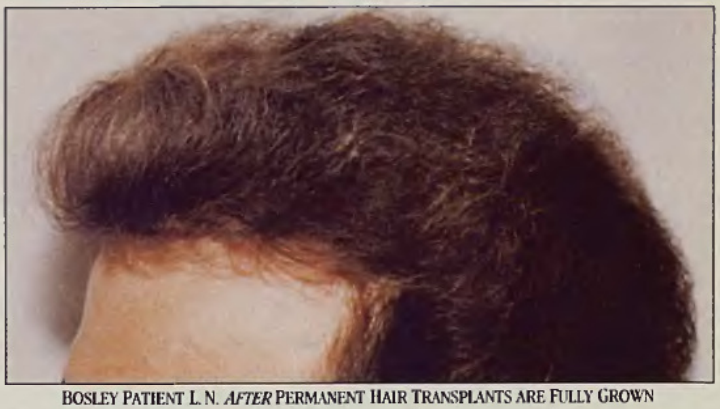
PLAYBOY: And you played poker with Foster in *Maverick*.

GIBSON: Jodie's a sweet person. I really love her. And she's a real careful

You Recede.

BOSLEY MEDICAL PATIENT L.N., AGE 37, IMMEDIATELY *BEFORE* HAIR TRANSPLANTATION

We "Reseed."℠



BOSLEY PATIENT L.N. *AFTER* PERMANENT HAIR TRANSPLANTS ARE FULLY GROWN

With Advanced Bosley Techniques of Hair Transplantation.

Bosley Medical Doctors take the excess living hair roots from the back of the head and "reseed" areas of thinning at the front and on top of the head.

And *these* hairs won't fall out like the original ones because they're permanent; genetically programmed to last a lifetime!

Best of all, there's no "doll's hair" look with the trademarked Bosley Micrograft® and Varigraft® techniques. Your new finished hairline can look as soft and natural as your original one!

If hair loss is eroding your confidence, do what men from all 50 states and more than 60 foreign countries have done: "Reseed" with advanced hair restoration techniques from the world-renowned Bosley Medical Institute.

Call 1-800-352-2244

To Request a Free Private Consultation with a Bosley Medical Doctor, and a Free Copy of Our Award-Winning Video and 36-pg. Guidebook, or Send Coupon.

© 1995 THE BOSLEY MEDICAL INSTITUTE

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL P.L.R.V. AWARD

FREE!

OUR NEW AWARD-WINNING VIDEO AND NEW 36-PAGE COLOR GUIDEBOOK

Yes! ☐ **Send Me a Free Copy of Your Award-Winning Video and 36-page Color Guidebook!**

Name _____

Telephone (____)_____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

PR 7/95

THE BOSLEY MEDICAL INSTITUTE

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP

L. LEE BOSLEY, M.D., FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR

Since 1974, The Art and Science of Hair Restoration℠

Send Coupon to The Bosley Medical Institute
8447 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 400, Beverly Hills, CA 90211

NOW IN BOSTON, NASHVILLE & LAS VEGAS!

AIR FARE REIMBURSEMENT. CALL BOSLEY MEDICAL FOR DETAILS!

BEVERLY HILLS • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • INDIANAPOLIS • LA JOLLA LAS VEGAS • MINNEAPOLIS • NASHVILLE • NEWPORT BEACH • PALM DESERT • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH PORTLAND • SACRAMENTO • ST. LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO • SANTA CLARA • SEATTLE AND IN CONSULTATION WITH T.H.I. IN DALLAS AND HOUSTON

player. Holds her cards tight before she puts her quarter out there.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of *The Year of Living Dangerously* with Sigourney Weaver?

GIBSON: It wasn't the greatest story, but it had that ability as a film to hold you and make you watch it.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there some trouble shooting that film in Manila, where people started throwing stones and making death threats?

GIBSON: The film unit received death threats from some Islamic group or something because they knew we were doing a story about President Sukarno and Indonesia. I thought it was kind of exciting: death threats. Then, before we knew it, we got whisked out of the country. It wasn't worth it, it was just a film. We shot most of it in Sydney.

PLAYBOY: Linda Hunt, who won an Oscar for her performance, said that you're not there before a scene, that you're deliberately uninvolved and absent. She said it was a macho thing.

GIBSON: Yeah? It's not a macho thing at all. It's just the way I work. I've always worked like that.

PLAYBOY: She also said that when you get in front of the camera your attention is forceful and total, that you control the camera the way the young Brando did, marshaling your energy.

GIBSON: That's very generous of her. I never looked at it as that complicated. I enjoy the work situation tremendously. I get on with the crew, I hang out on the set, I don't hide in a trailer.

PLAYBOY: While we're on comparisons, Mark Rydell, who directed *The River*, said that you have the roughness of a Steve McQueen or a Paul Newman and the sensitivity of a Monty Clift.

GIBSON: Thanks, Mark. Steve McQueen. Nobody handles props like Steve did. Man, that guy was good with a piece of equipment—the fire stuff, the cars, the guns. He knew exactly what his power was and he used it really well.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you're compared to such people?

GIBSON: Comparisons like that are flattering. In reality, people are always trying to find a way to pigeonhole you. In fact, I'm nothing like any of them. I'll never be able to do what they did, and I hope I've got my own territory that no one else can poach.

PLAYBOY: Were you frustrated playing Hamlet, which you said should have been done onstage and not filmed?

GIBSON: I'd like to do *Hamlet* onstage because I've never done it in sequence. I've done it only in pieces, with the first part last and the last part first, the last third of the soliloquy filmed a month before the first two thirds. It wasn't a good experience because it was so disjointed. Nor was I happy with the result, because there's no conclusion that you can really come to. There's no answer to it. It's more elusive than you think it is. The whole play is about asking questions, not about getting answers. Shakespeare wrote it during a crisis in his life and he was questioning everything.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Hamlet as mad?

GIBSON: Yes, I think so.

PLAYBOY: And how did you feel about Franco Zeffirelli's direction?

GIBSON: I've never actually been honest about what I think of Zeffirelli, ever.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GIBSON: Because it wouldn't do any good. I don't really want to dump on poor Franco. He's got his problems, the poor bastard.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other Shakespeare plays you might like to do?

GIBSON: I've always liked *Othello*.

PLAYBOY: To play Othello or Iago?

GIBSON: Iago. It's the best part.

PLAYBOY: What about *King Lear*?

GIBSON: Lear annoys me. He pisses me off. He's a real old fart. That's being judgmental about a character, which Stanislavsky tells us we're not supposed to do. But hey, King Lear sucks.

PLAYBOY: You can be fairly critical. And you've been on the receiving end of some pointed criticism yourself. The reviews for *Air America*, for instance, were very harsh.

GIBSON: That was given the distinction by one critic of being one of the ten worst films of the decade, which I think is bullshit. It's better than that. It isn't a perfect film. A lot of things aren't right with it, but it's OK.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about another critical bomb, *Bird on a Wire*, which you did with Goldie Hawn?

GIBSON: Not one of my favorites. It's a mindless bit of stuff. There's something very unfunny about it, like a puzzle that doesn't fit together.

PLAYBOY: You've acted with Goldie, and with her boyfriend, Kurt Russell, in *Tequila Sunrise*——

GIBSON: Which I liked. It had that Robert Towne structure that turned a molehill into a mountain. One of the most interesting evenings I ever had was when I was working on *Hamlet* in London and Kurt and Goldie rolled in while my mom and dad were there. They got to talking about religion. Kurt was yelling and chiming in loudly, Goldie was there, my mother was going, "Red, please calm down" to my father. I just sat back and watched the fireworks fly.

PLAYBOY: Kurt is opinionated and loves a heated political discussion. Do you ever get involved with politics?

GIBSON: I once was involved with politics in Australia. I stuck my proboscis into the arena, trying to get someone elected to a local seat. Because I was me, I got a lot of attention. It was amazing. It opened my eyes to something that was really scary. When you rip the top off the scab and look at the shit underneath, it's frightening. I was really fucking cynical when I walked away from that.

PLAYBOY: Your man lost?

GIBSON: Yeah, but not by much. It was so nasty, so vicious. There's nothing people won't do to fuck you over for their own ends. I'm talking right up to the prime minister at the time, Bob Hawke. What an asshole. He fucking made a personal attack on me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GIBSON: Because I said something that was kind of true and it really bothered him. It scared him. He came down to the country town where I lived, went to the newspaper and dumped shit on me. This is the prime minister of the country.

PLAYBOY: What did he say about you?

GIBSON: "He is a fine fellow, but he should stick to acting. Let the people who know about government run the country." Like, wait a minute, hang on, whoa! That's us, it's our country, we've elected you to represent our interests.

PLAYBOY: Did you respond?

GIBSON: Fuck yes, ferociously. I was so mad I went to the same reporter he talked with and I dumped on him the next day. I acquitted myself very well and made him look pretty crummy. But as a result that reporter was moved to a cushy job in Canberra within a week.

PLAYBOY: Is Australian politics any different from politics in other countries?

GIBSON: I travel a lot, so I can look at similar events all around the world and say there's something funny going on here. It's really fucking corrupt and horrible. And it drives me crazy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's any place that's not corrupt?

GIBSON: No, there isn't. I guess we all know that. It's when you finally wake up to the horror and the nastiness of it.

PLAYBOY: Hawke is no longer prime minister of Australia.

GIBSON: No, Paul Keating is the current idiot over there.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's a good thing you never became an Australian citizen.

GIBSON: There was no reason to get naturalized. I wouldn't live there again.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have an 800-acre ranch there?

GIBSON: I do. But they don't know what to do with me down there. I'm something of a curiosity, OK? It's, you know, the guy who wasn't born there. But I lived there, I was educated there, had my formative years there—puberty, high school, university, career choices, vocational stuff. That's where I come from. That's where I started to make good and then I came over here and made good here. I found it was more lucrative and there was a greater artistic pool over here. Then it's like, "Oh, look at that fellow. He thinks he's pretty good now." So they start to tear you down a bit. It's OK, I can handle it, I'm a big boy. They have

"This is really fascinating, Clive—do meteorologists screw, too?"

cycles of building you back up and then tearing you down again. It's happening now and I don't know why. Somebody's got an ax to grind. So you go back there and every time you fart a crew comes down and starts looking through your windows. So why the fuck should I go back?

PLAYBOY: None of this happens in Los Angeles?

GIBSON: The same thing happens here, but it's just by virtue of the number of people in this country that it's easier. It's just as corrupt. I'm terribly cynical about politics and politicians. I see the same trends here that I saw overseas.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Bill Clinton?

GIBSON: He's a low-level opportunist. Somebody's telling him what to do.

PLAYBOY: Who?

GIBSON: The guy who's in charge isn't going to be the front man, ever. If I were going to be calling the shots I wouldn't make an appearance. Would you? You'd end up losing your head. It happens all the time. All those monarchs. If he's the leader, he's getting shafted. What's keeping him in there? Why would you stay for that kind of abuse? Except that he has to stay for some reason. He was meant to be the president 30 years ago, if you ask me.

PLAYBOY: He was just 18 then.

GIBSON: Somebody knew then that he would be president now.

PLAYBOY: You really believe that?

GIBSON: I really believe that. He was a Rhodes scholar, right? Just like Bob Hawke. Do you know what a Rhodes scholar is? Cecil Rhodes established the Rhodes scholarship for those young men and women who want to strive for a new world order. Have you heard that before? George Bush? CIA? Really, it's Marxism, but it just doesn't want to call itself that. Karl had the right idea, but he was too forward about saying what it was. Get power but don't admit to it. Do it by stealth. There's a whole trend of Rhodes scholars who will be politicians around the world.

PLAYBOY: This certainly sounds like a paranoid sense of world history. You must be quite an assassination buff.

GIBSON: Oh, fuck. A lot of those guys pulled a boner. There's something to do with the Federal Reserve that Lincoln did, Kennedy did and Reagan tried. I can't remember what it was, my dad told me about it. Everyone who did this particular thing that would have fixed the economy got undone. Anyway, I'll end up dead if I keep talking shit.

PLAYBOY: No one can accuse you of keeping your big mouth shut.

GIBSON: I used to get into trouble because I had a really big trap. I'd say things to people and they'd take offense because I'm not the soul of tact. It still plagues me.

PLAYBOY: You could have fooled us. Let's check some of your other attitudes. Where do you stand on the issue of capital punishment?

GIBSON: For certain crimes, yeah, you should knock them off. You've got to remove certain people, like they're too awful to be around.

PLAYBOY: Gun control?

GIBSON: That's a tough question. There are so many assholes out there with guns, and they'll always have guns, so you might as well have the right to bear arms.

PLAYBOY: Do you own guns?

GIBSON: I would rather not talk about that. I do.

PLAYBOY: You have six children. How do you deal with the fact that most gun accidents happen in the home?

GIBSON: By keeping it in someone else's house.

PLAYBOY: What type of protection does that offer?

GIBSON: Anybody comes knocking, I've got a hockey stick and a bat and, what's even better, a shinto stick, which I can beat the shit out of them with. It's real snappy, like a hurling stick. It's a triangular piece of wood from Scotland.

PLAYBOY: You can use it on your critics, who have called you, among other things, homophobic, misogynistic——

GIBSON: Racist, bigoted, all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: Are you any of those things?

GIBSON: No, I'm not. I'm really not. I think if you suggest that you find some modes of behavior unnatural, then you become all those things. And you get vilified. It's like having people holding signs and trying to spit on you.

PLAYBOY: Has that ever happened to you?

GIBSON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: When?

GIBSON: When I put my hands in cement a couple of years ago.

PLAYBOY: Outside Mann's Chinese Theater in Hollywood?

GIBSON: Yeah, that's when I found out I was a misogynist, a bigot, a racist, a neo-Nazi and a homophobe. They had signs, they were screaming and frothing at the mouth, pure hatred. It was wild. People just looking for attention.

PLAYBOY: That was a gay protest, right?

GIBSON: Yeah, totally whipped up from nowhere. I got up to the microphone to say something and it was, like, jeers. I decided to go up and look at the people to see who they were and why they were so angry.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why they were angry with you?

GIBSON: It was over something I said five years ago in a Spanish interview, which was taken the wrong way. I don't want to go into it again because it's like igniting a fucking spark. I just don't want it—I don't want anyone writing to me or coming to my house. I don't want any of that shit. Suffice it to say that I've been chased by automobiles doing dangerous things on the freeway. I'm not even comfortable with you printing this because there are certain organizations that like to breathe down my neck. I don't give a fuck what they do so long as they keep it to themselves.

PLAYBOY: But what did you say that so pissed them off?

GIBSON: Whatever it was I said, they found it offensive. The next day I was doing an interview on national television and was asked, "So, are you going to apologize? You've offended the community." I said, "I'm not apologizing to anyone. I'll apologize when hell freezes over. They can fuck off." Then the war started. It's made me totally paranoid. I've got to learn to keep my mouth shut.

PLAYBOY: Not yet, though. We still have a few more questions. What's the best script you've read?

GIBSON: *Schindler's List*, which I read in one sitting. I fully expected not to like it. It surprised me. Holocaust stories had been done to death. But I was totally sucked into it and really moved by it.

PLAYBOY: Were you being considered for Schindler?

GIBSON: I was one of those nameless people who did an audition that was supposed to be confidential.

PLAYBOY: And you wanted the part?

GIBSON: Yeah, sure.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Liam Neeson in the role?

GIBSON: Oh, he was fine, great. He was that big teddy bear guy. Liam brought his own thing to that, which was wonderful. I would have made him a lot slicker.

PLAYBOY: Are there other parts that you've wanted but didn't get?

GIBSON: I rarely talk about this kind of stuff. I only really tried to do one thing, and that was Mozart in *Amadeus*. I was 25 years old and just barged in on director Miloš Forman. It was one of those meetings. He was really uncomfortable, so I thought I'd leave him the hell alone.

PLAYBOY: Al Pacino also wanted a part in that movie—Salieri, whom F. Murray Abraham played. But Forman said he didn't want big stars in it.

GIBSON: I didn't have that excuse. He didn't know who the hell I was.

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked much about your directing.

GIBSON: I really like doing that.

PLAYBOY: Does being an actor help you as a director?

GIBSON: Absolutely. No question. That's how I access the whole thing, right through that door. I think actors make good directors.

PLAYBOY: *The Man Without a Face* was the first motion picture you directed. You would have preferred to get William Hurt or Jeff Bridges to act in it, but they both turned it down, didn't they?

GIBSON: Yeah, either they didn't like it or

they were busy. I kept giving the script out to people and they kept saying no, so I thought, Fuck, I'll do it. It was a scary but rewarding experience.

PLAYBOY: What made you think you could direct it?

GIBSON: I just thought I could tell the story as well as anyone. I could see it in my mind. It was a good place to go, into uncharted waters. The week before I started shooting I saw Peter Weir and he said, "I hear you're going to direct a film." I said, "Yeah, I'm really scared." And he said, "You'd better be."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also ask Clint Eastwood for advice?

GIBSON: I talked with him. I had read *Unforgiven* before he shot it, so I just called him up. I was clutching at straws, I was just terrified.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice did Eastwood give you?

GIBSON: He said, "Just relax. A lot of this stuff is subliminal shit. You probably picked it up and you don't even know it." And he was right.

PLAYBOY: After the *Mad Max* films you said that you had no intention of becoming Mr. Action Adventure or the next Clint Eastwood. Looking at how Eastwood's career has gone, would you take that back?

GIBSON: No. You can't be Clint. Not the tall one. Nobody can match the tall one.

PLAYBOY: Does that also mean there won't be a *Lethal Weapon 4*?

GIBSON: No. Not with that title. Maybe something like it. We've done it to death. Three times, for Pete's sake. We're lucky.

PLAYBOY: You seemed to get along well with Danny Glover.

GIBSON: Danny's cool. He's good to work with. Those films were very rewarding. It's just horsing around. But that's the spirit of Donner. He's like a big kid. He doesn't take life too seriously. But he's also got the wisdom of your dad.

PLAYBOY: Are they your most popular films?

GIBSON: Yeah. Tough-guy, macho stuff. They're almost cartoons.

PLAYBOY: You got to know Gary Busey during the first *Lethal Weapon*. Didn't he take you to a Lakota Sioux sweat lodge?

GIBSON: Yeah, it was a Native American church in the hills above Malibu. Sioux Indians came from everywhere. It was the real deal. It was a friendly, loving experience. Basically, they shut the doors, heat up the fire and pray. There were men and women so we were all in bathing suits, shoulder to shoulder. It was completely dark and hard to breathe. I did a thing recently called *watsu*, ever hear of that?

PLAYBOY: No.

GIBSON: It's this weird deal where they put you in water and hold you like a baby and float you around. It's very womblike. Somebody is stretching your limbs. A woman was holding me. It was in Palm

Take the 5th.

It's time to amend your drinking habits. SKYY Vodka has a unique four-column distillation & three-step filtration process which ensures exceptional quality and an unmistakably clean taste. We're not allowed to tell you how this affects your constitution, so even though we have to take the fifth, you're very welcome to buy it.

SKYY VODKA
The Intelligent Drink.

Try a BlueSKYY Martini, made with SKYY Vodka, a splash of Blue Curacao and a twist of orange.

DISTILLED IN AMERICA FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1995 SKYY SPIRITS, INC. SAN FRANCISCO, CA. BE RESPONSIBLE. DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE.

We've Got The BLUES

Silk, satin, lace . . . denim? Who would have thought that jeans could be so sensual? It was no problem for the gorgeous women who appear in Playboy's Denim Daze. On sale now.

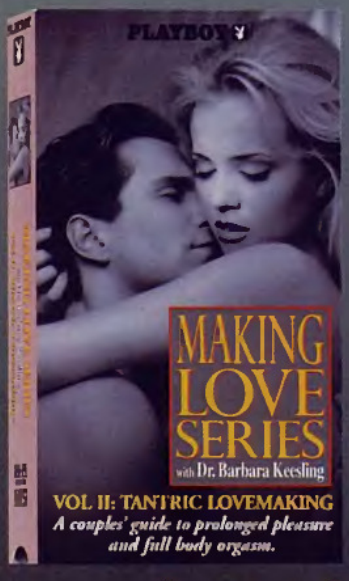
OR ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #TUFT9508 (Source code: 59087).

ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $6.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #TUFT9508. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59087, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1995 Playboy

PLAYBOY


PLAYBOY
MAKING LOVE SERIES
with Dr. Barbara Keesling
VOL II: TANTRIC LOVEMAKING
A couples' guide to prolonged pleasure and full body orgasm.

MAKING LOVE SERIES

Vol II: Tantric Lovemaking

Tantric sexual techniques have helped couples increase their sexual pleasure for thousands of years. The tantric approach to sex combines erotic skill with spiritual awareness, achieving a balance between body and mind.

In a relaxed and informal manner, sex therapist Dr. Barbara Keesling shares her knowledge of tantric lovemaking, demonstrating how these highly erotic techniques can help couples achieve unsurpassed heights of sexual ecstasy. You'll learn how to arouse your partner by stimulating Tantric "love points" on each other's bodies, deepen your sexual response by surrendering to your shared sexual energy, engage in more erotic positions for greater pleasure and achieve a simultaneous full-body orgasm for the most mutually satisfying sex of your life. Approx. 60 min.

Item #TV1688V **$39.95**

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59086, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59086)

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at all Sharper Image stores.

©1995 Playboy

Springs. I read about it and said, "I'll try this."

PLAYBOY: Was your wife with you?

GIBSON: Yeah, she tried it, too. I thought it was great. I've done a lot of that crap—mud baths, saunas, hot tubs. I even used to do that thing where you hang upside down and stretch your spine, but that fucked up my knees and ankles.

PLAYBOY: Your wife once claimed that the only sort of exercise you do is lifting babies.

GIBSON: I never used to work out, but now I'll run six miles and then lift very light weights once a week. I feel better now than I did ten years ago. I live cleaner. I can run farther and last longer.

PLAYBOY: When you're relaxing, what music do you listen to?

GIBSON: Anything, from Nine Inch Nails to Chopin's nocturnes to opera. I love opera.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you prefer, Pavarotti or Domingo?

GIBSON: I like Placido. Pavarotti's got the sweetest voice, but the real balls, I think, is Placido. But I like Jussi Björling better than both of them.

PLAYBOY: How much of a gambler are you?

GIBSON: Every now and then I might bet on a fight or horse around on the roulette wheel. A guy once showed me a surefire system. I wish I could remember it. It works in circuits, and you always win. I think I lived off my gambling winnings in London.

PLAYBOY: With a surefire system, what's the most you have ever lost playing roulette?

GIBSON: I dropped about $11,000 one time, which is too much. There's something kind of immoral about it.

PLAYBOY: But generally, you feel lucky?

GIBSON: Yeah. One time in Australia I was driving through a country town and it was a real good time in my life, coming after a real rough time. I said, "You know what? I should bet a horse." There was an offtrack betting outlet at the side of the road. I decided to take whatever I had in my wallet and put it on the first race. I picked this fucking name because I liked it, New Beginning, and slapped $36—all I had—on him. It was a 50–1 shot. It was televised and I watched this horse tip this other one by a nose. I wasn't surprised. I went back, turned in my ticket and got all this bread in cash. Stashed it in my pocket, got in the car and drove off. Those kinds of things happen to me.

PLAYBOY: Life's been good to you. Do you suffer at all from guilt?

GIBSON: People who don't deal with guilt have a problem, unless you never do anything to transgress what you know to be right or wrong. And there are very few people who don't step over the line, because it's fun to goof up, it's fun to fuck up. It is. You can't deny it.

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL NOW IN ITS 17TH SEASON AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL JUNE 17-18, 1995

INFINITI®

OFFICIAL SPONSOR

For Information Call the PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL HOTLINE

310.449.4070

© 1995 PLAYBOY.

THE WAVE 94.7 KTWV

KLON

BET Jazz

Hollywood Bowl Restaurant THE OFFICIAL CATERER For gourmet picnics call (213)251-3166

le montrose

TICKETMASTER BLOCKBUSTER MUSIC / TOWER ROBINSONS-MAY / INTIMO LATINO (213) 480-3232 • (714) 740-2000 (805) 583-8700 • (619) 220-TIXS

Jazz-FM 103.1 *Smooth & Relaxing*

ROAD TEST (continued from page 106)

They spent cocktail hour draining a wine bar, then went to their room and made bed-damaging love.

by a homicidal river. He was new to love and fascinated by it. It was as intense as life-threatening sports but even more satisfying.

He booked a room in Knightsbridge. Then he started to call the airline to see if he could get a seat on Donna's flight; his wasn't leaving for another two days. Donna insisted he hang up. He asked why she didn't want to fly home together. She said that she did, but in the long run they'd benefit from reminding themselves it was possible to survive not spending 24 hours a day together, reminding themselves they actually had some self-control. She said it in a wry, rueful, quietly wise tone, then began doing one of Pratt's favorite things.

When they were spent, Donna wept and clung to him and kissed all of his face, memorizing it with her lips.

•

They spent their last day wandering London, letting the streets decide where they would go. The only specific place Pratt and Donna wanted to be was with each other. For the first three hours the streets respected their wishes and took them no place in particular, but eventually delivered them to the British Museum. Pratt and Donna passed an hour in the correspondence files, snooping through letters written in earlier decades and centuries by lovers who had been separated—some by great events of state, some by the mundane business of everyday life. Pratt couldn't find any who had separated as an educational exercise in self-control.

Late that afternoon Pratt and Donna drifted into an antique shop and bought each other engravings from an 1844 actor's instructional manual that illustrated the Thirty-Six Classical Facial Expressions. Pratt gave Donna one of a woman tossing a profile, narrowing her eyes and flaring her nostrils, titled "Number 17, *Mysterious*." Donna gave Pratt one of a man with chin held high, a heroic gaze and one fist clenched to his breast, titled "Number 23, *Undaunted*."

They spent cocktail hour draining a wine bar Donna was fond of, then went back to their room and made desperate, kinetic, bed-damaging love.

They bribed their way into a riverside table at a brilliantly fashionable Mediterranean restaurant on Cheyne Walk. The food was extraordinary. Pratt didn't notice. Donna, radiating affection, told charming, self-deprecatory stories of her youth, the kind of revelations that she had never offered before. Pratt's brain recorded them for playback at a later date.

They lingered over cognacs. At one point Donna seemed to gather herself as if getting ready to say something important. All that came out was a sigh and a slightly wrinkled grin.

They walked in silence, arm in arm, back toward the hotel. Slowly, making it last.

They were approached by an Asian woman carrying a sleeping infant. She asked if they wanted to buy jewelry. Donna said no thanks and gave her some money. Pratt said yes and bought a ring. The woman blessed them and moved on.

Pratt took Donna's hand, held up the ring and asked her to marry him.

Tears glistening in her eyes, she told him she already was. Married.

Pratt glanced at her ringless left hand, which he was still holding. Donna explained that she and her husband didn't wear rings.

She answered the next question before Pratt could ask. Yes, it was a good marriage. One child, a daughter, 13. Yes, she'd be staying with her husband. Their one problem was that they traveled miserably together, got irritable and had nasty arguments. In order to keep the marriage together they always took separate vacations.

Pratt nodded to show he understood.

Donna wasn't certain he did. Her travels weren't about sex. She'd been unfaithful only once before, a one-night stand. Nothing like Pratt. Pratt was the romance of her life, the traveling companion she never dreamed that she would find.

Pratt whispered, "Yeah."

He concentrated hard and was finally able to let go of her hand.

Donna said she was sorry she'd been too gutless and selfish to tell him, up front, right away. She said she wouldn't blame him if he hated her.

Pratt looked away for a moment, then slowly looked back at her. Said nothing.

Donna met his gaze. She said if he wanted, she would meet him once a year, for two weeks, anywhere in the world. But only if she never, ever saw or heard from him at home.

"And now, for the talent portion of the pageant, Miss Hall will fake an orgasm."

Intimate Treasures®

Catalog of Catalogs

Convenient Credit Card Ordering!

Phone: **1-415-863-5002**

Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 6 p.m. P.S.T. Visa/MC only. No C.O.D.

Have your credit card number ready when you call!

FAX: **1-415-863-4801**

24 Hours a day! 7 days a week!

Mail orders: D.D.I., Dept. **IPB070195**

P.O. Box 77902, San Francisco, CA 94107-0902

★ *Blue star indicates rush delivery!* ★

©1995 DDI

MIDWEST GIRLS
Over 40 gorgeous amateur models perform sexy strip tease in hot lingerie, then pose in the nude for YOU! Over 120 titles, photo sets, slides. Catalog
#913 $3.00
90 min. VHS video + FREE catalog. 9 models strip and pose for the first time. No sales in Missouri or Illinois.
#914 $39.95

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE
Biggest distributor of videos and photo-sets in Canada. Lingerie, panties, corsets, raised skirts, sneaky peeks, tickling, oil, & rubs. We have made over 200 personalized videos. Credit toward purchase.
Premier Productions
#1945 $10.00

NAKED WOMEN AT WORK
Sexy single women reveal their hot naked bodies in these daring on the job fantasies. Full color catalogue featuring erotic nude photos and intimate videos. Catalog
#1766 $3.00
Sampler Video + catalog plus $5 gift certificate
#1767 $19.95

TROPICAL ADVENTURE ★
BRAZILIAN BACKS, THONG BACKS, MOLDED CUPS, PUSH UPS, FAUX LEATHERS! Immediate 2 day shipping policy! liberal returns. Sizzling full color SWIMSUIT CATALOG
#378 $5.00
Hottest Live Modeled swimsuit video ever! Catalog models show off current styles. (VHS) plus catalog
#389 $29.95

FLIRT!
"Wear the clothes that do the talking". Flirt! offers only the hottest styles in dresses, sportswear, stagewear and swimwear. Choose from nightclub, rock & roll, leather fashions and entertainer wear. Over 70 styles in full color. Flirt! "from mild to wild" - *for the little flirt in all of us!* Catalog
#860 $3.00

PINK PANTIES, WHITE PANTIES, ETC.
Relive your sexual awakening. Watch beautiful young women expose the panties of your dreams. Amateur models wearing clothes & underwear from the '40s though the '80s.
In-Vogue Catalog
#1176 $4.50
Sampler Video
VHS plus free catalog
#1392 $34.95

THE XANDRIA COLLECTION ★
Indulge your **fantasies** with our exclusive catalog! Uncover a sinful selection of adult products, books, videos **& much more!** Experience the difference in mail-order Guaranteed with you in mind – 100% SATISFACTION. Must be 21 yrs. $4 redeemable with order.
#156 $4.00
Book and Video Catalog
#399 $2.00

CINE RESEARCH LAB
Known as the Premier Erotic Producers, CRL specializes in sensual videos and photos of top female professional dancers, fitness experts and bodybuilders. Over 75 videos and color photo sets to choose from, to make you wild with desire.
Exciting color brochures
#1413 $5.00
Video Samplers and brochures
#1941 $24.95

STARLETS
Hollywood attracts some of the most beautiful girls in the U.S.A. Pretty, leggy and well busted, see them daringly strip naked and tease you with plenty of eye-contact and crisp clear camera work.
#1721 $4.00
Special offer! 30 GIRL one hour Video Sampler PLUS full color catalog
#1722 $19.95

MICHAEL SALEM BOUTIQUE ★
Exciting color catalog featuring corsets, lingerie, cinchers, dresses, jumpsuits, French maid outfits, shoes, wigs and more. Sizes to super large and tall. All mail sent discreetly via first class.
#1391 $3.00

EXOTIC DANCER DIRECTORY
WHERE THE GIRLS ARE! The EXOTIC DANCER Directory is a national, 204-page, color guide with detailed listings on 2,000 topless and nude gentlemen's clubs in the U.S. and Canada. City by city listings on everything from types of dancer to cover charges.
#930 $19.95

SUMMER HEAT
1 hour of our most tantalizing peekaboo videos ever produced. An abundance of beautiful and sensuous performers in their most provocative exotic poses. Along with our 32 page teasing magazine. A $39.95 value.
#1114 $19.95

PURE PANTIES
Panties, panties and nothing but panties. Beautiful models who love to tease, wearing pretty panties. The best in TEASE VIDEOS. Catalog and sample photo.
#516 $3.00

BROWN SUGAR PRODUCTIONS
Beautiful never before seen amateurs as well as popular models. Each girl comes to you in her own 1 hour video, made her way. Topless, bottomless, big & tight. We've got it all. Catalog
#927 $3.00

INTERNATIONAL H&E
World's Most Popular Nudist Publications & Videos - feature nudes from around the globe! Treat yourself to our Sampler Kit including Magazine, Newsletter, & info. - Let them show you how to get in touch . . . Naturally.
Sampler Kit
#770 $10.00

Mail orders: Send to: Intimate Treasures®, DEPT: IPB070195 P.O. Box 77902, San Francisco, CA 94107-0902.
Phone orders: 415-863-5002 Monday - Friday 8 a.m.-6 p.m., P.S.T. • **Fax orders: 415-863-4801** 24 Hrs, 7 days a week

__156	$ 4.00	__ 914	$39.95	__1721	$ 4.00
__378	$ 5.00	__ 927	$ 3.00	__1722	$19.95
__389	$29.95	__ 930	$19.95	__1766	$ 3.00
__399	$ 2.00	__1114	$19.95	__1767	$19.95
__516	$ 3.00	__1176	$ 4.50	__1941	$24.95
__770	$10.00	__1391	$ 3.00	__1945	$10.00
__860	$ 3.00	__1392	$34.95		
__913	$ 3.00	__1413	$ 5.00		

Payment method:
- ☐ Check
- ☐ Money Order
- ☐ VISA
- ☐ MasterCard

Total number of items ordered: _____
Total cost of items ordered: $_____
Processing charge: $ 3.00
Total enclosed: $_____

Please Print:
First name:
Last name:
Address:
City:
State/Prov: Zip
Phone: ___-___-____
(Phone # required for all credit card orders)

Make check or money order payable to Intimate Treasures®.U.S. & Canadian orders only. U.S. funds only. Check orders may be held 14 days. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. **By submitting this order, I certify that I am an adult age 21 or older and wish to view/use these products in the privacy of my own home.** Send me information about your exciting new products and offers.

expiration date:___/___

X
authorized credit card signature

VOLLEYBALL (continued from page 124)

"When things are completely flat out there, it's like bad sex—the harder you try the worse it gets."

"Call your boss, Tony," says Masakayan. "Tell him we have a small problem with the bill and that you'll be a while."

•

Despite Kirby and Masakayan's tournament dominance, the crowd is rooting for a close match in the Manhattan final. Fontana and Kotas-Forsythe are the tour's second-ranked pair, so there's at least some hope that they can pump a little last-minute competition into a season that has been embarrassingly short on challenge for the number one team.

The gap between Kirby–Masakayan and the rest of the hundred players on the tour is a vacuum created by a bitter split within the WPVA two years ago, when four of its best six players left to form a women's bracket that would play alongside, but not with, the men on the bigger, richer AVP circuit. The defections came at a bad time for the women's league, and if Kirby and Masakayan had joined the mutiny, it might have sunk the WPVA altogether.

"It was devastating," says Kirby. "The AVP offered a kind of financial security that the WPVA couldn't, and some players chose not to stand with the organization that had given them the opportunity to become professionals. We were in the same boat financially so we sort of understood, but it was disappointing."

"It was hard because they were our friends," adds Masakayan. "It wasn't so much the act of their going as the way they did it, the things that were said by people who had been my friends for six, seven years. When money is laid on the table, shit comes out of people's mouths that should not."

"Volleyball is what we do best," says Kirby. "What we are learning is how much harder it is to control the business and the politics that go along with it."

•

Five minutes into the game, Kirby and Masakayan are beginning to do what they do best. Despite several long points, several wicked serves by Fontana and a couple of sand-eating digs by Kotas-Forsythe, the power on the other side of the net begins to put unanswered points on the board.

"Karolyn and Liz are so together. They just play at another level," says Melanie Sullivan, a 5'10" rookie from Branford, Connecticut. "My partner and I faced them once this year and got our first bagel." (See page 148 for a complete guide to beach volleyball's indigenous language.) Then, as if it were part of some live-ammunition boot-camp exercise, Sullivan shakes her head and says, "I've heard a Liz jump-serve whiz by my ear."

On the court against Fontana and Kotas-Forsythe, the Lizard and her partner are each doing everything: Masakayan is serving the guns of Navarone, digging kill shots out of the far corners, dumping pokeys into whatever small patch of sand is open. Kirby is Kong at the net for the blocks and is driving bloody spikes down the line, down her blockers' throats and deep into the crowd on the rebounds. A half hour into the match they lead 9–3, which is making the television producer very happy. Volleyball is traditionally played without a time clock, to 15 points, but the win must be by at least a two-point margin. The live CBS coverage is scheduled for one hour, which means a close game might not finish in time. As it turns out, the worry is wasted: Forty minutes into the game, Masakayan takes

three steps, goes into the air, ponytail flying, and sends a screaming serve down the line to end it 15–4.

After the awards ceremony ($9400 to team Kirby–Masakayan, along with their choice of a Chevy truck or Camaro) most of the players drift into a beachside bar called the Sunset for a season's-end party. It is a casual do, a chance for the women to say goodbye for the winter, to sign one another's programs with the nicknames they've made up: Lisa Gathright and Ann Schirman, both 6′, are called Tall and Taller or the Trees; Lucy Han, at 5′2″ the shortest player on the tour, is Sand Flea; Marla O'Hara, an in-your-face brown belt big-grunt server, is Cave Woman; and Chris Schaefer, a beautiful and spirited 6′ second-year player, is called Schaef Dog.

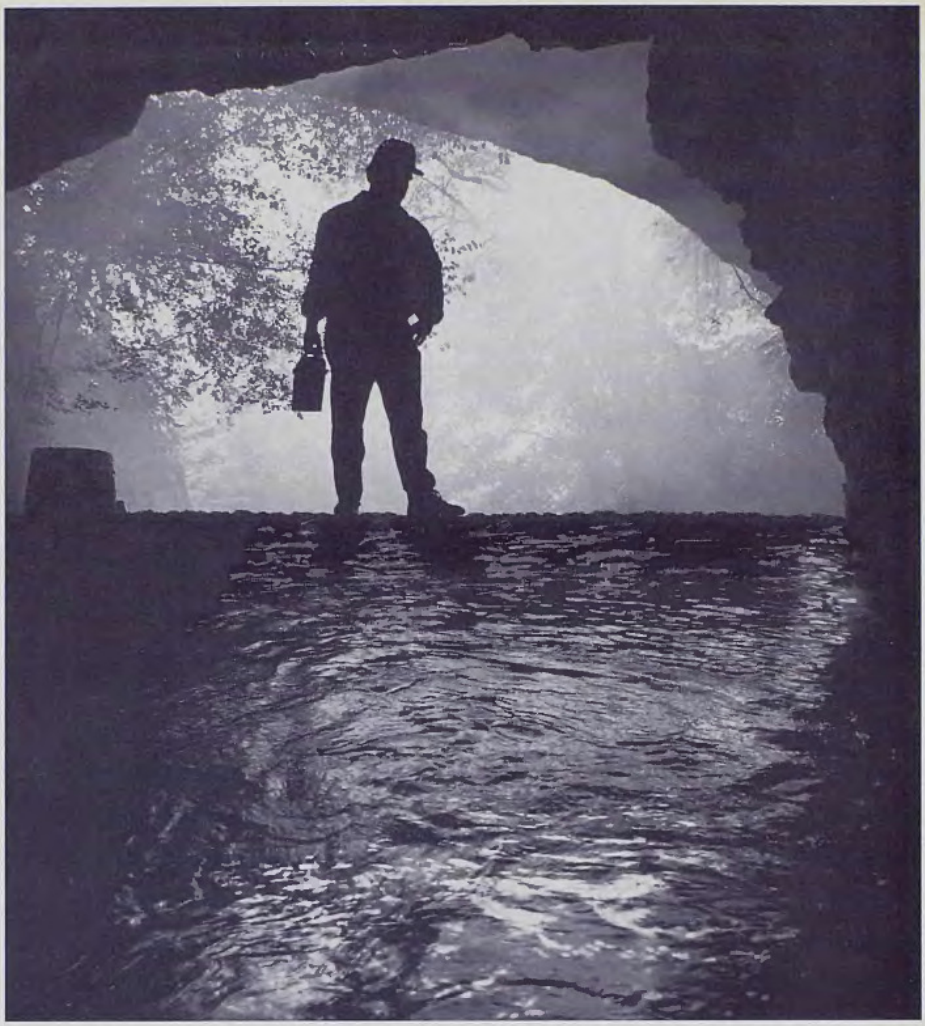
Schaefer and her partner, Kengy Gardiner, an actress, are among the tour's comics. "We have to make jokes," says Gardiner. "Otherwise, with the work and the competition, things get too serious."

In fact, Gardiner and Schaefer are credited with one of the game's best pieces of slang. "We use it when things are completely flat out there," says Gardiner, "when it's like bad sex—the harder you try, the worse it gets. Our coach told us that in moments like that, when we can't get any real enthusiasm going, we should just fake it. So we just look at each other and say 'diner,' you know, from the scene in *When Harry Met Sally* where Meg Ryan shows Billy Crystal how a woman can fool a man."

The party at the Sunset also provides a chance for fans to buy the 1995 WPVA calendar and have it autographed by the featured women. But most of the color photos don't do the players justice. They are posed shots—hair done, makeup perfect, smiles pinned in place—that miss the natural beauty of these women in action: luminous with sweat, hair flying, arms and legs ablur in perfect athletic abandon as they go about "getting the uniform dirty," which is their description of coming up from a point with their bodies covered with sand.

The beauty of these women does, of course, play a big part in the selling of the sport, though most of the women I talk with tell me that the male fans react to them as athletes rather than as pinups. "Very few guys come up to you to talk, much less to harass you," says Gardiner, who is in the calendar. "You know some of them come out thinking, Let's go watch the bimbos bat the ball around. After the games, though, most of them seem a bit intimidated." Fourth-year player Krista Blomquist agrees. "I get hit on in other situations more than I do on the beach," she says.

At least one of the players, however, has suffered the kind of haunting episode that can put fear into the game for women athletes. In 1993, at a tournament in Santa Cruz, California, Elaine



Wouldn't a smooth sip of Jack Daniel's taste good about now?

WHEN JACK DANIEL first gazed upon the pure spring water in this limestone cave, he knew he was on to something.

So he built a distillery around it. Because Mr. Jack realized right away the water he'd discovered was perfect for making his Tennessee Whiskey. For one thing, it's 100% ironfree (iron is murderous to good whiskey). This precious natural resource, along with our charcoal mellowing method, has accounted for Jack Daniel's uncommon rareness since 1866. And, we believe, for its uncommon number of customers and friends.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Beach Blanket Lingo

You may not be able to spike it like the big girls do, but you can speak their language.

Abusing the equipment: When a player pulls on the net.

Bagel: A game in which your team scores zero.

Chicken wing: A reflexive defensive shot off the arm.

Club Med: Indicates that hitting your opponent's wimpy little shot back over the net made you feel like you were on vacation.

Cobra: A dink shot hit with fingertips.

Diner: Said to one's apathetic partner during a game, meaning to fake it until it comes. From the diner scene in *When Harry Met Sally*.

Facial: A hit in the face.

Facial disgracial: A hit in the face that knocks a player out of the game.

Flipper: Backhanded hit.

French fry: A game in which your team scores only one point.

Hit it with your purse: Said after an ineffectual swat at the ball.

Husband and wife: A ball that drops between teammates and leaves them saying, "That was yours, wasn't it?"

Incoming; also, *guns of Navarone*: A brutally hard serve.

Jumbo shrimp: A shot that hooks over an opponent's head.

Jungle ball: Volleyball as played at picnics; eight or more players to a side.

Kong; also, a *Jed* (as in Clampett): A monstrous block.

Pokey: A dink shot hit with knuckles.

Put a stamp on it: When a serve is so long it will have to be mailed back.

Roof: Blocking the ball straight down.

Scud: A ball that rises.

Six-pack: A hit in the face that draws blood. (From a Fifties tradition in which the player who delivered the bloody hit earned a six-pack of beer.)

Spader: An ace.

Team Advil: Partners who aren't getting along.

Tomahawk: A two-handed spike.

Tool: To score off an opponent's block.

U.C. State: i.e., unconscious state, in which a team can do nothing wrong.

Uno, dos, adios; *one, two, barbecue*; also, *the sooner you lose, the sooner you booze*: Losing your first two matches in double-elimination format.

Just Like Hardcourt Except...

• On the beach, two players must cover exactly the same area that six players cover indoors.

• It's four times harder to move on sand than on the hardcourt, and leg fatigue is doubled.

• You lose about one fifth of your vertical jump on the beach. "I jump 30 inches indoors," says Angela Rock, "24 inches on sand."

• The outdoor ball is softer, has bigger panels and is harder on shoulders in the spike. "You just can't hit the snot out of it," says Rock, "like you can the indoor ball."

• Inside, the sun doesn't shine in your eyes and the wind doesn't knock a scud five feet off line. But nobody ever got a tan playing hardcourt.

• In the sand version of the game, you can serve from anywhere along the back line, meaning that you can serve to either opponent straight ahead or at an angle.

• There are no specialized players (setter, spiker, etc.) in the beach game as there are indoors, so your weaknesses are multiplied.

• Best of all, on the beach, most of the uniform is not only skintight, it's skin.

Roque—one of the top women on the tour—was approached by a 6'4", 280-pound man who handed her a letter full of weird fantasies about the two of them. Roque turned over the letter to the FBI and got a restraining order against the man. Even so, she says, "I still double-check my car mirror. I'm always scared."

•

Around ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning after the WPVA final, the dozen or so volleyball nets at Manhattan's Marine Street Beach are busy with players, from giggle to grunt. Four 12-year-old girls hold one court, serving underhand, squealing after wild bloopers, working on their kill shots, which sometimes go under the net. Next to them is a serious game among ten 40- to 50-year-old women who gather twice a week to exercise at their high school sport. They play well, despite the fact that age has blurred the edge between the dive and the fall as they chase the jumbo-shrimp shots that arc just over their heads onto the back line.

The rest of the courts are full of pros and wanna-bes, mostly men, in the middle of long, brutal workouts for the AVP final, which is scheduled the following weekend, at Hermosa Beach, one pier south of Manhattan. Practice balls litter the sand beyond the back lines of each court as the relentless drills—dig, set and spike—follow one another without a break. This is the hard work all of the women talk about, the labor that keeps this life from being as glamorous as it looks: six, nine, sometimes 12 hours a week to pump their legs into shape, to keep the game's skills at an instinctive place in their muscles. All this in addition to their full-time jobs.

The most ruthless morning workout is on the court nearest the water. Holly McPeak, one of the premiere WPVA players who left for the AVP, and Lisa Arce, 1994 rookie of the year in the WPVA, are being worked by Anna Collier, their coach. Collier is standing on an overturned trash barrel spiking ball after ball over the net to start a point. She encourages the women by yelling, "Go, go, go . . . nice hands . . . stretch for it." As the session grinds on toward two hours, both McPeak and Arce stay down longer when they hit the sand. At the breaks they bend forward, hands on their knees, in what I imagine to be both a resting and praying posture: "Lord, give me breath."

As we talk after the workout, Collier, who coaches women from both tours, says she thinks the split between the AVP and the WPVA will eventually heal, perhaps soon.

"It'll happen because women's volleyball needs it to happen if it's going to reach its full potential as a pro sport," she says. "And the bitterness is less than

before you hit the sand, take a look at what's in store

KILLER STUFF

Like any sport worth its hype, beach volleyball has a hot fashion component. And you don't have to be able to block an incoming missile from Liz Masakayan to look like a beach volleyball dude. Clockwise from top right: The Killer Loop sun visor is worn with the brim popped up for better ball (and logo) visibility; hot beach balls from Wilson (front) and Molten (back, in paisley and plaid) support sport sunglasses from Reebok; loose and comfortable volleyball shorts made by Killer Loop and V.B. Rags; and T-shirts, also from V.B. Rags, cut just right to show off the rippling, tanned flesh underneath.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Eric Weber's world famous classic. Over 2 million copies in print. Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls who tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. Learn: • *Why a man doesn't have to be good looking.* • *How to make shyness work for you* • *Best places to meet girls* • *50 great opening lines* • *World's greatest pickup technique* • *How to get women to approach you* — *HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS* is not available in bookstores. Send only $16.95 + $4.00 1st Class Postage. VISA/MC/AMEX accepted. See address below.

Win With Women

Most Men think they will have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men. • And much, much, more. To order "How to Win the Woman of Your Dreams" send $18.95 plus $4.00 1st Class Postage. VISA/MC/AMEX accepted.

☐ Both books only $33.90 plus $4.00 First Class Postage. A savings of $7.00

SYMPHONY PRESS INC. Dept. PBY
P.O. Box 7030, Brick, NJ 08723. Canadians please add 20%.
MC/VISA/AMEX Phone 1-800-631-2560 /Fax 1-908-367-2426
Allow 1-3 weeks delivery. Money Back Guarantee.

THE TONE-A-MATIC®
WORKOUT SYSTEM !!!

45 MINUTES-ON E.M.S.=4Hrs IN THE GYM!!

GET THE EDGE!!!

- The most HIGH TECH exercise system available.
- Build Biceps, Pecs & Lats.
- Flatten stomach. NEVER DO SITUPS AGAIN!
- Firm & Tone effortlessly.
- Good for back problems.
- Obtain DEFINITION.
- T.E.N.S. frequency included in all units.

ORDER NOW FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

5 YEAR WARRANTY !!30 DAYS TRIAL!!

LESS 15% REPLACEMENT PARTS

YOUR UNIT INCLUDES INSTRUCTIONAL MANUAL, FREE CARRYING CASE & AC/DC ADAPTOR !!!

A BM 1004 6 PADS reg. $399 NOW $199	B BM 1006 8 PADS reg. $499 NOW $239	C BM 1008 12 PADS reg. $699 NOW $359
D BM 1012 16 PADS reg. $799 NOW $429	E BM 1014 18 PADS reg. $899 NOW $459	F BM 1016 20 PADS reg. $999 NOW $529

TONE-A-MATIC® INTERNATIONAL INC.
USA: 1051 CLINTON STREET, BUFFALO, N.Y. 14206
CANADA: 3415 DIXIE RD, SUITE 204, MISS., ONT. L4Y 2B1
(905) 238-3154•1-800-565-8663• FAX: (905) 238-5708

it was. Just after the split, somebody wrote 'AVP sucks' on my car. But I think we're past that now."

"The bitterness is coming from those who have benefited the most from the split. They're making more money than ever before," says McPeak in a flash of anger. She catches herself before she spills details. McPeak is talking about Kirby and Masakayan, of course, whose sweep of the 1994 WPVA tour earned them considerably more (about $80,000 each) than any of the women who joined the AVP. "We left hoping that others would follow and that the AVP could help us make women's volleyball a more professional sport," says McPeak. "It's been frustrating."

"Anyway," says Collier, "you heard one side of the story last weekend. You'll get the other side in Hermosa."

•

"I love playing alongside the men," says Angela Rock, a 5'8" former Olympian and founding member of the WPVA. We are standing backstage of center court on the second day of the APV Hermosa tournament, and it is another perfect August day: Grandstand banners are slow-dancing on a breeze heavy with the smell of suntan oil, and beach umbrellas cast small spots of shade onto the sand, which is otherwise too hot for bare feet. The men's semifinal is under way, and Rock is speaking over the roar of a crowd ten times the size of that at the WPVA final.

"Look at this. It's a beautiful operation. Great crowds, and we're surrounded by professional people who work hard to make us happy," she says, gesturing toward the players' tent, where 20 tables are being attended by chiropractors and massage therapists.

"It hurt me personally," she says of the split. "I was Karolyn's partner and good friends with many of the other women. Beach volleyball is going to be included in the 1996 Olympics, and in a way, that's a deadline for getting back together. AVP women are not sanctioned to play on the international tour, which means they won't be eligible for Olympic play unless something changes." (In March 1995 the AVP released the women under contract to its tour to play in the WPVA, thereby making them eligible for Olympic competition.)

Rock is waiting to begin the final match of the AVP women's season, a game that will decide the 1994 champions. There are only eight teams, 16 women, on the AVP women's side, and all four of the finalists are former WPVA stars. Rock's partner is Nancy Reno, a four-year Stanford all-American and the number one ranking AVP women's player. Their opponents are Holly McPeak and Cammy Ciarelli, one of the most aggressive players on the tour.

As the game begins, the half-full grandstand tells the story of the two-year-old AVP women's tour. The men's final will draw an overflow crowd, and the winners of that match will split a $100,000 purse and a matching bonus pool. The winners among the women will share a purse of less than $15,000 (the same as the 17th-place men's team) and a bonus pool of about $8000 each.

Though the shortfall of the women's game may be obvious in audience size and prize money, there is no evidence of it on the court after the first serve goes up. The score is never separated by more than two points. Just as it looks like Rock's cannonball jump-serve is about to prevail, McPeak uses her catlike speed to execute a diving dig, then gets off the sand and into position for the set from Ciarelli to spike an angled winner that Reno cannot reach.

On the breaks they sit in the players' boxes, listen to their coaches jabber strategy at them, and check the clock—a nine-minute timer, unique to the AVP and designed to make the sport a better television package. Only the action is timed, and when the clock runs out, the point leaders win. The women's final is being taped by NBC, though only bits of it will be shown during the live coverage of the men's final, which will feature the brightest stars in the game, Karch Kiraly and Kent Steffes.

With 1:20 to go, the score is 12–12. McPeak serves to Reno, who passes to Rock and then spikes the set into Ciarelli's block, which is dug—unbelievably—by a diving Rock. Rock then takes the set from Reno, who spikes it into McPeak's stomach and knocks her on her butt. The crowd, which has grown as the men's qualifying matches finish on the outer courts, comes to its feet roaring. With 30 seconds on the clock, McPeak breaks the tie with a short serve that catches Rock and Reno waiting for the missile she usually launches. And though Rock gets another sideout with a perfect jumbo shrimp over Ciarelli's jumping reach, it isn't enough. As the clock goes to zero it's 14–12, McPeak–Ciarelli.

After the match, I sit with Paul Sunderland, a former Olympian who grew up in Malibu playing the beach game and who is now the broadcast commentator for NBC volleyball coverage. "When you come down to it," he says, "the women's game isn't that different from the men's. They all play with power, finesse, strategy, psychology. And the women's success will come closer to the men's in time. That was great volleyball we watched out there, which is the key. These are beautiful, athletic women, but if it weren't for the competition, they could play naked and no one would show up." He pauses. We look at each other. "Well, almost no one," he says.

MENENDEZ

(continued from page 76)

A few days later she phoned *A Current Affair*. She told them about Lyle's comment and offered to tape some of her phone conversations with him for the show. Then Shelton called Court TV reporter Terry Moran, who had covered the trial, and said she was sympathetic to Lyle but felt she should do something. She confessed one other thing to Moran: She had served time for check fraud.

"You have a record and now you're clean," Moran told her. "My advice would be to stay out of this." Shelton didn't take that advice. The next day she phoned *Vanity Fair*'s Dominick Dunne. Dunne was more than happy to feature Shelton's account of Lyle's "snowed half the country" remark in his next Menendez article. However, he made no mention of her criminal past. Shelton was described as "a working single mother, with a two-year-old son, who had been in constant telephone contact with Lyle Menendez throughout the trial." Lyle told his attorneys he had only two conversations with Shelton and insisted he never uttered the "snowed" line.

Meanwhile, *A Current Affair* reportedly provided Shelton with recording equipment and paid her $1000 for taping her conversations with Lyle. Shelton denies she received money from the show. The calls were taped, she says, because otherwise no one would believe somebody with a criminal record. On March 16, 1994 the show introduced a story about "a call that could possibly turn Lyle Menendez into a convicted murderer." In an interview with reporter John Johnston, Shelton's story changed slightly from the one she told *Vanity Fair*. Now, Lyle said, "We have half the jury snowed." In other revelations, Shelton claimed Lyle called Erik "a pussy who just shot up the bookcase." And there was more.

"If my phone calls from jail had been monitored, the jury never would have come back hung," she claimed Lyle told her. "If I go to prison for the rest of my life, my brother is going with me." Johnston reported that Shelton's tapes were now "at the center of the prosecution case." In a parting shot, Shelton turned to the camera and addressed her former confidant: "I hope you get what you deserve." (Because of legal concerns, the TV show didn't broadcast any of the tapes.)

But in another interview a month later, Shelton told reporter Harvey Levin the "snowed" line had been said only in jest while Lyle was "joking around" the night of the mistrial. Shelton said she "felt guilty" about taping many of her phone calls but since she had "a police record as long as a DC-9 airplane," she fretted, "who's going to believe me?" At the request of California officials, Shelton was pressured in Virginia to turn over her audiotapes to the Beverly Hills police. The tapes were never played publicly—there was nothing of importance on them.

Shelton also had recorded several calls with Abramson while trying to raise money for the defense fund. "Miss Shelton was not a developed witness," declared Abramson at a pretrial hearing. "She is reaching out for her 15 minutes of fame."

LYLE MAKES ANOTHER FRIEND

During the pretrial hearings, the courtroom presence of Menendez family members and friends dwindled to one faithful advocate: Norma Belly Novelli. The native of England and mother of four grown children had lived in southern California for 15 years. She published *Mind's Eye*, a small monthly newspaper circulated in local jails and state prisons. In June 1990 Lyle wrote the newspaper to comment on an article critical of Pope John Paul II.

"From your various articles and your paper's structural tone, I believe we would get along quite well," he added in a personal postscript. Norma and Lyle became friends through a series of letters and phone calls. She cheerfully served as a telephone operator for him, setting up conference calls with his friends. In those early conversations, Lyle frequently boasted he would soon be out of jail. His plans included moving to Florida and buying a Ferrari. He asked Novelli to save all the media coverage—someday he wanted to show everything to his grandchildren. To Novelli, Lyle frequently seemed more preoccupied with his media image than with the case against him.

At one of the pretrial hearings in early 1993, Novelli displayed a valentine card with a shiny, mirror-like front she was sending her favorite prisoner. "It's good for shaving," she said. "They aren't allowed to have mirrors in jail." When a friend noticed that Lyle appeared to be developing dark circles around his eyes, Lyle asked Novelli to bring him makeup. She advised him that it wasn't such a good idea. Lyle also complained about the preppie way the defense team made him dress. It just wasn't him. His prejail clothes—including the expensive Italian loafers his attorneys didn't want him wearing in the courtroom—were in storage. Novelli says that he requested a copy of *GQ* so he could offer his attorneys a fashion lesson.

One day, less than a month before jury selection, Novelli was seething with anger outside the courthouse. One of the defense attorneys had asked her to stop attending pretrial hearings. "People will think you have something to do with Lyle," was the explanation. "I have something to do with Lyle. I'm not going to disappear!" she exclaimed. "I want it

INTRODUCTORY SALE! 60% SAVINGS!

75 CONDOMS BY MAIL ONLY $9.95!

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your-door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including ***Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime, Gold Circle Coins,*** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) ***for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%!*** Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Visa & MasterCard Orders Call
Toll Free 1-800-274-0333
24 Hours A Day / 7 Days a Week

Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510
CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To: ***PB157***
Adam & Eve • P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

❑ ***YES! Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee.***

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection		$9.95	
#6623	38 Condom Collection		$5.95	
			Postage & Handling	FREE
			Rush Service Add $2	
			TOTAL	

Name

Address

City State Zip

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

to look like they have some supporters. I'm in control of my tongue."

Novelli frequently wore short skirts and white go-go boots to court. Sometimes, she dressed in provocative outfits while visiting Lyle in jail. Menendez family members believe Novelli developed a "romantic fixation" for Lyle. "It's disgusting," said one family member during the trial. "What is this 54-year-old woman doing chasing after a 25-year-old man?"

"I have two things in life: publishing *Mind's Eye* and taking care of Lyle," Novelli said just before the trial. "He calls me several times a day and I visit him in jail three times a week. I'm the only person who visits him. When you're in jail, you find out who your friends are."

Lyle recently discovered the true meaning of Norma Novelli's friendship. She has written a book based on transcripts from the four years she surreptitiously recorded his three-way phone calls. The publisher, Dove Books, is the same company that released Faye Resnick's tabloid tell-all about Nicole Simpson. Dove co-founder Michael Viner told *Newsweek* that Novelli's tapes "will put Lyle away for good." And this past February, Novelli voluntarily turned over to the Los Angeles County district attorney 15 hours of taped phone calls that Lyle had made.

Defense attorneys say the tapes contain no "smoking guns" nor anything about fabricating a defense. "People will be disappointed," Novelli told one member of the defense team. She also said she was annoyed with Dove for embellishing the significance of her recordings. Novelli has been listed as a prosecution witness, but it's unlikely that the illegally recorded tapes will be admitted as evidence at the trial.

O.J. PAYS A VISIT

At 10:20 P.M. on June 17, 1994 O.J. Simpson arrived at the Los Angeles County Men's Central Jail. He was taken to a small, isolated pod of seven cells. Instead of a 5700-square-foot mansion in Brentwood, his new home was a 63-square-foot cell, painted institutional green, with a metal toilet, sink and bed with a thin mattress and no pillow. The metal door has a square window and a small flap, about eight inches high, through which food trays can be passed.

The 7000 High Power Unit, on the jail's second floor, is sometimes called "celebrity row" because prominent prisoners such as Christian Brando, Sean Penn and Charles Keating have been housed there. It is separated from the general jail population for safety reasons. Within a few hours after being incarcerated, O.J. Simpson, prisoner #4013970, met his new neighbor, prisoner #1878449, a.k.a. Erik Menendez.

Erik knew something was up earlier that day. On Friday afternoon, sheriff's deputies ordered him (along with two other inmates on the hallway) to scrub the floors and walls of the entire seven-cell pod. Erik had been preoccupied for weeks writing a science fiction novel, and he didn't like the interruption.

As he scoured the floor, Erik watched TV coverage of the Simpson saga, including the dramatic reading of O.J.'s goodbye letter and the slow-speed chase. "I almost cried when his suicide letter was read on TV," said Erik. "It was very sad—tears came to my eyes. It reminded me of Lyle and me." Just before 10:30 P.M., the entire jail was locked down. A group of deputies led by two sergeants escorted the former football hero to the cell next to Erik's.

The first night was rough. "I didn't see O.J. crying, but I believe he was," Erik told me from jail a few days later. "I could hear him moaning. I felt very bad for him." A few hours after Simpson's arrival, Erik overheard him talking about his case with one of the deputies. A deputy and a sergeant were stationed on "suicide watch," sitting on chairs directly outside his cell. A few minutes later, Simpson called out to his neighbor.

"Hey, Erik, it's O.J.!"

"OK, O.J., let me explain a few things about jail to you," Erik replied.

"I told him not to talk to the deputies or inmates about the case. I told him not to worry, that everything would be all right. 'Just relax. Nothing drastic is going to happen to you any time soon.' After that long chase, you can imagine what shape he was in."

By Saturday morning, the impact of the week's events were consuming the despondent Simpson. "He wasn't happy to be in jail," said Erik. "He wasn't any worse than I was or Lyle was. He was delusional, thinking that he was going to get out in three weeks or three months." Erik still occasionally heard moaning from the adjacent cell. Between visits from attorney Robert Shapiro and psychiatrist Saul Faerstein, Simpson spent hours making calls on a portable phone.

Erik told O.J. that he and Lyle had met the football star when their father was an executive at Hertz in the late Seventies, but O.J. didn't remember the encounter with the young boys.

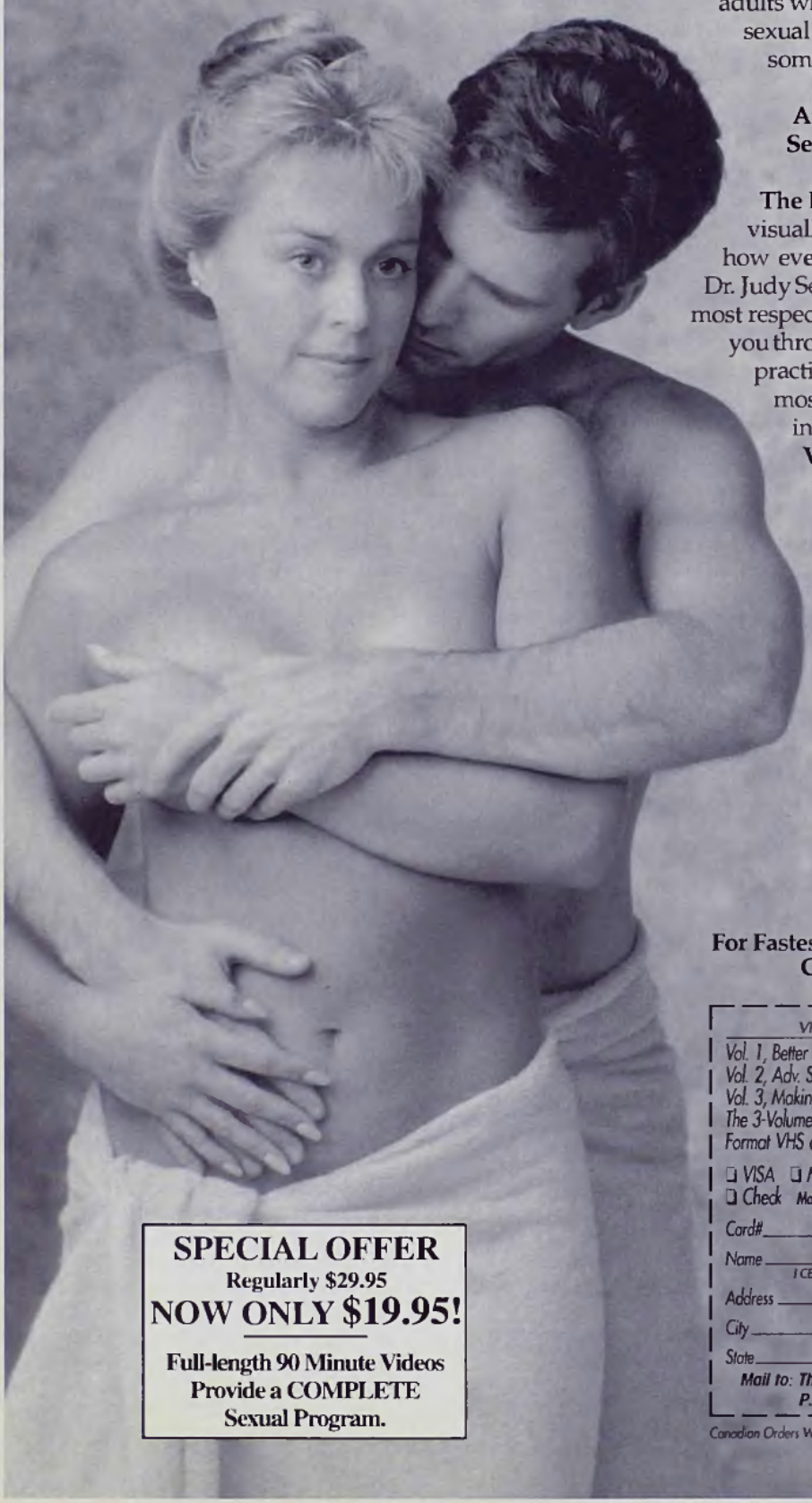
Later that day the two neighbors spoke again. Simpson told Erik he was worried about the loss of his prestige. "I guess I won't be working for NBC anymore," he said. "He was worried about his reputation and that he was being slandered," said Erik. "I just told him that he was going to have to deal with the media." Throughout the day, Simpson and Menendez peered through the open door flaps, watching the news coverage on a TV set across the hall from their cells.

By Sunday morning, the two men saw their cases linked together by the man prosecuting them. District Attorney Gil Garcetti was appearing on *This Week With David Brinkley* to offer his opinion about the Simpson defense strategy.

"Well, it's not going to shock me if we see an O.J. Simpson sometime down the road say, 'OK, I did it, but I'm not responsible.' We've seen it in *Menendez*. It's going to be a likely defense here, I believe, once the evidence is reviewed by the lawyers."

Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.



There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"! Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series.** It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy. All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders, Call Toll-Free (800) 888-1900
(24 hours / 7 days a week)

VIDEO	QTY.	PRICE EA.	TOTAL
Vol. 1, Better Sexual Techniques	_____	$19.95	_____
Vol. 2, Adv. Sexual Techniques	_____	$19.95	_____
Vol. 3, Making Sex Fun	_____	$19.95	_____
The 3-Volume Set - save $10	_____	$49.85	_____
Format VHS only	Postage & Handling	$	4.00
		TOTAL $	_____

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard
❑ Check *Make checks payable to The Townsend Institute. Sorry, No cash or COD's*

Card#_____ Exp. _____

Name _____
I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: The Townsend Institute, Dept ZPB54, P.O. Box B855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable In U.S. Dollars. An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

SPECIAL OFFER
Regularly $29.95
NOW ONLY $19.95!

Full-length 90 Minute Videos Provide a COMPLETE Sexual Program.

Erik was indignant that Garcetti compared the two cases. "He kept bringing it up, as if my name is synonymous with some sort of thinking—here's another 'I did it but don't blame me kind of thing.' It was really aggravating."

A few days later Erik and O.J. had a conversation about legal representation. Erik was unhappy about his own surrender, which Shapiro had arranged in March 1990. Erik was playing tournament tennis in Israel when he received the news of Lyle's arrest. He immediately flew to London, where he debated his next move with relatives and legal advisors back in the U.S. It was decided that Erik would voluntarily surrender in Los Angeles. He later discovered that had he surrendered in London, where there is no capital punishment, the death penalty would have been ruled out as a condition of his extradition. He blamed Shapiro for making the wrong call.

"Don't ever believe Bob Shapiro is going to get you a deal, because he isn't," Erik said he told O.J. "Nobody knows who's the best lawyer. Everyone can talk a good line." Erik felt he'd been fortunate to replace Shapiro with Abramson. What Erik had no way of knowing was that Abramson was at that moment jockeying—along with many other prominent criminal attorneys—to be named to the Simpson defense team.

A handful of people are connected to both murder cases. Faerstein was with O.J. the day he fled from Robert Kardashian's house. Mark Slotkin, an antique dealer and contractor and friend of O.J.'s who has appeared on numerous TV shows insisting on Simpson's innocence, was a Menendez defense witness in the first trial. Slotkin had sold Jose Menendez his Beverly Hills mansion, and both brothers approached him for business advice after killing their parents. Kato Kaelin's attorney, William Genego, also testified as an expert witness on an obscure legal point. Retired porno star Jennifer Peace appeared in front of a grand jury after claiming her former boyfriend, A.C. Cowlings, told her about O.J. Simpson's involvement in his wife's murder. Peace camped out overnight with *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein (who once dated Judalon Smyth) to get a seat for Erik Menendez' dramatic testimony. In the ultimate intersection of the stories, Erik and Lyle's grandmother, Maria Menendez, had a brief meeting with O.J.'s mother, Eunice, in the waiting room at the county jail. The women hugged as they wished each other well.

THE GAY QUESTION

Prosecutors tried to turn Erik's sexual identity into one of the lingering mysteries of Menendez I. In a closed hearing the last week of the trial, deputy D.A. Lester Kuriyama hoped to prove Erik was gay. He asked permission to bring in a county jail inmate who would testify that he'd performed oral sex on Erik in the jail's shower room.

Kuriyama also sought testimony from a photographer who'd shot a modeling portfolio of what prosecutors considered to be suggestive pictures. Although the photo contact sheet contains mostly head shots, there are also pictures of a shirtless Erik in an open jean jacket and another of him wearing only white cotton briefs—a takeoff of the Calvin Klein ad. "It offends me that a molested child is being blamed this way for the perversion of his molester," said Abramson. After an angry debate, Judge Stanley Weisberg denied Kuriyama's requests.

Dominick Dunne interviewed the photographer, Philip Kearney, looking for evidence of what he called Erik's "possible homosexuality." Kearney said he'd shot the portfolio in 1988 when Erik was considering becoming a model or actor. "Did you have an affair with Erik?" Dunne asked Kearney. "Spiritually, yes. Physically, almost," he replied. *Vanity Fair* reportedly paid $10,000 to run the underwear picture.

Although the controversial evidence wasn't allowed in court, Kuriyama suggested in closing statements that Erik's homosexuality was the real Menendez family secret. "Homosexuality is a personal choice," he said. Over defense objections, Kuriyama then hinted that Erik was gay. "If Erik indeed engaged in consensual homosexual activities, that would account for his ability to describe the sexual encounters with his father," Kuriyama said.

Lyle reportedly told a friend that he worried that Erik was bisexual. Erik insists he's not gay.

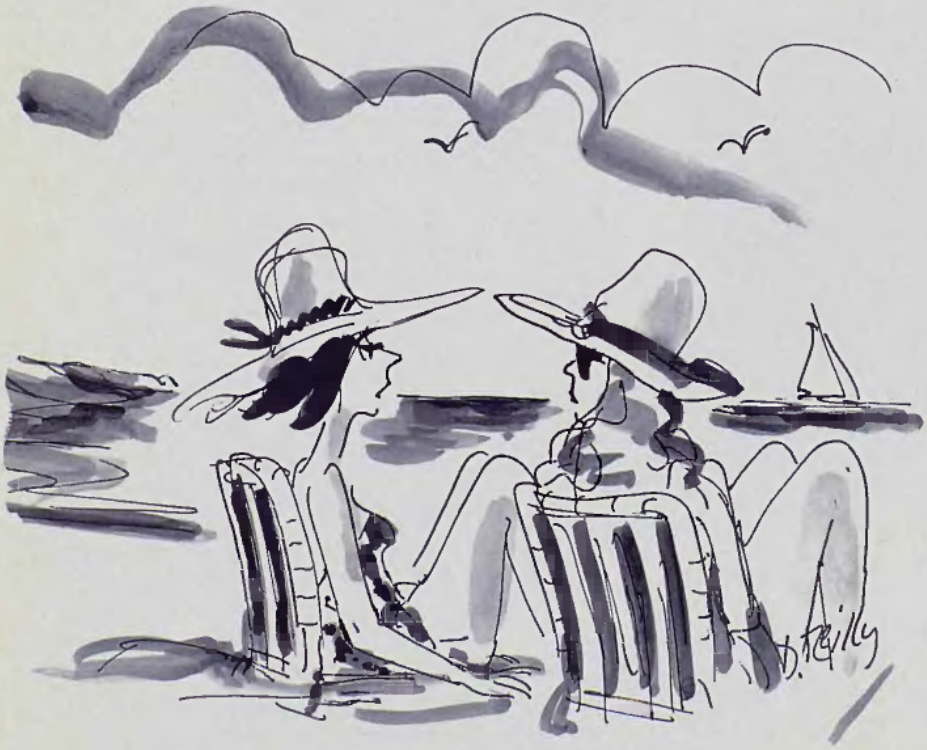
CLASH OF THE TITANS

The caustic feud between *Vanity Fair*'s Dominick Dunne and Leslie Abramson began early in the trial. The day after opening statements, Dunne appeared on *Good Morning America*. Shortly before the morning session began, the diminutive writer approached the equally diminutive Abramson and asked, "Did you see the plug I gave you this morning on TV?" "Nicky, I don't need any plugs," Abramson replied coolly.

The day after the mistrial, Abramson described him as "the little puke, the little closet queen" in a posttrial interview she set up with jurors sympathetic to the defense. Dunne had become a cheerleader for the prosecution, keeping the anti-Menendez media juggernaut going strong for months following the mistrial.

No one could accuse Dunne of being an uninvolved reporter when he wrote: "If Jose did stick needles and tacks into his son's thighs and buttocks, why didn't Erik bleed? I tried sticking a thumbtack into my buttocks and I bled."

Dunne feigns disdain for Abramson but loves to write about her continuing criticism of his credentials. In various Menendez articles, he quotes a speech in which "she called me a liar and said that I had made up facts," retells an insult about himself from a BBC documentary and reprints every mention she made of him during the course of the trial. He



"We went out a few times, but we just couldn't recapture the intensity we had on the Internet."

even published an excerpt from the book proposal for Abramson's forthcoming autobiography.

Dunne has also tweaked her for making a reported $4000 a day as an O.J. commentator for ABC News. Of course, Dunne may be envious. He's providing courtroom play-by-play for the less prestigious *Good Morning America* and the local CBS affiliate in L.A. But Dunne still has clout. He and Joe McGinnis—an author whose controversial journalism has resulted in best-sellers about Ted Kennedy and convicted murderer Jeffrey MacDonald—have been given front row seats for the Simpson trial. Local newspapers are seated several rows behind.

"Here you have southern California's three leading newspaper companies relegated to the cheap seats while the front row is reserved for Judith Krantz in pants and Ted Kennedy's unauthorized mind reader," complained Copley News reporter Paul Pringle to the *Los Angeles Times*. "Dunne's a professional gossip, and it seems like McGinnis ought to be able to read O.J.'s mind from anywhere in the courtroom."

"It's perfect," chortled Abramson. "Judy and Judas together in the front row. What a team."

JAILHOUSE ROCK

As for the brothers, March 8 marked the fifth anniversary of Lyle's arrest. While Erik has been busy writing, Lyle needs more energy around him. When possible, he spends hours on the phone chatting with relatives, supporters, girlfriends and strangers who've written him letters.

Before the trial, Lyle served as a jail trustee, delivering meals and distributing mail to fellow prisoners. He preferred it to being locked in a cell all day. At one point, Lyle Menendez became a tourist attraction, a popular diversion when visitors would tour the jail.

"They used to bring me out as a spokesperson," he says. "They would bring me around the corner and sort of parade me like the Elephant Man or something. People were shocked. I don't think they actually expected to meet me. The kids would all be excited, and I actually didn't mind it."

"They would recognize me immediately and I wouldn't be handcuffed or anything," he said. "I would just stand there with a few deputies and we would joke around. They allowed them to ask me questions and then they would say, 'What's it like? It must be a big switch for you, being in jail. How do they treat you in here?' Obviously, I couldn't say that they beat me down every day or something."

Lyle already had a taste of celebrity life before becoming a stop on the jail tour. Fellow inmates frequently asked for an autograph. Among the other renowned prisoners he has met on celebrity row are Charles Manson (brought in for a two-day hearing), Reginald Denny beating defendant Damian Williams and funk star Rick James. (Lyle claims to have co-written a few songs with James.)

"Coming to jail was the greatest thing that ever happened to me after my parents died," Erik said in a conversation from the Los Angeles County Men's Jail. "If I would not have come here, I probably would have been dead by now. I'm not quite sure I'd have committed suicide, but I don't think I would have been able to last this long. After the relationship with Oziel failed, I had no one to turn to."

Lyle has his own ideas. "Clearly, their best theory is hatred. I don't think that's going to hold up because the events surrounding August 20, 1989—within a few months before and after—don't support it," he says. "There were too many good things going on in my life for me to toss it for that reason. I'm not a guy who hated, and I'm not a guy who even expresses anger very well. I hope my own feelings—the mixed feelings about the whole thing coming out—will make a difference for the jury."

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us to make sure that thoughtful consideration goes into choosing each product in the catalogue, as to its quality, value, and sensual appeal.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

From Sexual Secrets: A Lover's Guide to Sexual Ecstasy, available from the Xandria Collection

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Collection has had the same unique, no-worry, three-way guarantee for more than 20 years.

1. We guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue as to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, rent, or trade any customer's name.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product seems unsatisfactory, return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee the quality of our products for one year.
If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection is a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us.

If you're ready to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose, and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain!

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0795
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars, which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340
Void where prohibited by law.

DENNIS FRANZ (continued from page 114)

"Vietnam was a terrifying, life-altering experience, yet I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world."

investigation, he visits the dead boy's parents, who in their grief embrace the belief that their son's soul has taken residence in a bird perched on their windowsill. They want to know what Sipowicz thinks. It was a difficult scene for Franz—because of the conflicting perspectives Sipowicz brought to it as father and cop, because central to Sipowicz' persona is a disdain for self-delusion, and because Milch was still rewriting, handing Franz his lines on the back of an envelope.

"Dennis was able to convey Sipowicz' impatience with the parents' mendacity," Milch recalls, "yet express his empathy by looking at the bird and telling them he thinks he can see a light coming out of it. It was amazing. There were a lot of ways to do the scene badly, but Dennis found a way to do it well."

In short, the light radiated from Franz. What made the light so strong was not just its beneficence but its authority, too, an authority forged during a traumatic time the actor rarely discusses.

•

On a rainy morning several days after he received his Golden Globe, and several weeks after the nation got its look at his backside, Franz was padding around his spacious home in Bel Air. The house where television's fiercest lawman lives, it turns out, looks more like an antique shop than a precinct station. Over the years, at swap meets and estate sales, Franz and Joanie have amassed a sizable trove. Much of it goes under the heading of Country Cute—old railroad signs, cow tchotchkes, bottle racks, American flag pillows, vintage radios, an enameled turn-of-the-century stove. All of it means something to its owners, most particularly an upright piano they bought for $35 at an auction in Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri, loaded into a U-Haul trailer and drove home through a blizzard only to discover it would cost $1600 to refurbish. Suffice it to say, six years later the piano sits on the porch, untouched.

In the midst of his tour, the doorbell rang and Franz answered. Congratulations for the Golden Globe were still pouring in—this one in the form of a bottle of Cristal champagne from Ted Harbert, president of ABC. Considering everything *NYPD Blue* has done for the network, the champagne seemed a rather paltry gesture.

After scanning Harbert's note, Franz puffed out his chest, cocked an eye and let loose a barrage worthy of Sipowicz: "This is all I'm worth to you, Ted? This is it? Where are the car keys?

"This is nice, but what happened to the days when they gave you a car? I could use a new four-wheel-drive vehicle."

For an instant, Franz seemed genuinely perturbed. But then he smiled, for he knew that ABC would begin expressing its gratitude two mornings later. A limousine would whisk him to the waiting Learjet in which he, Bochco, Jimmy Smits and Bill Clark—the former New York cop who works as *NYPD Blue*'s technical advisor—would fly to Miami for a Super Bowl weekend that would include dinner with Diane Sawyer and other network notables, a round of golf with Harbert, nonstop soirees and, almost as an afterthought, a football game. The Cristal was merely a prelude.

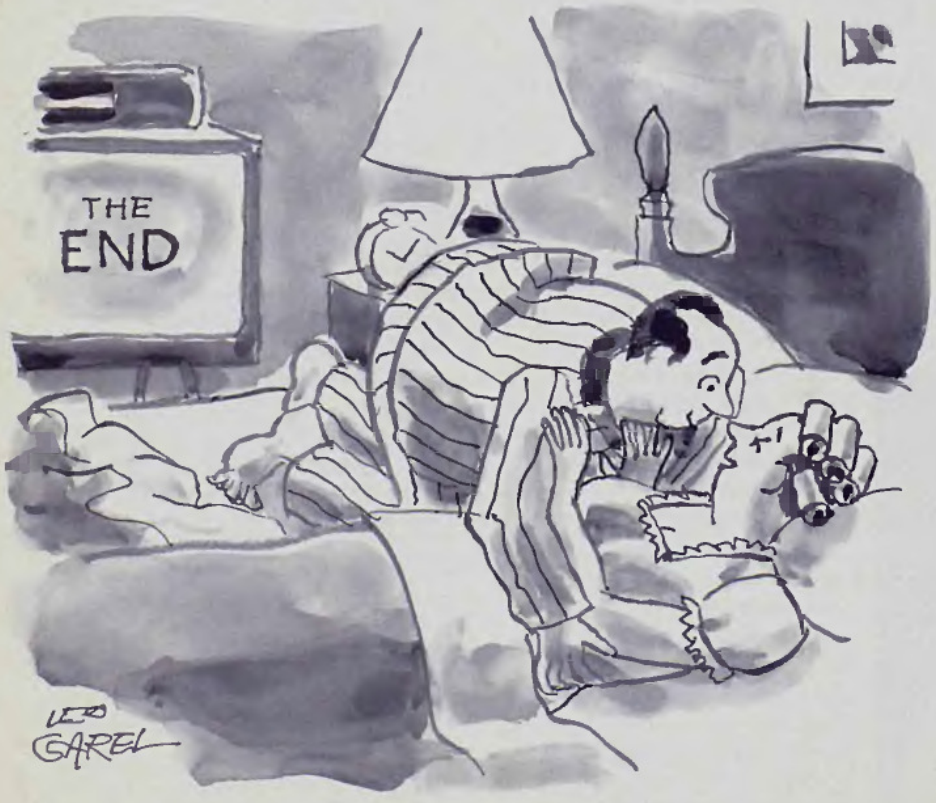
After pouring coffee, Franz walked into the den where his dogs, Bigelow and Gallagher—mammoth husky mixes, one of whom had recently lost a leg to cancer—were lolling around. Outside, visible through a sliding door, rain danced across the dark surface of a swimming pool.

Unlike so many actors, Franz does not revel in self-revelation. Though not exactly guarded, he is neither insecure enough to seek validation through confession nor egotistical enough to presume others are really that interested. Yes, he has tales to tell, but he doesn't force them on you, especially if they involve Vietnam.

In much the same way that Franz' friends are in accord that he is a prince among men, they're also in accord that, to a one, they didn't learn about his service in Vietnam until years after they met him. With Milch, who's worked with the actor on *NYPD Blue*, *Hill Street Blues* and the short-lived *Beverly Hills Buntz*, it took a decade. Even then, he says, Franz was cryptic about it all. With Joe Mantegna it took three years, and the conversation was likewise brief. It ended when Mantegna, who'd opposed the war, realized he had no frame of reference from which to respond. "What could I say?" he asks. "Bummer?"

When apprised of his friends' unanimity on the subject, Franz seemed somewhat taken aback. But then he admitted: "It's not something I preface a relationship with. I don't say, 'Hi, I'm Dennis Franz and I went to Vietnam.' But if I'm asked, I don't hold back. It was a terrifying, life-altering experience, yet I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world."

It was 1968, and Franz had recently graduated from Southern Illinois University with a degree in drama and speech. His student deferment up, the draft board calling, he enlisted. After



"It was a super porno movie, Frank. Let's not spoil it."

basic training at Fort Dix he entered officer candidate school. Franz takes pains not to paint himself as a would-be hero but as a confused and terrified young man whose actions were predicated on a desire to avoid combat. "It was strictly out of fear," he said. "I did not want to get shot. The plan was to get into special services and somehow entertain the troops."

Franz' illusions, however, were soon dashed. There was no hope of hoofing his way through the war—the Army wanted its second lieutenants at the front. And Franz realized he wasn't cut out to be a leader of men. So three weeks into officer candidate school, he requested reassignment to infantry duty. The next day, he was ordered to Vietnam—orders, he confides, he almost disobeyed. "I was due to ship out of Oakland, but I had a friend living in San Francisco, and there couldn't have been a worse choice in 1969 than between Haight-Ashbury and Saigon. I was three days late reporting. I toyed with the idea of going AWOL. But it's not in my makeup. I couldn't disgrace my family. I couldn't live a life always looking over my shoulder."

In country, Franz was assigned to a recon unit of the 82nd Airborne and was soon immersed in the fighting. "Our primary function was to set up ambushes along enemy trails," he recalled evenly. "At night, we went out in 15-man teams and stood in rice paddies with the water up to our waists. We received fire and dispersed fire, sometimes into darkness, sometimes at targets."

After five months in the Mekong delta, the 82nd pulled out. Franz was detached to a unit of the 101st Airborne, which was patrolling wooded terrain. There, he saw his worst action.

"I had a couple experiences I remember pretty vividly," he said, pulling Bigelow between his knees.

"One time, we were walking down a road. That was wrong. We usually went down the sides. But we'd been climbing up through trees, and it was a luxury to walk down a road. I was next to the last man in line. We'd all passed this point. I was carrying my rifle at the ready, and the guy behind me yelled, 'Denny, why you carrying your rifle like that? Sling it over your shoulder and enjoy the walk.' Fifteen seconds later, there was a huge explosion, and I saw the guy who had just spoken to me ten feet in the air, his leg going in the other direction. He'd stepped on a land mine. He lost a leg, an arm and his eyesight. The most frightening thing about it was that we'd all just walked over the same point. We had all walked over the mine. He was just behind me.

"There was another occasion," Franz went on, "where we were in a village conducting a cordon search for VC. It was daytime, and we were going from hut to hut looking for any info indicating they were there—guns, bullets, military clothing. We were quite unsuccessful, but they were there. That night, our position came under attack. I was in the dirt, trying to crawl right into the dirt, holding my rifle over my head and firing. Next to me I heard people getting hit, screaming. Bullets were going right over my head. I was shaking involuntarily, but I kept firing, not necessarily to kill anyone but because that was the only way to make it stop. I had to make it stop. The next day, we returned to the village, and it was like the day before. No sign of them. That was the frustration of the war."

Upon the completion of his tour of duty, Franz was honorably discharged. Back in Chicago, he experienced some of the difficulties that afflicted other Vietnam vets. "Having subjected yourself to all that to save others—or so we naively thought—and come back and try to adjust to the hostility directed at us was hard," he said. "I had to try and understand that behavior and in some cases forgive it. I spent a year not doing much."

But Franz' re-entry problems notwithstanding, he returned from Vietnam unscathed. While he may not have relished the war, he relished having served. "I did it. Stood up to it. Came back," he said. "I left my youth behind. I was no longer a boy. I had earned a certain sense of manhood."

With that, Franz rose from the sofa and walked into the kitchen for another cup of coffee, a man who will talk about Vietnam after all but doesn't need to. Which, not to profane the sacred, breeds the kind of confidence that most actors would kill for.

•

Whatever confusion Franz felt those first few months back from Vietnam, he was on his feet by 1972, making a concerted effort at launching his acting career. Initially, he worked the Chicago dinner-theater circuit, appearing in such period pieces as *Luv*. Then, in his life's pivotal creative turn, he landed a part in the Organic Theater's production of Ray Bradbury's *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*.

Headquartered in Chicago's tough Uptown section, the Organic was at the time the city's premiere art-theater company, a precursor to Steppenwolf. Here, director Stuart Gordon—who would later become known for writing *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*—assembled a cadre of talented actors and staged numerous original works. The most notable production was *Bleacher Bums*, the story of a group of long-suffering Chicago Cubs fans that went on to a profitable second life as a touring show (it ran for 11 years in Los Angeles) and was made into

4th of July Fireworks Special
Panty of the Month®
Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep perfumed, gift-wrapped and enclosed with a personal note.
July features a brilliant red panty wrapped in red, white and blue with a small vial of perfume, a flag, and an affectionate note from you reading:
A little gift to light up your life
As the fireworks do the skies
We will also hand-calligraph Happy Birthday or Happy Anniversary on her first package absolutely free of charge!
24 hour information hotline:
1-515-469-6800

JAMAICA • ANTIGUA • ST. LUCIA • BAHAMAS
Love is all you need
Everything's included for couples at one single price. Relax on the Caribbean's finest white-sand beaches. Luxuriate in ultra suites. Experience every land & water sport such as waterskiing, scuba diving, golf and our "Stay At One, Vacation At Six Program" with full exchange privileges at all six Jamaican resorts. Savor anytime snacks, unlimited premium brand drinks, 38 gourmet restaurants, and be moved by a staff as warm as the Caribbean sun. Sandals Resorts - All Inclusive. All in the name of love.
Best in the World Travel Awards
Sandals
THE CARIBBEAN'S #1 ULTRA ALL-INCLUSIVE LUXURY RESORTS FOR COUPLES ONLY.
Call your travel agent or 1-800-SANDALS.

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

DRIONIC® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals! The embarrassment of the wetted shirt... the clammy handshake... the soggy, odorous foot are problems that electronic Drionic will overcome. **Short treatment gives 6 weeks dryness. Reusable, economical and dependable.** Safe and effective say 10 medical books. Tens of thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors.

UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

Send for free information.

REMOVE HAIR FOREVER

Perma Tweez® permanently removes hair on face or anywhere on the body. Largest selling, no skin-puncture electrolysis instrument. 14 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. $19.95

©1995 GEN MED CO.

☐ Drionic information
☐ Perma Tweez at $19.95 ea.

Send check/m.o., M/C or Visa # exp. date. CA residents add 7¼% sales tax..

General Medical Co., Dept. PB-81
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

Medical device manufacturer for 33 years

"GIGOLOS"
TIPS FROM THE PRO'S
Dane Taylor, Co-Author of the current hot-selling book "GIGOLOS" as seen on Maury Povich, Geraldo, Donahue, Current Affair and Cosmopolitan Magazine, together with professional men success-fully "working the business" finally reveal the secrets all men want and need to know in order to make six figures and have beautiful women at their fingertips begging for more. Order our Guide Book and let the "Pros" start you on a new career "Working the Women" and be a success in the world's second oldest profession.
To receive our complete informative Guide Book send $19.95 Cash, Check or Moneyorder to: ILS, Inc., P.O. Box 2160, New Smyrna Beach, FL 32170-2160

VISION UNLIMITED™

Your Number One Source of...

Contact Lenses for Less!

Up to 70% Savings and MORE on all Name Brand Contact Lenses.

For more information and orders, please call TOLL FREE.

1/800-2 VISION

(1/800-284-7466)

1009 E. 40th Street #301
Austin, Texas 78751

a PBS movie.

The Organic attracted the usual pot-smoking, war-protesting artistes. Except Franz. "He was very solid, Mr. Status Quo," recalls Joe Mantegna, who was one of the ensemble's mainstays. To begin with, Franz owned a car—not any car but a new Chevy, on which he made monthly payments. If that wasn't far out enough, he had a day job as a security guard at the Pick-Congress, a downtown convention hotel. In other words, the latest recruit to this band of counterculture gypsies was a house dick.

Yet, no matter how out of place Franz might have seemed initially at the Organic, he soon established himself as one of its stars, winning numerous excellent notices, particularly for his work in *Bleacher Bums* (for which he also received a writing credit). Moreover, he began developing the acting style that would sustain him, a style that plainly lent itself to portraying policemen.

"There was just something about him," remembers Mantegna. "One of the plays we did together was called *Cops*. As research, we would drive around the neighborhood in an old Buick to get a sense of what it was like to be on patrol. We'd pull up to a group of hookers on the corner, and all Dennis had to do was roll down the window and stare at them, and they'd squeal, 'We ain't doing nothing.' Dennis would say, 'Just watch yourselves.' And it sounded authentic."

After five years at the Organic, Franz was ready to take a shot at Hollywood. So, too, was Mantegna, and they drove west together. Mantegna and his wife towed Franz' car behind their own, while Franz drove the U-Haul truck that carried the two households' belongings.

On the coast, Franz found that his gritty stage presence was a double-edged sword—it got him work, but it also got him typecast. The cop in Brian De Palma's *The Fury* (1978)—that was Franz. The detective in De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* (1980)—that, too, was Franz. The airport security chief in *Die Hard 2* (1990)—Franz again. In all, Franz has played 28 different lawmen. Still, as confining as the roles may often have been, it was while playing a cop that he entered Steven Bochco's orbit.

Though Sal Benedetto skulked through only a few episodes of *Hill Street Blues*, he was one of the most idiosyncratic characters ever to be written into a show famous for idiosyncratic characters. Bad to the bone, a disgrace to his shield, he came to a grimly memorable end. Caught in the process of trying to rob a bank, he went *mano a mano* with a bomb-squad robot. Then, as Officer J.D. LaRue (Kiel Martin) urged him on, he committed suicide.

Bochco and company immediately regretted dispatching Benedetto—not so much because they missed him as a character but because they missed working with Franz. And from that day forth, they cast the actor whenever they could. In the short-lived baseball drama *Bay City Blues*, Franz appeared as pitching coach Angelo Carbone. Then, when MTM productions fired Bochco at the end of *Hill Street*'s fifth year, his replacements—Milch and Jeffrey Lewis—brought back Franz as Norman Buntz, an oleaginous, polyester-clad detective whom Milch characterizes as "Benedetto benignly mutated 20 percent." Buntz, who was accompanied almost everywhere by a trusty snitch named Sid (Peter Jurasik), proved to be such a hit that when *Hill Street* finally came to an end in 1987, Milch and Lewis gave Franz his own series, *Beverly Hills Buntz*. The spin-off, though, did not win a wide audience and was canceled after 13 episodes. Yet Franz emerged untarnished, and when Bochco and Milch reunited to do *NYPD Blue*, he was, of course, at the top of their list.

Franz obviously relishes the success of *NYPD Blue* and relishes playing Andy Sipowicz. "I'm riding this thing until the end," he maintains. "I think so much of the writers, the producers and the show. There's so much still to explore with Sipowicz." Yet he adds that if he never portrays another cop, it won't be too soon. And he may not have to. With the recognition and the ratings come, of course, opportunities. In February, Franz played attorney Richard "Racehorse" Haynes in the miniseries *Texas Justice*. In May, he hosted *Saturday Night Live*. Meanwhile, he's been cast as one of the three leads in Tristar's forthcoming feature production of David Mamet's *American Buffalo*.

Quite simply, it's been a sweet year for Franz. "There comes a time when metabolism, numerical age and enthusiasm all mesh," he reflects. "For me, it didn't happen when I was 20. It's happening now." And the best part of it had nothing to do with Hollywood.

•

To characterize Franz' romantic life as unsettled wouldn't be exactly right. He and Joanie Zeck have been together for 13 years. To say that he's had a problem with commitment would also be in error, as he has not only lived under the same roof with her for most of that period, but also has acted as a father to her two daughters. And yet Franz had never given any sign of being the marrying kind. Indeed, throughout the relationship's first decade, he kept his own apartment in Los Angeles' Fairfax district. True, he never spent a night in the place, using it chiefly as a retreat where he could read scripts and listen to music. Yet he held on to it defiantly, much as a man might hold on to an unrealized fantasy. It was a last bastion of independence.

Late in 1993, however, Franz gave up his bachelor pad, prompting friends to nod knowingly. No one, however, was prepared for what he would do at his 50th birthday party a few months later. Least of all Franz.

Joanie, a tough, redheaded fireball who's in the corporate promotions business, had rented a room for 200 at a San Fernando Valley restaurant, transforming it into an homage to Franz. The walls were covered with blown-up photographs from his childhood. The tables were topped by chocolate centerpieces shaped to resemble TVs, the screens filled by a likeness of the birthday boy. And as a final touch, a Hirschfeld caricature of Franz had been etched into the champagne glasses at the head table.

All of Franz' family and friends were in attendance, as were most of the gangs from *Hill Street Blues* and *NYPD Blue*: Steven Bochco and David Milch, Jimmy Smits, Sharon Lawrence, Nick Turturro, Peter Jurasik, Charlie Haid, Bruce Weitz, Joe Spano.

Not surprisingly, there was much drinking, much dancing and, at the end, much toasting—most eloquently from Joe Mantegna.

"Schlachta is 50," Mantegna exclaimed as an opener.

Then, more solemnly, he saluted Franz as a friend, actor and "the man who 30 years ago, when we were smoking pot and saying what a horrible country this is, was running around in rice paddies on the other side of the world so that today, we could all sit here together in this beautiful room.

"Dennis, if you were my brother, I couldn't love you more."

With emotions running high, a sharply attired but nervous Franz took the stage.

"Joanie, come up here," he began, and she did.

Then, with Joanie by his side, he said: "This is gonna knock me out. I'm totally unprepared for this. I don't have anything in my pocket, but—in front of all of you—will you marry me?"

There was, of course, bedlam. Not until the pandemonium died down was Franz again able to be heard: "She said yes." Six months later the two exchanged vows.

And so in the same year, Dennis Franz—a man not given to exhibitionism, a man for whom restraint is still a virtue—had twice bared all. To the television audience, he'd shown that part of himself upon which the sun does not shine. To his wife-to-be, he'd exposed his heart. In each instance, the response had been profoundly affirming. At 50, Franz had chosen the exact right moment to reveal both the man within and the man without.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 24, 28–29, 70–73, 100–101, 103–105, 126–127 and 161, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

STYLE

Page 24: "Ship to Shore": **Outerwear:** By *Columbia Sports*, 800-622-6953. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at department and specialty stores. By *Team One*, 800-VIP-GEAR. By *Dash*, at John Forsyth Co., Inc., 1466 Broadway, NYC, 212-382-2244. By *Nautica*, at Nautica, 216 Columbus Ave., NYC, 212-496-0933. "Eco-Comfort": **Jeans:** By *Giorgio Armani*, at A/X Armani Exchange stores. By *Redford*, at Sara, 1324 Montana Ave., Santa Monica, CA, 310-394-2900. **Pants** by *Reunion Menswear*, at Bon-Marche, Macy's and Dayton-Hudson stores. **Shirts:** By *Wallace Muroya*, at Traffic, 8500 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-659-4313. By *Joop Jeans*, 212-997-JOOP. "Hot Shopping: Newport": *Water Bros.*, 401-849-4990. *Army & Navy Surplus Store*, 401-847-3073. *Island Sports*, 401-846-4421. *Tropical Gangsters*, 401-847-9113. "Clothes Line": **T-shirts** by *London Fog*, at London Fog Outlet stores. **Underwear and jeans** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Calvin Klein stores. **Blazer** by *Christian Dior*, at Christian Dior, 703 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-223-4646. **Loafers** by *David & Joan*, at Joan & David, 816 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-772-3970.

WIRED

Pages 28–29: "Road Warriors": **Car security systems:** By *Security Logics*, 800-437-9910. From *Winner International*, 800-527-3345. By *US Technology Source*, 714-727-2129. "Multiple PC Personalities": **Multimedia computers:** By *Compaq*, 800-759-1533. By *Packard Bell*, 800-733-5858. By *Apple*, 800-538-9696. By *Acer America Corp.*, 800-368-2237. "Wild Things": **Pager** by *Motorola*, 800-548-9945. **Notebook computers** by *IBM*, 800-772-2227. **Personal digital assistants** by *Motorola*, 708-523-8770. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *Jasmine Multimedia*, 800-798-7537. By *Virgin Interactive Entertainment*, 714-833-1919. By *Dennis Publishing*, 800-825-0061. **Online services:** By *Prodigy*, 800-PRODIGY. By *Compuserve*, 800-848-8990.

HAWAIIAN CHIC

Pages 70–73: By *Avanti*, at Avanti Fashion, 229 Kuhio Ave., Honolulu, 808-926-6886. By *AAArdvark's*, at AAArdvark's, 7579 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-655-6769. From *Golyester*, 7957 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-655-3393. By *Que*, at On Board, 390 S. Pacific Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach, 714-494-1618. By *GMSurf*, at Georges Marciano, 323 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-271-1818. From *Radio Hula*, 169 Mercer Ave., NYC, 212-226-4467. By *Reyn Spooner*, 800-366-7396.

THE LINEN LOOK

Pages 100–101: **Jacket and trousers** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Calvin Klein stores. **Linen shirt** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Tie** by *Best of Class by Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott stores. **Loafers** by *Hush Puppies*, 800-433-HUSH. **Belt** by *Barneys New York*, at Barneys New York stores. **Jacket and trousers** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, Boston. **Shirt and tie** by *Agnes b.*, at Agnes b., 116 Prince St., NYC, 212-334-0965. **Belt** by *Tyrone Private Label*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. **Oxfords** by *To Boot*, from To Boot at Bergdorf Goodman, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-339-3335. **Sunglasses** by *Revo*, 800-321-REVO. **Jacket and trousers** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Shirt** by *Andrew Fezza Dress Shirt*, at Bloomingdale's and Bigsby & Kruthers stores. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, Boston. **Oxfords** by *Giorgio Armani*, from To Boot at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **Sunglasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Oliver Peoples, 8642 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-657-2553.

WATER TOYS

Pages 103–105: **Breathing observation bubble** by *Bellaqua Inc.*, 407-582-7800. **Step Jet** by *Step Jet Corp.*, 800-357-7837. **Speedster** by *Sea-Doo Jet Boats*, 800-882-2900. **Air Chair** by *RBM Inc.*, 909-383-0474.

CARRY ON!

Pages 126–127: By *Alfred Dunhill of London*, 212-753-9292. By *The Territory Ahead*, 805-962-5333. By *R.P.I. Co.*, 800-660-0228. From the *Sharper Image*, 312-335-1600. By *Ghurka*, 800-243-4368.

ON THE SCENE

Page 161: **Digital cameras:** By *Fujix*, 800-755-3854. By *Apple Inc.*, 800-538-9696. By *Kodak*, 800-242-2424. By *Logitech*, 800-231-7717.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 7 TED BETZ, STEVE CONWAY, ANDREW GOLDMAN, RON MESARDS (2), ROB RICH, PHIL SHOCKLEY, KATHI KENT VOLZKE (2); P. 14 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 20 ZADE ROSENTHAL/THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN CO., © F. DE LA FOSSE/SYGMA; P. 23 KAZUO MAEKAWA/© 1992 LUCASFILM LTD.; P. 24 MICHAEL P. WEINSTEIN/© BUENA VISTA PICTURES, GEORGE GEORGIOU; P. 28 GEORGIOU; P. 57 STEVE EWERT; P. 70 ABBEVILLE PRESS/NEW YORK (4), GEORGE SKADDING/"LIFE" MAGAZINE ©TIME INC.; P. 82 RANDY O'ROURKE, STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 83 WAYDA (3), RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 89 MIZUNO; P. 107 PHOTO BY MARIO CASILLI; P. 108 CASILLI; P. 119 FREYTAG; P. 121 FREYTAG; P. 128 SYGMA; P. 149 GEORGIOU; P. 164 JAMES IMBROGNO, GEORGIOU. P. 107 COVER DESIGN BY REID AUSTIN, BOB AMFT. P. 128 CLOTHING BY PAUL SMITH A/W 1995, GROOMING BY NANCY SPRAGUE FOR IVY BERNHARD AGENCY. STYLING BY ANDREW RICHARDSON FOR DZ.

"Human years, dog years - don't matter. This dawg's gonna be around a mighty long time."

You are your own dog.

Red Dog Beer.
Enjoy It Responsibly.
Plank Road Brewery.

© 1995 PLANK ROAD BREWERY MILWAUKEE, WI.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

DIGITAL SNAP DECISIONS

Home entertainment isn't the only thing going digital these days. Digital cameras, which take electronic photographs that can be downloaded onto a personal computer, have become the coveted toys among techies. How do they work? Basically, these cameras capture shots on a light-sensitive silicon chip rather than on film. There's no processing time involved; you simply point, shoot and then hook the camera up to your PC to view the images. Some digital cameras, including Casio's QV-10, can be connected to video printers to produce instant wallet-sized and portrait shots. Although the digital photos won't have the extra-crisp resolution of those taken with a traditional 35mm camera, the turnaround time can't be beat.

RICHARD IZUI

Digital cameras begin at $700. Generally, the more you pay, the better the picture. Our ace shooter aims to please with Fujix' DS-515, a digital SLR camera with a Nikon F4 body and PCMCIA storage capabilities ($14,835). Proceeding clockwise: Apple's Mac- and Windows-compatible Quick Take 150 with an infrared close-up lens ($750), Kodak's Nikon N90-based DCS 460c—the camera we used to take this shot—with a PCMCIA card slot and a mike for annotations ($27,995), and Logitech's IBM-compatible Foto Man Pixtura with 144-image storage ($995).

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

Skirting Diana

Starlet DIANA RAY has made posters, calendars and virtual reality video games. You also have seen her on *Baywatch*. Now doing a pilot for *A Whole New Ballgame*, she's looking for a home run.

The Monster Mash

Colorado-based BIG HEAD TODD & THE MONSTERS has had the heady experience of having its first album, *Sister Sweetly*, turn gold on the charts. The sophomore LP, *Strategem*, has been described by guitarist Todd Park Mohr as koans or riddles meant to empty the mind. Go and fill yours.

Elaine Goes Glamorous

When JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS plays Elaine on *Seinfeld*, she sparkles from the inside out. In this photo, she does some sparkling on the outside.

© HEUNGMAN/PETNA LTD

What, Me Worry?

Leno and Letterman slugged it out while *Late Night* host CONAN O'BRIEN was finding an audience. He's no longer Conan Who. O'Brien's goofy humor gets laughs.

© KEVIN WINTER/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Dressed to Spill

You know actress KELLY LEBROCK from *Weird Science* and *Woman in Red*. Her new video, *Hard Bounty*, is a Western. It tells the story of a bounty hunter turned saloon keeper, a bevy of "working girls," a murder and revenge. Kelly carries a .45, but not in this dress.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Temporarily Beached

LISA FALCONE can be seen in a recent Black Crowes music video, as a host of Playboy TV's *Erotic Landscapes* and in her feature film debut, *The Kingdom of the Blind*. Our eyes are on Lisa.

© ALBERT ORTEGA/CELEBRITY PHOTO

A Peek at Cheeks

Singer NONA HENDRYX is still pushing the envelope, appearing in this outfit at the APLA Commitment to Life awards in Los Angeles. Look for a new album before the end of the year. Until then, Nona's bottom's got 'em.

GET THE WILLIES

Willie Mosconi was a child prodigy who eventually racked up 15 Pocket Billiard World Championships before he retired in 1957. The Mosconi estate has commissioned a set of five trading cards to commemorate him. The price: $20, sent to the Willie Mosconi Card Collection, P.O. Box 3661, Arlington, Washington 98223. More Mosconi trading cards will be issued soon.

JOHN SCHMELZER

GOING OUT WITH A BANG

"Serving the needs of model makers, restorers and other serious students of antique artillery" is how South Bend Replicas, Inc., describes itself. And if you've ever wanted to really celebrate the Fourth of July, this is the place to write. Prices range from about $285 for the Continental, a 26"-long model of a Revolutionary War cannon on wheels, to $20,000 for an authentic reproduction of a Civil War field gun that's powerful enough to blow the bejesus out of just about anything. Write South Bend Replicas at 61650 Oak Road, South Bend, Indiana 46614, for its huge $7 catalog. No, Replicas doesn't sell earplugs.

CZAR HORIZON

Now that Russia has embraced capitalism, czarist-chic drinking vessels are a hot export. The bear and stag hunting-horn goblets pictured below, for example, are $100 each, as is the Fabergé-inspired helmet vodka cup. All are from Russian Fine Arts & Collectibles, LLC, 800-335-2764. (All the vessels are gilt-finished.) And if your tastes run to hand-etched Romanov and Nicholas II crystal goblets and decanters, the company sells those, too.

CUTE CUTOUTS

Sculpt' Art is a Miami company that specializes in multidimensional laser-cut acrylic sculptures in sizes from 3" x 5" to eight feet tall. Just send a photo or a negative to 299 SW 8th Street, 2nd floor, Miami 33130, and specify the size you'd like. (An 8" x 10" creation is $42.95, and the company does not have a problem with intimate shots.) In about a week, you'll get your sculpture and the original photo will be returned. Call 305-860-1345 with questions. And in addition to three-dimensional sculptures, Sculpt' Art also creates silhouette cutouts. Yes, the prices are cheaper.

LINKS TO THE PAST

Eugene Klompus, president of the National Cuff Link Society, owns 30,000 pairs. And if cuff links turn you on like they do Klompus, then $25 for a year's membership would be money well spent. In addition to receiving four issues of *The Link*, which provides info on cuff link trends, collectibles and special events, you'll get up to six free cuff link appraisals a year as well as discounts at jewelers. The society's address is P.O. Box 346, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

RICHARD SALA

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES

The classic English pond yacht is a nautical toy that refuses to sink. Prentiss Court, P.O. Box 8662, Greenville, South Carolina 29604, sells five styles of handmade wooden yachts. Designed for display, not play, the boats measure about 30" long and are priced from $200 to $415. The $400 Concordia (pictured here) is a traditional knockabout with a gaff rig. A catalog costs $2. Call 803-299-3929.

ELVGREN AND BARE IT

Referred to as the Norman Rockwell of cheesecake, Gil Elvgren is an American pinup legend. Collector's Press, P.O. Box 230986, Portland, Oregon 97281, has just released an oversize softcover book titled *Pin-Up Poster Book: The Elvgren Collection* that includes a biography of the artist as well as 16 of his sexiest illustrations. (*I Gave Him the Brush-off* is pictured here.) Price: $25. And for $80, Collector's Press also offers a limited-edition hardcover version signed by the book's author, Marianne Ohl Phillips, an authority on pinups, and Elvgren's son, Drake. Call 503-864-3030.

MR. TOAD, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

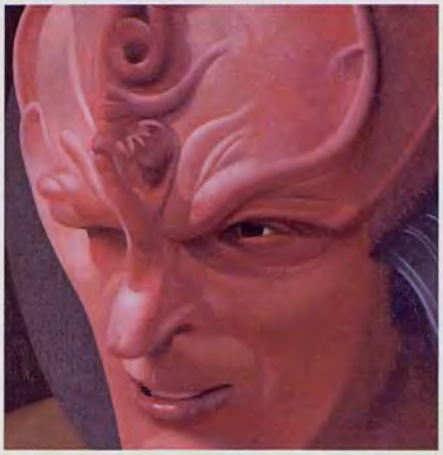
Sure, today's automobiles are probably the safest and soundest machines to ever ease down the road. But the cars of yesteryear—Hispano-Suizas, Bugattis, Cords and Duesenbergs—were the wheels that kings drove. Now Phaidon Press has published *Dashboards*, a gorgeous 240-page coffee-table book that features the view from behind the steering wheel of 52 exciting automobiles. Start your journey in a Panhard 80CV and end it aboard a BMW 2002 Turbo. Price: $39.95; to order, call 800-722-6657.

LINE OF ATTACK

Navy SEALs, Marine Force Recons and others who serve in the Special Operations branch of the military are a special breed, and their adventures past and present make for great reading. Our choice for firepower by the fireside? *Behind the Lines*, "The Journal of U.S. Military Operation," a bimonthly publication full of warrior lore. A year's subscription is $24, sent to Behind the Lines, P.O. Box 456, Festus, Missouri 63028. And if you like the LRP/Ranger image pictured here, it's available on a T-shirt for $19.95 (sizes medium to extra large). Tough-looking Marine Force Recon and SEAL-UDT T-shirts are also available.

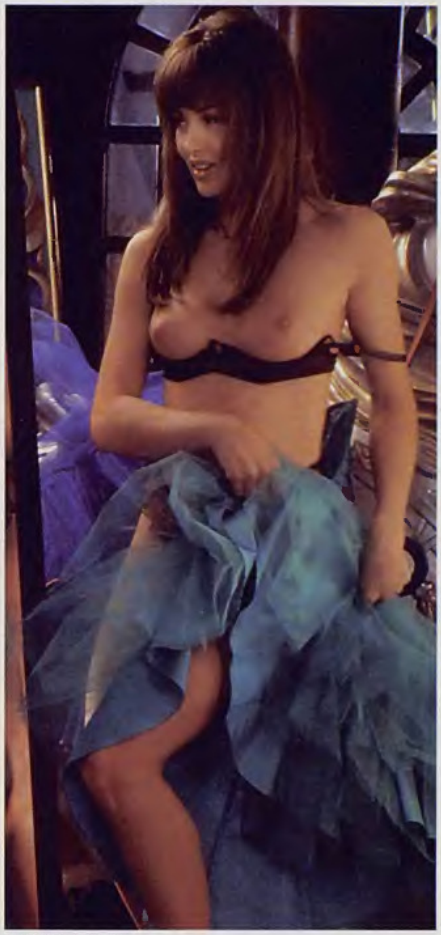
NEXT MONTH

RADIO DAYS



TREKMANIA

FAMILY VALUES



RACHEL, RACHEL

VLADIMIR NABOKOV'S "LA VENEZIANA" APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLISH—AT A STRANGE PARTY IN AN ANCIENT CASTLE, YOUNG SIMPSON IS TOLD THAT TO APPRECIATE A FINE PAINTING HE MUST BECOME A PART OF IT. NEWLY TRANSLATED FICTION FROM THE MASTER

THE WOMEN OF RADIO—BEHIND THOSE DULCET TONES ARE WOMEN WITH EVERYTHING YOU IMAGINED—AND MORE. A PICTORIAL FROM THE DRIVE-TIME DIVAS

SCREW THE YOUNG—TERRIFIED BY THE GEEZER LOBBY IN D.C., LEGISLATORS ARE ONCE AGAIN STICKING IT TO AMERICA'S YOUTH. LET THE GENERATIONAL WARS BEGIN. ARTICLE BY **MARK JANNOT**

THOSE BATTLING HAFTS—THE FAMILY THAT TRANSFORMED DISCOUNT MERCHANDISING REVOLTS AGAINST ITSELF—FATHER VS. SON, BROTHER VS. BROTHER. **KARA SWISHER** HANDICAPS THE WINNERS AND LOSERS

THE CHARMED LIFE OF TOMMY LEE—WHAT DOES THE MOTLEY CRUE ROCKER HAVE THAT YOU DON'T? PAMELA ANDERSON AND AN EMPTY ATTIC. HUMOR BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO** AND **STEPHEN RANDALL**

BERRY GORDY—THE MAN WHO INVENTED MOTOWN OPENS UP ABOUT R&B GREATS, DIANA ROSS AND WHY STARS BOLT FOR OTHER LABELS IN A PLATINUM PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

TREKMANIA—IN A FEATURE THAT BOLDLY GOES WHERE NONE HAS GONE BEFORE, **DANIEL RADOSH** EXPLORES TREK SEX, ROMULAN DRINKING GAMES, EXTRATERRESTRIAL PICK-UP LINES AND STARSHIP FIX-IT TIPS

DAWN STEEL—THE FIRST WOMAN TO HEAD A MOTION PICTURE STUDIO SOUNDS OFF ON BALLS, THE CASTING COUCH AND THE DEFINITION OF A BITCH IN 20 QUESTIONS

BOB ZEMECKIS—WITH HIS MOVIE HITS *ROMANCING THE STONE*, *WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT* AND THE *BACK TO THE FUTURE* FILMS, HE WAS THE KING OF ACTION FUN. THEN CAME *FORREST GUMP*, AND NOW THE DIRECTOR'S A STAR. PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

PLUS: WHAT'S HOT IN SUMMER SHOES, WATCHES FOR DIVERS, CARIBBEAN DRINKS AND A UNIQUE PICTORIAL VISIT WITH PLAYMATE **RACHEL JEAN MARTEEN**

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), July 1995, volume 42, number 7. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007, or e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com. Comments to: edit@playboy.com.

She lured you with her *beauty.*

Charmed you with her wit.

Mesmerized you with her smile.

Astonished you with her

horse laugh.

©1995 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, N.J. J&B Rare® Scotch Whisky 40% alc. by vol.

The SMOOTHER side of success.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PERFECTLY AGED TOBACCO

You Can't Rush Smooth Flavor.

©1995 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.